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THE WORKS

OF

HEINRICH HEINE

VII.

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FRENCH AFFAIRS

LETTERS FROM PARIS

IN TWO VOLUMES

VOLUME I.

1832

With Portrait of Louis Philippe

NEW YORK: E. P. DUTTON AND COMPANY
LONDON: WILLIAM HEINEMANN
1906

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TRANSLATOR'S PREFACE.

If Heinrich Heine had a predominant characteristic, or aught in which he greatly surpassed all writers of his time, it was that "he nothing touched which he did not adorn." The world is naturally enough guided in its reading by mere subjects and titles—but this would hardly be the way to treat the works of a writer who, whether he had discussed paving-stones or quadratic equations, would, while fully imparting the practical or scientific view of the subject, have been sure to have woven into it wit, pathos, and quaint or bizarre reflections with much human gossip, even as he did when setting forth the very unpromising subject of German metaphysics. In this he reminds us of a brilliant butterfly, which, whether it flutter in arabesque circles, as in an airy dance, over flowers, weeds, rocks, muddy marshes, or sandy plains, is always the same beautiful object, giving a charm to that over which it passes. I cannot resist the conviction that, if the works of Heine are very unequally known or liked, it is due to an ignorance of this fact. It may be

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observed that many of his most-quoted sayings have been drawn from his least-known writings, for, like Nature, he appears to have been most indifferent into what kind of rocks he put his precious metals or gems. And any reader who is quite familiar with Heine's works, if asked which of them he prefers, may think with a smile of the old Yankee gentleman who was a great amateur of the noble Christmas and Thanksgiving bird, and who when asked if he preferred breast, leg, or wing, replied, "I don't care which—I guess it's *all* turkey."

I trust that what I have here said will be considered, because there are many merely general readers to whom the discussion of French affairs during the reign of Louis Philippe will only suggest the possibility of six yawns to a page, when in reality the intelligent mind which grasps with avidity the "problems and possibilities of history," and which takes a more than merely superficial interest in modern politics, will probably prefer this work to any other by the same author. It is worth while, in proof of this, to point out two very eminent points in the book. One is the masterly manner in which our author as early as 1832, immediately after Louis Philippe's succession to the throne, pointed out as clearly as by photograph, one by one, not with unpitying but very pitying accuracy, the causes which would lead to that

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monarch's overthrow. These causes were bound up and intertwined with *many* influences which are still in vivid action, and which no writer in any language has expressed more wisely, more searchingly, or more succinctly than Heine. Therefore it forms an admirable preparation for a study of French politics of the present day. Owing to the heedless and careless manner in which these Letters were necessarily written—very often "to catch the post"—and from the amount of flippant gossip introduced, to "catch the eye" of the general reader, they have never received the recognition due to their real merit.

The second remarkable point in these Letters, including those in "Lutetia," is the fact that Heine *alone*, early in the thirties, foresaw very clearly and distinctly the tremendous future of Socialism, and the troubles which it was to cause in a few years. He himself, in the plainest words, calls our attention to the fact that he was the first man to discover the existence of Socialism as a distinct power, and that its adherents were as yet so undeveloped in their ideas, and so ignorant of one another's existence in different places, that it was his comments on them, in this work, which first taught them to know their own strength. Heine had no personal sympathy with Socialism, no desire to live in a half-time workhouse, or to see poetry, including his own, art, and

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elegant society extinguished; yet he foresaw that the speck of vapour then visible only to his eyes would grow to a mighty thunder-cloud, and perhaps burst in a cyclone. The extraordinary and mysterious gift of political and other prophecy, which alternately produced in Heine great predictions and petty failures, probably from his poetic power, appears in this respect as grandly manifested.

I once had a friend who was said to be the firmest Abolitionist and truest friend to the blacks in America, but of whom it was also declared that no man living was so perfectly familiar with all their faults and defects. So I consider that no one can really appreciate Heine to perfection who is not fully aware of all his failings, his inconsistencies, his petty want of smaller principles, as well as his often grand and manly struggle to be true to great ones. I have, therefore, very freely indicated the former in notes, which the reader will please to take in a jesting-philosophic mood. The better nature of the man is best set forth in the text, where it speaks for itself and needs no comment.

As I was living in Paris during by far the most interesting year which is described in these Letters, that of 1848, and as I was much nearer personally and in every way to the "springs of action" and to the carrying out of the revolution of that

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year than Heine himself was, I have ventured to record a few comments and experiences in notes which I hope will not be regarded as officious or gossippy.

This work, finally, awakens a question which has been put many times since the complete translation of all Heine's works was announced, which is whether the British public really wants them all? In one of the ablest reviews which the first volume had the good fortune to attract, and in which the translator had no occasion to complain of either a lack of subtle appreciation or kind compliment, the writer suggested that about one-half of the work had better have been omitted, specifying for this purpose "The Rabbi of Bacharach," and "Shakespeare's Maidens and Women." Now, that there are thousands of *very* well-educated English and American readers whom these works do *not* interest is perfectly true. But as Heine himself was an extraordinary agglomerate of brilliant contradictions, so are "the Heineites," and their motto is "De gustibus non est disputandum." The Jews, who form a very prominent portion of my readers, and to whose intellectual intelligence and right to judge in the matter predominance may well be admitted, would as certainly vote to retain the "Rabbi" in Heine's works, as they would "Daniel Deronda" in a select edition of George Eliot's. And it is hard to see how I, even if I

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were pursuing the eclectic system, could omit a work of which Heine himself, for some mysterious reason, had such an extraordinarily good opinion that he wrote a poem in its praise, which for rapt and well-nigh insane admiration transcends anything in the annals of self-praise ever executed by any poet in any land under the sun. No—it would never do to leave out the "Rabbi!"

As for the "Shakespeare," we have all our whims, like our author; and for me, I had rather have omitted this present volume, despite my personal interest in it, than *that*. Good or bad, it boasts a large circle of friends, and though but an outline, it has, like an artist's half-finished sketches, more of the artist in it than many of his greater and finished works. So far as I am able to judge, even those who would approve of omitting half of Heine's writings from this series, would differ utterly among themselves as to what should be omitted.

I may here call attention to the fact that, as in the "Germany," the "French Affairs" and "Lutetia" do not exist as a really complete single work, either in German or French. The last German edition gives in foot-notes what has appeared only in the first letters to the *Augsburger Zeitung*, and which was omitted in the early German editions, and also a translation into *German* of what appeared only in the French work. To render this version

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complete, I have very carefully studied and compared the different texts, and, as I believe, omitted not a passage, nor even a shade of thought or a word, of any value in either. I need not point out to any scholar that this has greatly increased the difficulty and labour of my task.

The Germans call Jean Paul Richter "the Only One," because he is supposed to be quite peculiar in his incongruities or in combining opposite characteristics. Yet I am certain that in this respect Heine, and not Jean Paul, may claim precedence. There was at least in Richter a deep moral unity, and however eccentrically he piled up or over-wrought his intertwined sentences, he never once fell into the vulgar and careless style of the very worst of scribblers for the press. But Heine exhibits in his intellectual efforts such startling contradictions as were never yet beheld in living mortal; while as regards style or writing, there are in his works hundreds of passages in which literary art attains the most exquisite perfection; while, on the other hand, it is undeniable that there is not a living writer of the English language, be he never so humble a tyro on the obscurest sheet, who would scrawl, even in haste, such bungling, reiterative, and shallow sentences as may be found—at times rather frequently—in all of our author's works, but especially in this, which he assures us is a

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perfect model of superior and clear style, and which he had revised again and again. I dwell on this because it is an indication of the man, which must be always borne in mind. Any other writer may be set to the right or the left, and classed with sheep or goats, but Heinrich Heine defies such easy judgment. And as his genius and merits vastly outbalanced his errors, he is valuable to all, and perhaps the more attractive for the contrast to many. These extraordinary alternations of light and shadow, grace and clumsiness, the lithe French leopard and the muddy German bear, are specially observable in these "Letters from Paris," and they will be much better understood if this characteristic of the author is always borne in mind.

CHARLES GODFREY LELAND.

HOMBURG LES BAINS,
August 15, 1892.

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THE CITIZEN KINGDOM IN THE YEAR 1832.

PREFACE TO THE PREFACE.

"Vive la France ! quand même . . ."

I LEARN that the preface to the "French Affairs" has appeared in such a mutilated state that duty compels me to republish it in its original form. And as I now here give an especial edition, I beg that no one will attribute to me an intention of in any way annoying or blaming the present rulers in Germany. I have much rather sought to moderate my expressions. I was, in consequence, not a little astonished when I observed that the preface in question was regarded as too harsh. Great God! what would it have been had I given way to my feelings and spoken out from my heart in full freedom? And it may come to pass! The evil reports which come in sighs to us every day from over the Rhine may well inspire me to it.

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You vainly endeavour to degrade the friends of the Fatherland and their principles in public opinion by crying the latter down as French Revolutionary doctrines, and the former as the French party in Germany; for you always speculate on what is worst in the German people, on national hatred, religious and political superstitions, and especially on stupidity. But you do not know that Germany can be no longer deceived by the old tricks, that even the Germans have observed that national hatred is only a means whereby one nation may be made to enslave another, and especially that there are now no longer nations in Europe, but only two parties, of which the one, called Aristocracy, dreams itself privileged by birth to usurp all the distinguished privileges of the citizen-class, while the other, known as Democracy, vindicates its inalienable human rights, and will do away with privilege of birth in the name of reason. Indeed, you should call us the Heavenly, not the French party, for that declaration of human rights on which our whole political economy is based is not derived from France, where they were certainly and naturally most gloriously proclaimed; not at all from America, whence Lafayette brought them; but from Heaven, the eternal Fatherland of Reason.

How detestable and deadly must the word

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Reason be to you! Yes, quite as much so as to its hereditary enemies, the priests, to whose rule it brings an end, and who, in common danger, make with you a common cause.

The expression "French party in Germany" is to-day predominant in my mind, because it specially struck me this morning in the last number of the *Edinburgh Review*. It was, by the way, a characteristic of the poems of Uhland, the good boy, and of mine, the bad one, that the French party in Germany was represented as a leader. I observe that this is only an echo of German journals, which I unfortunately never see here; but if I cannot now especially exalt them, it may be done another time to general advantage. As I have been for ten years a constant subject of daily criticism, which treats my writings either *pro* or *contra*, but always passionately, one may confidently attribute to me sufficient indifference as regards printed opinions; and if I—what I have as yet never done—should often cite such remarks, people will see, I trust, that it was not the personal susceptibilities of the writer, but the general interest of the citizen, which called forth the word. But as I have remarked—more's the pity—beyond the political newspapers, very few German daily publications find their way to Paris. For every reason I miss them sadly. Truly in this great city, where a piece of the

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world's history is acted every day, it would be piquant to occasionally at present occupy one's self with our domestic miseries. A young man lately wrote to me that he a year ago published certain attacks on me, which he hoped would give no offence, because my anti-national opinions had angered him, and therefore that he in his patriotic wrath was incapable of self-restraint. But this young man should have been so kind as to send me a copy of his work. He appears to belong to the Bœotian party in Germany, whose wrath against "the French party" is very pardonable; therefore I do forgive him with all my heart. But I should have really been pleased if he had himself sent me the book. For this I praise the Sodomitic party in Germany, who always send me their abusive articles, often very prettily written, and—what is most praiseworthy—always post-paid. But these people need not take so much pains to preserve their anonymity. In spite of the disguised hand, I always recognise the nameless composer of such nameless baseness. I know these people by their style. "*Cognosco stilum curiæ Romanæ!*" cried the noble historian of the Tridentine Council as the cowardly dagger of the assassin struck him from behind.

But beyond the Sodomitic and Bœotian, the Abderite party in Germany is also enraged at me. But it is not only my French principles

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which have roused the majority of them against me. Sometimes there are nobler reasons, as when, for example, a chief of the Abderite party, who for many years has incessantly attacked me in abuse, and seriously is only a champion of his wife, who believes that she has been insulted by me, and has in consequence sworn my ruin.[1]

Pardon me, dear reader, if these lines are not adapted to the seriousness of the time. But my enemies are really too ridiculous. I say "enemies." I give them this title out of politeness, though most of them are only my slanderers. They are little people, whose hate does not rise so high as my calves. They gnaw with broken blunted teeth at my boots, barking themselves weary down below there.

It is more perplexing and vexing when friends misjudge me. That might well put me out of tune, and, in fact, so it does. But I will not conceal, nay, I will openly confess, that my good name has been attacked by the Heavenly party. This may, however, be due to mere imagination or caprice, and their insinuations are not so

[1] I here omit an abusive passage which is as discreditable to the author as it would be disagreeable to the reader. It is amusing to observe how Heine, after declaring that his enemies are utterly indifferent to and amuse him, manifests in this omitted sentence all the gall of bitterness and intensity of hate from wounded vanity when speaking of two petty personal foes.—*Translator.*

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coarsely prosaic as those of the Bœotian, Sodomitic, and Abderite party. Or was it not very fanciful when people accused me of anti-liberal tendencies and of renegading from the cause of freedom? A printed expression of opinion as to this accusation of apostasy I found recently in a book entitled *Briefe eines Narren an eine Narrin* (Letters of a Fool to a Female Fool).[1] On account of much which is good and witty in it, and especially for the noble mind of the author, I cheerfully forgive him for what he has said to my discredit. I know from what side the wind blew which inspired him. *Videlicet* there are among our Jacobinical *enragés*, who have been so noisy since the July Revolution, certain imitators of that style of controversy which I conducted during the Restoration with determined daring,[2] and at the same time with discreet self-confidence. They managed the affair very badly, and instead of attributing the personal afflictions which resulted to their own clumsy inability, they let their rage fall on the writer of these pages, whom they saw safe and sound. It hap-

[1] A work by Karl Gutzkow. Hamburg, Hoffmann Campe, 1832. The passages referred to may be found on page 75.—*German Publisher.*

[2] *Rucksichtslosigkeit*, regardlessness, recklessness, want of consideration. But Heine manifestly uses the word in its best sense, in compliment to himself.—*Translator.*

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pened to them as it did to the monkey who had seen a man shave himself. When the latter left the room, the ape came, took the razor and brush from the drawer, soaped himself, and then cut his own throat. I do not know to what extent these German Jacobins wounded themselves, but I see that they are bleeding badly. Now they are scolding me. "Look!" they say; "we have honourably soaped ourselves, and bled for the good cause, but Heine did not act honourably in his shaving; he was wanting in true earnestness in using the razor; he never once cut himself; he calmly washes away the soap, whistles while doing so, and laughs at the bloody wounds of the throat-cutters who had honourable intentions."

Be satisfied; this time I have really cut myself.

HEINRICH HEINE.

PARIS, *end of November* 1832.

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PREFACE.

"THOSE who can read will of themselves remark that its greatest faults cannot be attributed to me, while those who cannot read will nothing note." With this simple syllogism, which precedes the *Roman Comique* of Scarron, I may also well begin these more serious pages.

I give here a series of articles and daily bulletins which I wrote for the *Augsburger Allgemeine Zeitung* (The Universal, or generally public, Gazette of Augsburg), in stormy circumstance of every kind, with an object which may easily be guessed, under restrictions which may be still more readily conjectured. I am now obliged to publish these anonymous and ephemeral leaves under my own name, lest some other person—as I have been threatened—should do so according to his own fashion or fancy, and change them as he may please, or perhaps mingle with them altogether foreign material which may be erroneously attributed to me.

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I avail myself of this opportunity to declare, in the most positive manner, that I have not for two years past published a line in any political journal of Germany, with the exception of the *Allgemeine Zeitung*. This publication, which so well deserves its world-renowned authority, and which may be well called the Universal Gazette of Europe, appeared to me, on account of its importance and its unparalleled circulation, to be best adapted for information referring to a comprehension of the present time. When we shall have brought it so far that the great mass of the people really understand the present, they will no longer allow themselves to be goaded by the hireling writers of the aristocracy to hatred and war; the great confederation of races, the Holy Alliance of nations, will be formed; we shall not need, out of mutual mistrust, to feed standing armies of many hundred thousand murderers; we will use their swords and horses for ploughs, and so attain to peace, prosperity, and freedom.

My life has been consecrated to this active duty—it is my office. The hatred of my enemies may serve as pledge that I have fulfilled this duty truly and honourably. I will ever show myself worthy of that hatred. My enemies will never misunderstand me, although my friends, in the delirium of excited passion, may mistake

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my deliberate calmness for lukewarm feeling. Doubtless the latter will misunderstand me less in these times than they did in those days when they believed they had attained the goal of their desires, and the hope of victory swelled every sail of their thoughts. I took no part in their folly, but I will ever share their misfortunes. I will never return to my native land so long as one of those noble fugitive exiles, who would not listen to reason because of too great inspiration, lingers in a foreign land in wretchedness. I had rather beg a crust from the poorest Frenchman than take service among those distinguished knaves[1] in the German Fatherland who regard every moderation of power as cowardice or as a prelude of transition to slavery,[2] and who consider our best virtue or belief in the honourable feeling of a foe mere hereditary stupidity. I should never be ashamed to be deceived by those who inspired our hearts with beautiful and smiling hopes; "how everything should be most peaceably managed; how we should remain delightfully moderate, so that concessions should not be compelled, and thereby prove unfruitful; as they themselves well perceived

[1] German "bei jenen vornehmen Gaunern." French version, "Ces orgueilleux protecteurs."—*Translator.*

[2] Servilismus.

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that one could not without danger long deprive us of liberty." Yes, we have been duped again, and we must confess that falsehood has again scored a great triumph and harvested fresh laurels. In fact, we are the conquered, and since the heroic deception has been officially proclaimed, since the promulgation of the deplorable resolutions of the German Diet of the 28th June, our heart has been made sick in our breast with anger and affliction.

Poor unhappy Fatherland! What shame is before thee should'st thou endure this outrage—what agony if thou dost not!

Never yet was a people so cruelly insulted by its rulers. Not only in this, that those ordinances of the Diet presuppose that we agreed to everything—they would persuade us that we have suffered no wrong or injustice! Yet, if you really could reckon with confidence on slavish submission, you had at least no right to regard us as fools. A handful of common nobles, who have learned nothing beyond horse-trading, card-sharping, drinking tricks, and similar stupid rascal accomplishments, with which, at the utmost, only peasants at fairs can be duped—such men think they can befool an entire race, and one at that which invented gunpowder, and also printing and the "Criticism of Pure Reason." This undeserved affront, that you regard us as stupider

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than yourselves, and fancy that you deceive us—*that* is the most irritating insult which you have put upon us in the presence of surrounding races, who wait with astonishment to see what we will do. "It is," they say, "no longer a question of liberty, but of honour."

I will not accuse the constitutional German princes. I know the difficulties of their situation; I know that they pine in the fetters of their petty camarillas, and are really not responsible. And they have been tampered with and tempted and compelled in every manner by Austria and Prussia. Let us not blame, but pity them. Sooner or later they shall reap the bitter fruits of an evil seed. The fools! they are still jealous one of the other, and while every acute eye can perceive that they will be in the end mediatised by Austria and Prussia, all their souls and efforts are only directed to getting from some neighbour a piece of his trifling territory. They are indeed like thieves who pick one another's pockets while they are being led to the gallows.

On account of the great deeds of the Diet, we can only unconditionally accuse Austria and Prussia. Nor can I determine to what degree they deserve our recognition or thanks. It seems to me, however, that Austria has been shrewd enough to shift the detested burden of responsibility to the shoulders of its wise colleague.

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In fact, we may war with Austria daringly unto death, with sword in hand, but we feel in our inmost heart that we are not justified in reviling this Power in abusive terms. Austria was ever an open and honourable enemy, which never denied, nor did it for a moment suspend its attack on Liberalism. Metternich never ogled with loving eyes the Goddess of Liberty; he never played the demagogue with troubled anxious heart; he never sung the songs of Arndt while drinking white beer; he never played at gymnastic exercises on the Hasenheide;[1] he never played the pietist, nor did he ever weep with the prisoners of the fortresses while he kept them chained. One always knew exactly where he stood on such subjects—knew that he was to be guarded against, and so one governed one's self accordingly. He was always a sure man, who neither deceived us by gracious looks nor irritated us by private malice. We knew that he was neither inspired by love or petty hatred, but acted magnanimously in the spirit of a system to which Austria had been true for three centuries.

[1] "Er hat nie auf der Hasenheide geturnt." In the French version, "Il n'a jamais sauté avec Jahn des sauts gynastico patriotiques sur la Haasenheide" (Hare Heath). In reference to the gymnastic associations founded by Jahn, which were really national political societies.—*Translator.*

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It is the same system which induced Austria to oppose the Reformation, the same for which it battled with the Revolution. For this system not only the men, but also the daughters of the House of Habsburg fought. For this system Marie Antoinette waged war desperately in the Tuileries, and to maintain it Maria Louisa, who, as declared Regent, should have combated for husband and child, in the same Tuileries abandoned the strife and laid down her arms; and for it the Emperor Francis suppressed his deepest feelings and desires, and suffered unspeakable agonies of heart; even to this day he wears mourning for the beloved, blooming grandson whom he sacrificed on its account. This new grief deeply bowed the grey head which once bore the German Imperial crown; this poor Emperor is still the true representative of unfortunate Germany!

As to Prussia, we may speak of it in a very different tone. Here at least we are restrained by no regard or respect for the sacredness of an Imperial German head. The learned menials on the banks of the Spree may dream ever on of a great Emperor of the realm of Borussia, and proclaim the hegemony and protecting lordliness of Prussia. But thus far the long fingers of the Hohenzollern have not succeeded in grasping the crown of Charlemagne, and to put it in

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the same sack with so many other stolen Polish and Saxon jewels. As yet that crown hangs far too high, and I doubt much whether it will ever descend to the witty head of that golden-spurred prince whom his barons already hail and offer homage to as the future restorer of chivalry. I much rather believe that his kingly highness will prove to be, instead of a successor to Charlemagne, only a follower of Charles the Tenth and Charles of Brunswick.

It is true that even recently many friends of the Fatherland have desired the extension of Prussia, and hoped to see in its kings the masters of a united Germany. They have baited and allured patriotism to it; there was a Prussian Liberalism, and the friends of freedom look confidingly towards the lindens in Berlin. As for me, I have never shared this faith or confidence. On the contrary, I watched with anxiety this Prussian eagle, and, while others boasted that he looked so boldly at the sun, I was all the more observant of his claws. I did not trust this Prussian, this tall and canting, white-gaitered hero with a big belly, a broad mouth, and corporal's cane, which he first dipped in holy water ere he laid it on. I disliked this philosophic Christian military despotism, this conglomerate of white-beer, lies, and sand. Repulsive, deeply repulsive to me was this Prussia, this

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stiff, hypocritical Prussia, this Tartuffe among states.

At last, when Warsaw fell, there fell also the soft and pious cloak in which Prussia had so well wrapped itself, and then even the dimmest-eyed saw the iron armour of despotism which was hidden under it. It was to the misfortune of Poland that Germany owed this salutary discovery.

Poland! The blood thrills in my veins when I write the word, when I reflect how Prussia behaved to these noblest children of adversity, and how cowardly, how vulgar, how treacherous was her conduct.[1] The writer of history will, from deepest disgust, want words when he narrates what occurred at Fischau; those shameful deeds were better written by an executioner.[2] I hear the red iron already hissing on the lean back of Prussia.

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[1] In the first draft this sentence ends as follows:—"How treacherously the Cabinet of Berlin—I will not say the Prussian people—treated Poland."

[2] Heine, in his hatred of Prussia, is here very inconsistent, and forgets, what Von Moltke has pointed out very clearly, that it was the completely feudal and aristocratic nature of Poland, and the intolerable dissensions among its governing class, which chiefly conduced to its overthrow. Before it was "cut into three" by surrounding nations, it had so radically divided itself into a triple community of nobles, Jews, and serfs, that it had become an anomaly in modern Europe. The conduct of its conquerors is not justifiable on such laws of morals as govern

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I read recently in the *Allgemeine Zeitung* that the Privy Councillor Friedrich von Raumer, who not long ago gained for himself the reputation of a royal Prussian revolutionist by revolting, as member of the Commission of censure, against its excessive severity, has now received the order to justify the proceedings of the Prussian Government as to Poland. The defence is finished, and the author has already received for it two hundred Prussian dollars. However, I hear that it has not given satisfaction to the camarilla of Brandenburg, because its style is not sufficiently servile. Trifling as this incident may seem, it is of importance as indicating the spirit of the ruling minds and of their subordinates. I knew by chance poor Frederic von Raumer, having seen him now and then walking in his blue-green little coat and grey-blue little cap under the lime-trees, and I heard him once in the chair as he depicted the

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the individual, but it was politically inevitable. The serf went for absolutely nothing in Poland. A Polish Countess said to me in 1846 in Florence, in justification of this harsh rule, "Our serfs are even lower than those of Russia." In several works of the seventeenth century, *e.g.*, in the *Anthropodemus* of J. Prætorius, the condition of the Polish serfs is dwelt on with much feeling, as that of the most cruelly treated race of men in Europe, of which there was also a song beginning with the lines—

"Ich bin ein Polnischer Bauer,
Mein Leben wird mir sauer."

—*Translator.*

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death of Louis XVI., and shed on the occasion several royal Prussian official tears. I have also read in a lady's almanac his History of the Hohenstaufen, and I also know his "Letters from Paris," in which he communicates to Madame Crelinger and her husband his views as to the theatres and public of this place. He is altogether a peaceable person, who falls quietly into line with the rest. He is the best among mediocre writers,[1] nor is he entirely devoid of salt, having a certain superficial erudition, resembling therein an old dried herring wrapped up in the waste-paper leaves of a learned book. I repeat it, he is the most peaceable, patient creature, who always lets himself be loaded by his betters, and trots obediently with his burden to the official mill, only stopping now and then where music is being played. To what a degree of baseness must the spirit of oppression in a Government have descended when even a Frederic von Raumer lost patience with it, and became restive and would trot no further, and even began to speak like a man! Did he perchance see the angel with the sword who stood in the way, and whom the blinded

[1] To which is added in the original—"And is not at all so dry and hidebound (*nicht so ledern*) as he looks." All of which sneering should be taken with much allowance. In the French version—"Ne s'arrêtant que là où l'on faisait de la musique de Sebastian Bach."—*Translator.*

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Balaams of Berlin could not behold? Alas! they gave the poor creature the most deliberate kicks, and goaded it with their golden spurs, and beat it thrice. But the people of Borussia—and by that one may judge its condition — exalted its Friedrich von Raumer as an Ajax of freedom.[1]

This royal Prussian revolutionist has now been employed to write an apology for the proceedings against Poland, and to honourably rehabilitate the Cabinet of Berlin in public opinion.

Oh this Prussia! how well it understands how to make the utmost of its people—even its revolutionists! For its political comedies it employs assistants of every colour. It even puts to use zebras with tri-coloured stripes. So it has of late years set on its most fiery demagogues to preaching everywhere that all Germany must become Prussian. Hegel must justify the permanence of servitude as reasonable, and Schleiermacher is compelled to protest against freedom, and commend Christian submission to the will of superior authority. And it is irritating and infamous this turning to profit philosophers and theologians to influence the people, and who are thus compelled, by treason to God and common-sense and reason, to thus publicly dishonour themselves. How many

[1] In the original MS.—"As an Ajax who fights for freedom like — a lion. This lion, this terrible beast of the Berlin royal menagerie, this royal Prussian," &c.—*German Publisher.*

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a noble soul, how much admirable talent, has been thereby degraded for worthless aims! How great was the name of Arndt before he, by higher command, wrote his scabby, shabby little work, in which he wags his tail like a dog, and, doggish as a Wendish dog, barks at the sun of July! The name of Stägemann had once the most honourable sound, but how deeply has he fallen since he wrote his Russian Songs! May he be forgiven by the Muse whose kiss once consecrated his lips to nobler poems! But what shall I say of Schleiermacher, the knight of the third class of the order of the Red Eagle? Once he was himself noble[1] and belonged to the first class. But not only the great, even the lesser men have been ruined. There is poor Ranke, whom the Prussian sent travelling at its expense; a fine talent—good at carving little historical figures and arranging them picturesquely—a good harmless soul, pleasing as mutton with Teltower turnips—an innocent man, whom, should I ever marry, I would choose for a family friend, and who is certainly also a Liberal; and he was lately compelled to publish in the *Staats Zeitung* (the State Journal) a defence of the resolutions of the Diet. Other stipendiaries, whom I will not name, have done the like, and are still all "Liberals."

[1] French version—"Et par lui-même un aigle."

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Oh, I know them, these Jesuits of the North! He who has ever, be it from dire need or heedlessly, accepted the least thing from them is thereby lost for ever. Even as hell kept Proserpine because she had eaten there the seed of a pomegranate, so those Jesuits never give liberty again to any one who has in the least profited by them, and be it only a single seed of the golden apple, or, to speak more prosaically, a single louis-d'or, they hardly allow him, like hell to Proserpine, to pass half the year in the light of the upper world. At such times they indeed appear as the children of light, and take their places among us, the other Olympians, and speak and write with ambrosian liberality; but when the appointed time comes, they are found again in infernal darkness, in the realm of obscurity, and they write Prussian apologies, declarations against the *Messager*,[1] rules for the censorship, or even a defence of the resolutions of the Diet.

I cannot pass by these resolutions of the Diet without comment, yet neither to refute them, much less, as has been often done, to seek to demonstrate their illegality. As I very well know who the persons were who prepared the document on which those resolutions were founded,

[1] French version—"Et ils écrivent des déclarations contre les journaux français."

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I do not doubt that it—that is to say, the federal act of Vienna—contains the most legal rights to any despotic caprice. As yet but little use has been made of this masterpiece of the noble gentility, and its contents were of little consequence to the people. Now that it has been placed in a proper light, and all the peculiar beauties of the *chef-d'œuvre*—its secret springs and hidden staples to which chains may be attached, its fetters for feet, its concealed iron collars, thumb-screws—in short, the whole artistic elaborate work—is generally visible, every one sees that the German people, having sacrificed its princes, property, and blood, when it should receive the promised reward of gratitude, was most impiously deceived; that we were infamously juggled, and instead of the promised Magna Charta of freedom, what was drawn up was a legal contract of slavery.[1]

In virtue of my academic authority as Doctor of both laws, I solemnly declare that such a document, prepared by faithless agents, is null and void; in virtue of my duty as a citizen, I

[1] This conclusion is wanting in the first draft, and in its place we have the words—"And that those who prepared this unofficial, deceptive, and consequently null and void document, are impeachable and guilty, as false proxies (*mandatarien*) or agents, of having abused public confidence."—*German Publisher.*

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protest against all the consequences which the resolutions of the Diet of June 28th deduced from this worthless paper; in virtue of my power as popular publicist or speaker, I lodge my complaint against those who prepared it, and accuse them of lese-nationality and of high treason to the German people.

Poor German people! It was while you were resting from battling for your princes, and were burying your brothers who had fallen in battle or were binding up your faithful wounds, smiling to see the blood running from your true hearts so full of joy and confidence—of joy that your beloved princes were saved, and of confidence in the humanely holy feeling of gratitude—even then in Vienna they were forging the federal act in the old workshop of the aristocracy.

Strange! Even the prince who owed the most gratitude to his people, and who consequently promised that people a representative constitution, or one such as other free races possess; and who in the time of need promised it in white and black with the most positive words; this very prince has now been crafty enough to induce to falsehood and breach of faith the other German princes, who also promised their subjects a free constitution, and he now supports himself on the Vienna federal act to destroy the newly blown German constitutions; he who should

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not dare to utter the word Constitution without blushing!

I speak of His Majesty Friedrich Wilhelm, third of the name, King of Prussia.[1]

Having always had, as I shall always have, a liking for royalty, it is repugnant to my principles and feelings to criticise too severely princes as individuals. My inclinations are rather to praise them for their good qualities. Therefore I willingly praise the personal virtues of the monarch of whose system of government, or rather of whose Cabinet, I have spoken so unreservedly. I attest with pleasure that Friedrich Wilhelm III. as a man deserves the highest honour and regard, such as the great majority of the Prussian people give him. He is good

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[1] Instead of this sentence, the following occurs in the original:—"I speak of His Majesty Friedrich Wilhelm, third of the name, King of Prussia, ruler of the Rhine, to whom I was transferred as subject in the year of grace 1815, with several millions of other Rhinelanders. As may be well supposed, my consent to this was not asked. I was exchanged, I believe, against a poor East Frisian whom I had never seen, who had never initiated me into his former feelings of devotion to the royal Prussian government, and who perhaps was made so unhappy by the exchange that he now lies buried as a Hanoverian. I, however, have not been made happy by that Prussian press-ganging (*Ein preussung*, or oppression), and all that I have gained by it is the right to most humbly remind that monarch that he should, according to his promise, graciously bestow on us a representative constitution."—*German Publisher.*

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and brave. He has shown himself steadfast in adversity, and, what is much more unusual, gentle in prosperity. He is of chaste heart, of touchingly modest manner, with citizen-like simplicity, of good domestic manners, a tender father, especially so towards the beautiful Zarewna,[1] to which tenderness we owe perhaps the cholera, and a still greater evil with which our descendants will do battle, and be duly grateful. Moreover, the King of Prussia is a very religious man; he holds strongly to religion; he is a good Christian; firmly attached to the evangelical confession of faith; he has even himself written a liturgy; he believes in the symbols—ah! I wish he believed in Jupiter, the father of the gods, who punishes perjury, and that he would at last give us the promised constitution.

For is not the word of a king as holy as an oath?

But of all the virtues of Friedrich Wilhelm, that which is most praised is his love of justice, of which the most touching tales are told. As, for instance, that he not long ago paid 11,227 thalers and twenty-two "good groschen" from his private treasury to satisfy the legal demand of a Kyritzer citizen. It is said that the son of the miller of Sans Souci being in straitened circumstances, wished to sell the celebrated wind-

[1] French version—"Czarina."

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mill in regard to which his father had the celebrated lawsuit with Friedrich the Great. The present King, however, had paid to the needy man a large sum of money, so that the celebrated windmill might remain in its old condition as a monument of Prussian love of justice. That is all very fine and praiseworthy; but where is the promised constitution, to which the Prussian people have the most decided right according to every principle of divine and human justice? So long as the King of Prussia does not fulfil this most sacred *obligatio*, so long as he withholds from the people their well-earned free constitution, I cannot call him just, and the windmill of Potsdam does not remind me of Prussian love of justice, but of Prussian wind.[1]

I know well enough that literary hirelings maintain that the King of Prussia promised this constitution of his own accord and free will, which promise is quite independent of all circumstances of the time. Fools without soul or sense that they are, not to know that men when we keep from

[1] This word requires no explanation in English, but it is thus made clear in a note in the French version :—"Le mot *wind* en allemand ne signifie pas sëulement vent, mais aussi au figuré, charlatanisme, vanterie et mensonge." But in French dictionaries one of its synonyms is *emptiness*, and of *windy*, "vain, futile." The French version here adds the sentence :—"Je parle de sa Majesté Frédéric Guillaume, troisième du nom, roi de Prusse."—*Translator.*

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them that which is theirs by legal right, are much less offended than when we refuse to give them what has been promised out of pure love, for in this latter case our vanity is wounded by feeling that he who voluntarily offered something does not care for us.

Or was it perhaps a mere personal caprice, quite independent of all temporal circumstances, which induced the King of Prussia to promise to his people a free constitution? In that case he had not even the intention to be grateful; and yet there was very great reason why he should have been, for never before did any prince find himself in such lamentable case as that into which the King of Prussia had fallen after the battle of Jena, and from which he was rescued by his people. Could he not then have availed himself of the consolations of religion, the insolence with which he was treated by the Emperor Napoleon must have brought him to despair. But, as I said, he did find support in Christianity, which is truly the best religion after a lost battle. He was strengthened by the example of his Saviour; for he too could say, "My kingdom is not of this world!" and he forgave his enemies, who had occupied all Prussia with four hundred thousand men.[1]

[1] In the original first form the beginning of this sentence is as follows:—"But I can refute the defenders of this breach

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If Napoleon had not then been occupied with far more important matters than thinking of His Majesty Frederic William the Third, he would certainly have put the latter entirely out of the way. Some time after, when all the kings of Europe united in a rabble of conspiracy against Napoleon, and the man of the people succumbed to this *émeute* of princes, and the Prussian donkey gave the dying lion the final kick, he regretted too late the sin of omission. When he paced up and down in his wooden cage of Saint Helena, and remembered that he had cajoled the Pope and forgotten to crush Prussia, then he gnashed his teeth, and if a rat then came in his way, he stamped upon and killed the poor beast.

Now Napoleon is dead and lies well closed in his leaden coffin under the sands of Longwood on the island of Saint Helena. All round him spreads the sea. Therefore you have nothing to fear. Nor need you fear the last three gods who yet remain in heaven, the Father, the Son, and the Holy Ghost; for you are on good terms with

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of promise by a sound document. It is the bulletin of the battle of Jena. In very truth the condition of the King of Prussia was then wretched in the extreme. From this he was rescued by his people, to whom he out of gratitude promised a free constitution. How deeply had he sunk when he lived as a private individual at Königsberg, and read nothing but Lafontaine's tales!" — *Note by the German Editor.*

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their holy following. Nothing have you to fear, for you are powerful and wise. You have gold and muskets, and all that is for sale you can buy, and what is mortal you can kill. Your wisdom is equally irresistible. Every one of you is a Solomon, and it is a pity that the Queen of Sheba, the beautiful woman, no longer lives, for you would have unriddled her to her very chemise. And ye have iron pots in which you can enclose those who give you to guess anything of which you would remain ignorant, and you can seal them up and cast them into the sea of oblivion —all like King Solomon. Like him, too, you understand the language of the birds; you know all that is chirped and piped in the land; and if the song of any bird displeases you, you have a great pair of shears wherewith to clip his bill, and, as I hear, you intend to provide a larger pair for those who sing more than twenty sheets. And you have also all the cleverest birds in your service, all the noble falcons, all the ravens—that is, the black-coats—all the peacocks, all the owls. And the old Simurgh still lives, and he is your grand vizier, and is the wisest, shrewdest bird in the world. He will renovate the world as it was in the days of the pre-Adamite sultans, and to this end he unweariedly lays eggs by night and day, and they are hatched out in Frankfort. Hut-hut, the accredited hoopoo, runs meanwhile

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through the sand of the Prussian marshes, carrying the most significant despatches in his bill. Ye have naught to fear!

But I bid you beware of one thing—the *Moniteur* of 1793. That is a *Hollenzwang*—a book of invocation of evil spirits, and there are words of magic therein which you cannot bind—words which are mightier than muskets or gold—words with which the dead can be called from their graves, and the living sent to join the dead—words with which dwarfs may be raised to giants and giants overwhelmed—words which can fell all your power as the guillotine decapitates a king.

I will tell you the truth. There are people who are brave enough to utter those words, and who have never been appalled by the most terrible apparitions; but they know not where to find the right spell in the book of gramarye, nor could they pronounce it with their thick lips, for they are no conjurors. And there are others who are indeed familiar with the mysterious divining-rod, who know where to find the magic word, and even to utter it with tongues skilled in sorcery. These are timid and fear the spectres whom they would evoke; for alas! we do not know the spell with which to lay the spirits when the ghostly scene becomes too terrible; we know not how to ban the inspired broomstick back into its wooden repose when the house has once been

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inundated with blood; we know not how to conjure down the fire when its raging tongues are licking everywhere. We are afraid!

But do not rely on our weakness and fear. The disguised man of the time, who was bold of heart as ready with his tongue, and who knows the great word and has to utter it, is perhaps even now near you. It may be that he is masked in servile livery, or even in a harlequin's dress, and ye do not forbode that he who, perhaps, servilely draws off your boots, or who by his jokes tickles your diaphragm, is to be your destroyer. Do you not often feel a strange shudder when these servile forms fawn round you with an almost ironic humility, and it suddenly occurs to you, "This is perhaps a snare, and this wretch, who behaves so absolutely, so idiotically slavish,[1] is perhaps a secret Brutus"? Have you not sometimes by night dreams which warn you against the smallest winding worms whom you have perchance seen crawling in the daytime?[2] Be not afraid, I am only

[1] In German—"Dieser, Elende der sich so absolutistisch, so viehisch gehorsam gebärdet." Instead of *dieser Elende*, there is in the original draft "this obscure Jarke." The sentence concludes with the words "a secret Brutus who disguises himself, and who will put an end to the kingdom."—*Translator.*

[2] The following lines form the conclusion of the sentence in the original draft:—

"Is it true what people tell in Saxony, that the King dreamed

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jesting, and you are quite safe. Our stupid devils of *serviles* do not disguise themselves. Even Jarke is not dangerous. And have no fear of the little fools who juggle round you ever and anon with jokes of dubious import. The great fool will protect you from the petty fellows. The great fool is a very great fool, giant-great, and his name is—the German people.

Yes, a very great fool, in faith! His motley jacket is made of six-and-thirty patches. Instead of hawks'-bells, mighty church-bells weighing tons hang upon his cap, and he bears in his hand a colossal harlequin's sword of iron. And his heart is full of pain, but he will not think upon his griefs, for which reason he plays all the more merry pranks, and laughs to keep from weeping. When his sufferings come too bitterly to mind, then he shakes his head as if mad, and deafens himself with the pious Christian chiming of his

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he stood before Whitehall and saw King Charles beheaded? Suddenly the mask fell from the face of the executioner, and the King recognised in him with horror the Leipzig censor, an old rascal named Daniel Beck! However, fear not these worms. The Roman Apostolic Catholic preacher, Herr Jarke, only half plays the rôle of a Brutus—that is, up to the death of Lucretia—and the trembling old knave of Leipzig with his executioner's shears has only courage enough to decapitate a thought. If it is not the slave, it is perhaps the fool. There is a very, very great fool, and he is called the German people. His motley jacket," &c., as in the following sentence.—*German Publisher.*

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cap. But if a good friend comes to him who would speak sympathetically of his pains, or even give him some domestic remedy against them, he becomes a raging lunatic and strikes at the adviser with his iron weapon.[1] He is particularly enraged at any one who means him well. He is the bitterest foe unto his friends and the best of friends to his enemies.[2] Oh, the great fool will always remain faithful and submissive; he will always amuse your knightlings (*Junkerlein*) with his giant jests or tricks; he will every day repeat his old feats of dexterity, and balance countless burdens on his nose, and let many hundreds of thousands of soldiers trample over his belly. But have no fear lest the load become all at once too heavy, and that he will shake away your soldiers, and, in jest by the way, squeeze your head so with his little finger that your brains will spirt out up to the stars. Have not the least fear lest he in his merry gossiping, out of mere folly, should

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[1] Instead of this sentence the following occurs in the original draft:—

"I myself was seized with this folly, and had I not sprung quickly over the Rhine, the fool would have quickly split my head with his iron."—*German Publisher.*

[2] The following here occurs in the original MS.:—"And yet I cannot be severe with the old jester; I love him and weep for him here in the safe distance. Ye whom the fool regards as his gracious lords, ye need not fear him so long as he remains reasonable in his way."—*German Publisher.*

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utter the terrible all-powerful word of incantation, when the great change will unexpectedly begin, and he himself the fool, all at once disenchanted, will stand before you in his original beautiful blonde heroic form with his great blue eyes, the purple mantle instead of the harlequin jacket, and the sword of empire in his hand instead of the dagger of lath. But ye need not fear; the great fool will never speak the word. The great fool remains most submissively obedient to you, and if the little fools would injure you, the great one at a wink would strike them dead.[1]

(Written in Paris, Oct. 18, 1832.)

HEINRICH HEINE.

[1] The preceding two sentences form the conclusion in the original MS., and do not occur in later editions.

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FRENCH AFFAIRS.

I.

PARIS, *December* 28, 1831.

THE hereditary peers have delivered their last speeches, and were shrewd enough to declare themselves dead, so as not to be killed by the people. This reason for action was specially impressed on their hearts by Casimir Perier. Therefore there was, so far as they were concerned, no pretence whatever for *émeutes*. However, the situation of the lower classes in Paris is so distressing, that the least cause of irritation from without might cause a more dangerous uprising than ever before. And yet I do not think that we are actually so near such outbursts as many apprehend. It is not that I regard the Government as being altogether too powerful, or the Opposition as too weak. On the contrary, the Government shows its weakness on every occasion, as specially happened in the disturb-

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ances at Lyons; while as regards its enemies, they are sufficiently exasperated, and may, moreover, find among the thousands who are dying of misery the most desperately daring support—but just now it is cold foggy weather.

"Ils ne viendront pas ce soir, car il pleut." "They will not come to-night because it rains," said Pethion, after he had calmly opened and shut the window, while his friends the Girondists expected an attack from the populace, who had been excited by the party of *La Montagne*—the Mountain. This story is told in histories of the Revolution to indicate Pethion's coolness. But since I have studied with my own eyes the nature of Parisian revolts, I see that his words were much misunderstood. For good wild riots and rebellions, there must be good weather, agreeable sunshine, a pleasant warm day, and for this reason they succeed best in June, July, and August. And there must be no rain, for Parisians fear it more than anything, since it drives away the hundreds of thousands of men, women, and children who, mostly well dressed and laughing, flock to the fields of battle (*Wahlstätten*), and increase by their number the courage of the agitators. Nor should the air be foggy, because then the people cannot read the placards which the Government posts at the street corners, for the perusal of these attracts

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crowds to places where they can press together and riot to the greatest advantage. Monsieur Guizot, an almost German pedant, when he was Conrector of France, wished to parade in such placards all his philosophic historical learning, and it is said that because the mob could not so easily master such reading, and as the crowds in consequence increased in number, the *émeutes* became so great that the poor *doctrinaire* fell at last a sacrifice to his own erudition, and thereby lost his office.[1] But the principal cause is probably that in cold weather people cannot read newspapers in the Palais Royal, yet it is here that the most zealous politicians assemble under the pleasant trees, and, debating in raging groups, spread their inspiration far and wide.

Thus it hath been shown in these our times how great was the injustice done to Philippe d'Egalité in accusing him of leading most of the popular insurrections, because people had discovered that the Palais Royal, where he dwelt, was always their head-centre. This year it was, as ever, the same chief place of meeting of all restless souls—the same headquarter of the discontented; but it is quite certain that its present proprietor did not

[1] It need astonish no one to learn that after Heine became a pensioner of France, through M. Guizot, this passage was omitted in the French editions of this work.—*Translator.*

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enlist and subsidise the mob. The spirit of revolution would not leave the Palais Royal though its owner had become a king, and therefore the latter was obliged to abandon his old home. People spoke of certain inconveniences which caused this change of residence, especially of an apprehended French Guy Fawkes' plot (*Pulververschwörung*); and of course, as the lower portion of the palace was rented for shops, over which the King dwelt, it would have been easy to smuggle in barrels of gunpowder, and so with all ease blow His Majesty high into air. Others thought it was unbecoming that Louis Philippe should reign above while M. Chevet sold sausages below.[1] But selling sausages is just as respectable a business as reigning, and a citizen king could find no cause for complaint in it, especially Louis Philippe, who only the previous year had mocked at all feudalistic and imperial descent and customs of costume, saying to some young Republicans that "the golden crown was too cold in winter and too

[1] Chevet, a noted provider of all kinds of "comestibles," of whom it was said that the best of everything in France was always secured at once for his shop. Once when Louis Philippe was at a seaport famous for its fish, the King wishing to have them fresh from the sea, ordered some for dinner. After enjoying the delicacy, the King inquired of the landlord if he had really had the best, and was assured that there could be no mistake regarding it—"they had been sent from M. Chevet in Paris."—*Translator.*

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hot in summer, a sceptre too heavy or bunchy (*stumpf*) to be used as a weapon, and too short for a staff, and that a round felt hat and a good umbrella were much more useful in these days."

I do not know whether Louis Philippe remembers using these expressions, for some time has passed since he last strolled through the streets of Paris with a round hat and umbrella, and, with refined true-heartedness, played the part of a simple honest father of a family, a real Jesuit of plain citizenship, a citizen Jesuit.[1] He in those days shook hands with every grocer and workman, wearing for this purpose, it is said, one particular dirty old glove, which he always drew off and replaced with a new and clean 'kid' when he climbed again into the higher regions inhabited by his ancient nobility, bankers, ministers, intriguers, and scarlet lackeys. The last time I saw him, he strolled here and there among the gilded pavilions, marble vases, and flowers on the terrace of the Galerie d'Orleans. He wore a black coat, and over his broad face there passed (*spazierte*) a nonchalance which well nigh made me shiver, thinking of the man's precarious posi-

[1] "Ein wahrer Jesuit der Bürgerlichkeit, ein Burgerjesuit." This little compliment is omitted in the French version.—*Translator.*

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tion, an indifference offensive to both friend and foe, which his father also preserved even at his execution.[1]

It is certainly most reprehensible that the (poor)[2] face of the King has been chosen for a subject of most small jokes, and that he is hung up in all caricature-shops as the butt of mockery. But when the authorities attempt to restrain this, they only make matters worse. Thus we lately saw how from one suit at law of this kind there came another by which the King was still more compromised. I speak of Philippon, the publisher of a caricature-journal, who defended himself as follows:—

"Should any man wish to find in any caricatured odd face a likeness with that of the King, he could do it as soon as he pleased in any figure, no matter how heterogeneous, so that

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[1] This passage, which originally appeared in the *Augsburger Allgemeine Zeitung*, was suppressed in subsequent editions, and is published again in the last by Hoffmann & Campe. The following two pages are omitted in the French edition, their absence being indicated by a blank. In a note to the first French edition Heine remarks as to this: "I have here suppressed a remark which may be very interesting for a German, but not for a French reader, to whom the Pear (in reference to a certain trial), has become a wearisome, threshed-out theme. All blanks which may occur in future will indicate the omission of similar passages." But to the attentive reader of Heine these omissions are very significant.—*Translator.*

[2] *Arme*, poor, also pitiable. Given in parenthesis.

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at last nobody could be safe from indictment for lese-majesté."

To prove this, he then designed on a sheet of paper several caricatures, the first of which was a striking portrait of the King, the second was like it, but with less resemblance to royalty, and in this fashion the third suggested the second, and the fourth the third, but this last of all was a perfect picture of a pear, which, however, still preserved a slight, but all the more comical, likeness to the traits of the beloved monarch. As Philippon, despite this defence, was condemned by the jury, he published it in his journal, giving a facsimile of the caricatures which he had drawn in court. On account of this lithograph, which is now known as "The Pear," the witty artist was again prosecuted, and the most delightful results are anticipated from the trial.[1]

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[1] No caricature ever had such a success as "The Pear." It lasted more or less through all the reign of Louis Philippe. Pears were chalked on all blank walls, and actors ate them with double entendres reflecting on royalty on the stage. Thackeray, in his burlesque of Disraeli's *Coningsby*, indicates Louis Philippe when visiting Rafael, by saying that he wore a wig which curled up to a point "like a dirty rotten old pear." It was in this "bubby lock," as it is called in Philadelphia (and which was once affected by many small rural American politicians from the air of dignity which it is supposed to confer) that all the likeness to the pear consisted. It is probably true, as some writer has asserted, that nothing during all the reign of Louis Philippe annoyed him so much as the pear.—*Translator.*

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The King has, however, been far more painfully compromised by the famous inheritance suit which made the Rohan family dependent on account of the Bourbon-Condé bequest. This incident is so horrible that even the most violent journals of the Opposition refrain from telling all the terrible truth. The public is most painfully annoyed by this; the secret surreptitious manner in which the world whispers about it in the *salons* is tormenting, and the silence of those who represent the royal house is more significant than the loud condemnation of the multitude. It is the necklace story of the younger branch, only that here, instead of court gallantry and forging, there is something reported far more base and vulgar (*gemeineres*), that is, swindling away an inheritance and assassination by a female participant. The name Rohan, which here appears, painfully recalls old stories. It seems as if we heard the serpents of the Eumenides hissing, and as if the stern goddesses would make no distinction between the elder and younger branches of the outlawed race. But it would be unjust if men did not recognise this distinction.[1]

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[1] Heine in his note declared that he omitted all the preceding passages for two pages from the French version because the story of "the pear" was too familiar to Parisian readers. But the sting of the serpent was in the tail, or in this mention of the Rohan trial, of which he says nothing.—*Translator.*

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I believe that Louis Philippe is no ignoble man, who certainly will not do what is wrong, and who has only the weakness (to yield to the inborn tendencies of his fellows in birth), and to ignore his own most peculiar principle of life.[1] And through this he may yet be ruined. For, as Sallust has shrewdly remarked, governments can only uphold themselves by that to which their existence is due—thus, for example, one which is founded by force must by force maintain itself and not by craft, and *vice versâ*. Louis Philippe has forgotten that his Government was born of the principle of popular sovereignty, and now, in afflicting blindness, he would uphold it by a quasi-legitimacy, by alliances with absolute princes, and by a continuation of the period of the Restoration. Hence it comes that the spirits of the Revolution bear him ill-will (despise him) even more than they hate[2] and make war on him in every way. This strife is at all events more just than was the feud against the previous Government, which owed nothing to the people, and which from the first was in open opposition to it. Louis Philippe, who

[1] This passage is reduced in the French version to the following words:—"Je crois que Louis Philippe est un honnête homme, qui veut sans doute le bien et n'a que le tort de méconnaître le principe vital par lequel seul il peut exister."—*Translator.*

[2] Omitted in the French version.

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owed his throne to the people and to the paving-stones of July, is an ungrateful man, whose apostasy is the more distressing as we perceive day by day that we are grossly deceived.[1] Yes, there are certainly every day most evident retrogressions; and just as they are now quietly replacing the paving-stones which were used in the days of July for warfare (and which in some places are still to be seen heaped up), so that no external trace of the Revolution may be visible, so the people are again being stamped into their previous place like paving-stones, and trodden as before under foot.

I forgot to mention that among the motives which are said to have induced the King to leave the Palais Royal for the Tuileries is attributed the rumour that he had only accepted the crown for appearance' sake, that he remained at heart devoted to his legitimate lord, Charles X., for whose return he was preparing, and that for this reason he would not return to the Tuileries. The Carlists had manufactured this report, and it was absurd enough to obtain credence among the people. Now it is contra-

[1] In the French version this is very ingeniously modified and mollified by the change of a single word as follows :—"Louis Philippe *serait* un ingrat dont la défection *serait* d'autant plus deplorable," &c.—*Translator.*

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dicted by facts, for the son of Egalité has finally passed as victor through the triumphal arch of the Carrousel, and promenades with his countenance devoid of care, his round hat and his umbrella, in the historically famous apartments of the Tuileries. It is said that the Queen was very much opposed to living in this *maison fatale*—this disastrous dwelling, and report goes that during the first night there the King did not sleep as well as usual, and was haunted by many visions. For example, he beheld Marie Antoinette sweeping about with nostrils distended with rage, as once before, on the 10th of August, and then anon heard the spiteful laughter of the Red Mannikin—*le petit homme rouge*—who often laughed audibly behind the back of Napoleon, even while the Emperor was uttering his proudest commands in the Hall of Audience; till at last Saint Denis appeared to him and summoned him to the guillotine in the name of Louis XVI. Saint Denis, it is well known, is the patron guardian of the kings of France, and especially a saint who carries his own head in his hand.[1]

More significant than all the spectres which lurk in the recesses of the castle are the follies mani-

[1] In the French version the end of this sentence is as follows:—"Qu'enfin Saint Denis lui était apparu portant selon son habitude sa propre tête dans une de ses mains." This extraordinary coincidence of the headless saint and the decapitated

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fested in its outer works. I here refer to the famous *fossés des Tuileries.* These were for a long time the subject of conversation in salons or at street corners, and they are still spoken of with hatred and bitterness. So long as the hoarding of high boards hid the garden front of the Tuileries from public sight, the most absurd fancies obtained currency regarding what was being done. The majority thought that the King wished to fortify the castle, and that on the garden side, where the mob once entered so easily on the 10th of August, and it was even said that with this view the Pont Royal was to be destroyed. Others thought that the King would only build a long wall to hide from his sight the view of the Place de la Concorde, not from childish fear, but tender feeling, for his father died in the Place de la Grève, but the Place de la Concorde was the ground of execution for the elder line.[1] However, a wrong was done to poor Louis Philippe here, as so often elsewhere.

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king is here very ingeniously introduced. As regards these visions, all of Heine's *on dits* and *wie man sagt* must be taken with the utmost suspicion or absolute distrust. He was never so happy as when retailing the sorriest and flimsiest gossip from the lowest sources, and, as in the case of W. A. von Schlegel and Platen, he brought it forward seriously in grave writing as absolutely established fact.—*Translator.*

[1] The preceding sentence is omitted in the French version.—*Translator.*

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When the mysterious planks were torn away, people beheld neither fortifications nor ramparts, ditches nor bastions, but mere folly and flowers. The King, who has a mania for building, took a fancy to make a little garden for himself and family in and separate from the great garden, which was effected by means of a common ditch and a wire-fence but a few feet high, and in the beds laid out there were already growing flowers as innocent as the garden fancy of the King himself.

Casimir Périer, however, was, it seems, very irate at this innocent idea, which was executed without his previous knowledge or consent.[1] In any case, the public could justly complain of the disfiguring the whole garden, which was a masterwork of Le Nôtre, and which was so imposing from its grand *ensemble*. It is altogether like cutting scenes from one of Racine's tragedies. English gardens and Romantic dramas may often be curtailed or lessened without injury, often even to advantage, but the poetic gardens of Racine, with their sublime and tiresome unities, pathetic marble statues, their compassed alleys with the cut severe, can—no more than Le Nôtre's green tragedy, which begins so grandly with the

[1] *Vorwissen* only in the German version; *consentement* only in the French.—*Translator.*

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grand view of the Tuileries, and terminates so grandly with the high terraces whence we perceive the catastrophe of the Place de la Concorde,[1] —be changed in the least without disturbing their symmetry, and consequently their real beauty. Moreover, this untimely garden-work is for other reasons bad for the King. Firstly, it makes the sovereign an object of constant gossip, which is just at present not peculiarly to his advantage; and secondly, it is a cause that multitudes of street-folk assemble before it, making all kinds of significant comments, who perhaps seek to forget their hunger in gossiping, and who in any case have hands which have long been idle. There may be heard many a bitter sharp remark and red-burning sarcasm which recall 1790. At the entry of the new garden may be seen a copy in bronze of the Knife-grinder, the original of which may be seen in the Tribune of Florence, as to the meaning of which many opinions prevail.[2]

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[1] So in both German and French versions, the words "scene of the" being inadvertently omitted. If Louis Philippe had the catastrophe itself always before his eyes, it is no wonder that he had a flower fence erected to shut out the ghostly vision. —*Translator.*

[2] In all of which it is probable that the learned make as great mistakes as did the revolutionary philanthropist of the *Anti-Jacobin* when he believed his living knife-grinder to be a victim of social abuses. I conjecture that this statue represents a tinker grinding a knife, "only this and nothing more," for he

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But here, in the Tuileries, I heard modern explanations of the meaning of this image at which many an antiquary would smile in pity, and many an aristocrat secretly shudder.

In any case, this garden plan is a colossal folly, and exposes the King to the most abominable accusations. It may even be interpreted as a symbolic deed. Louis Philippe draws a ditch between himself and his people—that is, he visibly divides himself from them. Or has he grasped the spirit of constitutional monarchy in such a feeble-minded and short-sighted manner as to think that by leaving to the people the greater portion of the garden he can appropriate the lesser more decidedly for himself? No; absolute royalty, with its grandly egotistic Louis XIV., who instead of "L'état c'est moi," could also say, "Les Tuileries c'est moi," such royalty appeared far more stately than constitutional popular sovereignty with its Louis Philippe I., who in anxious care fences in his little private garden and claims a petty wretched *chacun chez soi*—every one by himself. It is said that the work

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has the *cheek*, face, and expression of a tinker, which are the same in all lands and ages, be it among Aryans, Shemites, or Turanians. The terrible explanations of the meaning of the statue to which Heine alludes are that the people saw in it an executioner sharpening the knife of the guillotine.—*Translator.*

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will all be completed in the spring; and then, too, the new kingdom, which as yet seems to be so little or newly built, and so freshly smelling of undried mortar (*kalkfrisch*) will appear more finished.[1] At present it seems to be in the highest degree uninhabitable. In fact, when we now consider the Tuileries from the garden side, with all its digging up and about, its displaced statues and plantings of leafless trees, its stone rubbish, new material for building and all the reparations, amid which there is so much hammering, shouting, laughing and squabbling, we seem to have before us an emblem of the new and incomplete royalty itself.

[In this letter Heine, with marvellous intuition, as if inspired with prophecy, sets forth clearly the cause which led to the final overthrow of Louis Philippe. That monarch had concluded from his vast experience of the French people that the *bourgeoisie* were the strength of the nation, and that his own strength depended on them. The country was weary with the wars of the Revolution and of Napoleon, and required rest. But he left out of sight the great fact that the people were restless by temperament, and would soon recover, and that there remained an insatiable sense of chivalry and

[1] German—"Wird etwas fertiger aussehen." French version—"Aura aussi quelque chose de plus habitable."

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pride, which Napoleon had greatly increased. When signs of revolution showed themselves in 1847 in Italy, Hungary, and Germany, the French Government manifested great sympathy with the ruling powers of these countries, by surrendering fugitives and similar measures, which was extremely irritating to the French, who sympathised with the foreign movement. They had a King Log at a time when even a King Stork would have been more popular. So the *bonhomme* Louis, with his umbrella and affected equality, became detestable. They began to laugh at the Pear and the little garden, and in France ridicule kills. I was in Paris in 1847–48, and was well informed as to what was going on. Claude, who was then the prefect of police, tells us in his Memoirs that the Revolution of 1848 came upon him unexpectedly at three hours' notice. He had not time to move his office furniture. One month before, I had written letters to America predicting that the revolution would burst on the 24th February, and its successful issue. I remarked in those days that if the King could have read the signs of the times and have *led* the people to something, he might have remained in power.

Many very intelligent writers have declared that they could not understand the cause why Louis Philippe was driven away, but I anticipated it—as many others did—long before. He had utterly alienated or irritated the Republicans by his foreign alliances and sympathies, and disgusted the Bonapartists and Legitimists by his patronage of the *épiciers* or *bourgeoisie.*

As straws show how the wind blows, I may here remark that Alexander Dumas, who on the 25th February 1848 was heard by a Danish friend of mine to remark that *he* had brought about the Revolution by writing *Le Chœur des Girondins,* had really contributed to it

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much more effectively than he imagined by his universally read romances in which Messieurs D'Artagnan and Co. figure so extensively as dashing swashbucklers. Duelling and romance and war were in the air, and the world, after enjoying peace for a brief season, had begun to tire of their march in the desert, and long for the highly-seasoned fleshpots of old Egypt. Then came King Stork in Napoleon III.—and in due time they tired of him.—*Translator.*]

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II.

PARIS, *January* 19, 1832.

THE *Temps* remarks to-day that the *Allgemeine Zeitung* now publishes articles which are hostile to the royal family, and that the German censorship, which does not permit the least remark levelled at absolute monarchs, does not manifest the least regard for a citizen-king. And yet the *Temps* is the shrewdest and cleverest journal in the world! It attains its object with a few mild words much more readily than others with the most blustering warfare. Its crafty wink is well understood, and I know at least one Liberal writer who does not consider it honourable to use under the permission of the censorship such inimical language of a citizen-king as would not be allowed when applied to an absolute monarch. But for that let Louis Philippe do us in return one single favour—which is to remain a citizen-king. For it is because he is becoming every day more and more like an absolute king that we must complain of him. He is certainly perfectly honourable as a man, an estimable father of a family, a

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tender spouse and a thrifty, but it is vexatious to see how he allows all the trees of liberty to be felled and stripped of their beautiful foliage that they may be sawed into beams to support the tottering house of Orleans. For that, and that only, the Liberal press blames him, and the spirits of truth, in order to make war on him, even condescend to lie. It is melancholy and lamentable that through such tactics even the family of the King must suffer, although they are as innocent as they are amiable. As regards this, the German Liberal press, less clever but much kinder than its French elder sister, is guilty of no cruelties. "You should at least have pity on the King," lately cried the good-tempered *Journal des Débats.* "Pity on Louis Philippe!" replied the *Tribune.* "This man asks for fifteen millions and our pity! Did he have pity on Italy, on Poland?"—*et cetera.*[1]

I saw within a few days the infant orphans of Menotti, who was hung in Modena. Nor is it long since I saw Señora Luisa de Torrijos, a poor deathly-pale lady, who quickly returned to Paris when she learned on the Spanish frontier the news of the execution of her husband and of his fifty-two companions in misfortune. Ah! I really pity Louis Philippe.

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[1] This last passage is omitted in the French version.—*Translator.*

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La Tribune, the organ of the openly declared Republican party, is pitiless as regards its royal enemy, and every day preaches the Republic. The *National*, the most reckless and independent journal in France, has recently chimed in to the same air in a most surprising manner. And terrible as an echo from the bloodiest days of the Convention sounded the speeches of those chiefs of the *Société des Amis du Peuple* who were placed last week before the court of assizes, "accused of having conspired against the existing Government in order to overthrow it and establish a republic." They were acquitted by the jury, because they proved that they had in no way conspired, but simply uttered their convictions publicly. "Yes, we desire the overthrow of this feeble Government, we wish for a republic." Such was the refrain of all their speeches before the tribunal.

While on one side the serious Republicans draw the sword and growl with words of thunder, the *Figaro* flashes lightning, and laughs and swings its light lash most effectually. It is inexhaustible in clever sayings as to "the best republic," a phrase with which poor Lafayette is mocked, because he, as is well known, once embraced Louis Philippe before the Hôtel de Ville and cried, "Vous êtes la meilleure république!" The *Figaro* recently remarked that we of course

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now require no republic, since we have seen the best. And it also said as cruelly, in reference to the debates on the civil list, that "la meilleure république coute quinze millions."

The Republican party will never forgive Lafayette his blunder in supporting a king. They reproach him with this, that he knew Louis Philippe[2] long enough not to be aware beforehand what was to be expected of him. Lafayette is now ill—*malade de chagrin*—heart-sick. Ah! the greatest heart of two worlds must feel bitterly the royal trickery. It was all in vain that he in the very beginning continually insisted on the *Programme de l'Hôtel de Ville*, on the republican institutions with which the monarchy should be surrounded, and on similar promises. But he was out-cried by the *doctrinaire* gossips and chatterers, who proved from the English history of 1688 that people in Paris in July 1830 had fought simply to maintain *La Charte*, and that all their sacrifices and battles had no other object save to replace the elder line of the Bourbons by the younger, just as all was finished in England by putting the House of Orange in place of the Stuarts. Thiers,

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[1] This passage is wanting in the French version.—*Translator.*

[2] French version—"Par la connaissance personelle des hommes."—*Translator.*

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who does not think with this party, though he speaks according to their meaning, has of late given them a good push forward.[1] This indifferentist of the deepest kind, who knows so admirably how to keep time in the clearness, intelligence, and illustration of his style, this Goethe of politics,[2] is certainly at present the most powerful defender of the system of Périer, and, in fact, with his pamphlet against Chateaubriand he well nigh annihilated that Don Quixote of Legitimacy, who sat so pathetically on his winged Rosinante,[3] whose sword was more shining than sharp, and who only shot with costly pearls, instead of good piercing leaden bullets.

In their irritation at the lamentable turn which events have taken, many of the enthusiasts for freedom go so far as to slander Lafayette. How far a man can go astray in this direction is shown by the pamphlet of Belmontet, which is also an attack on that by Chateaubriand, and in which the Republic is advocated with frank freedom. I

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[1] "Hat ihr in der letzten Zeit zwar nicht geringen Vorschub geleistet." I know of no word which translates this so accurately as the Yankee "given them a good boost up." French—"un bon coup d'épaule."

[2] French version—"Cet esprit, à la fois lucide et profond, qui sait garder une mesure si admirable dans la charté," &c.

[3] Omitted in the French version.

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would here cite the bitter passages against Lafayette contained in this work, were they not on one side too spiteful, and on the other connected with a defence of the Republic which is not suitable to this journal. I therefore refer the reader to the pamphlet itself, and especially to a chapter in it entitled "The Republic." One may there see how even the noblest men may be led astray by evil fortune.

I will not here find fault with the brilliant delusion of the possibility of a republic in France. A royalist by inborn inclination, I have become more so in France from conviction. For I am convinced that the French could never tolerate any republic, neither (according to) the constitution of Athens nor of Sparta, and least of all that of North America. The Athenians were the student-youths of mankind; their constitution was a kind of academic freedom, and it would be mere folly to seek to introduce it in this our matured age, to again revive it in our grey-haired Europe. And how could we put up with that of Sparta, that great and tiresome manufactory of patriotism, that soldiers' barrack of republican virtue, that sublimely bad kitchen of equality, in which black broth was so vilely cooked that Attic wits declared it made men despise life and defy death in battle? How could such a constitution flourish in the very *foyer* or focus of

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gourmands, in the fatherland of Véry, of Véfour, and of Carême? This latter would certainly have thrown himself, like Vatel, on his sword, as a Brutus of cookery and as the last gastronome. Indeed, had Robespierre only introduced Spartan cookery, the guillotine would have been quite superfluous, for then the last aristocrats would have died of terror, or emigrated as soon as possible. Poor Robespierre! you would introduce stern republicanism to Paris—to a city in which one hundred and fifty thousand milliners and dressmakers, and as many barbers and perfumers, exercise their smiling, curling, and sweet-smelling industries![1]

The monotony, the want of colour, and the petty domestic citizens' life (*Spiessburgerei*) of America would be even more intolerable in the home of a love of spectacles (*Schaulust*), vanity, fashion, and novelties. Indeed, the disease of self-distinction flourishes nowhere so much as in France. Perhaps, with the exception of August Wilhelm Schlegel, there is not a woman in Germany so fond of gay ribbons as the French; even the heroes of July, who fought for freedom and equality, afterwards wore blue ribbons to distinguish them-

[1] French version—"Ville où cent cinquante mille modistes, parfumeuses, et coiffeurs exercent leur riante, odorante et frisante industrie."

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selves from the rest of the people.[1] Yet, if I on this account doubt the success of a republic in Europe, it still cannot be denied that everything is leading to one; that the republican respect for law in place of veneration of royal personages is showing itself among the better classes, and that the Opposition, just as it played at comedy for fifteen years with a king, is now continuing the same game, and that a republic may be for a short time, at least, the end of the song. The Carlists wish for this as they regard it as a necessary phase in politics which will enable them to attain the absolute royalty of the elder branch. Therefore they now bear themselves like the most zealous republicans. Even Chateaubriand praises the Republic, calls himself a Republican from inclination, fraternises with Marrast, and receives the accolade from Beranger. The *Gazette*—the hypocritical *Gazette de France*[2]—now yearns for

[1] Our author here argues a very large estate from very small premises. The Germans, as Hood remarks, are as fond of the pomps and vanities of this wicked world as anybody in it, and the Americans rather more so. Among the latter, the members of widely spread agrarian associations call themselves "Knights," in order to assume, in name at least, something of an air of chivalry and aristocracy; and one Governor once appointed eighteen hundred *aides-de-camp*, every one with the rank of "Colonel," *quorum unus fui*. Yet many of these knights and colonels died in battle in defence of Republicanism, or live earnestly devoted to it.

[2] In the French version—"La bonne *Gazette de France*."

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republican state forms, universal franchise, primary meetings, *et cetera*. It is amusing to see how these disguised priestlings now play the bully-braggart[1] in the language of Sans-culottism, how fiercely they coquet with the red Jacobin cap, yet are ever and anon afflicted with the thought that they might forgetfully have put on in its place the red cap of a prelate; they take for an instant from their heads their borrowed covering and show the tonsure unto all the world. Such men as these now believe that they may insult Lafayette, and it serves as an agreeable relaxation from the sour republicanism which they have assumed.

But let deluded friends and hypocritical enemies say what they will, Lafayette is, after Robespierre,[2] the purest character of the French Revolution, and, next to Napoleon, its most popular hero. Napoleon and Lafayette are the two names which now bloom most beautifully in France. Truly their fame is each of different kind. The latter fought for peace, not victory, the former rather for the laurel wreath than for that of oak leaves. It would indeed be ridiculous to measure the greatness of the two heroes with the same

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[1] *Bramarbasieren*, from Bramarbas, a bully in a Danish play.

[2] These words, *nächst Robespierre*, are omitted in the French version, and they do not, indeed, harmonise very well with Heine's recent expressions of devotion to monarchy.—*Translator.*

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meter, and put one on the pedestal of the other, even as it would be absurd to set the statue of Lafayette on the Vendôme column—that monument made of the cannon conquered on so many fields of battle, the sight of which, as Barbier sings, no French mother can endure.[1] On this bronze column place Napoleon, the man of iron, here as in life standing on his fame, earned by cannon (*Kanonenruhm*), rising in terrible isolation to the clouds, so that every ambitious soldier, when he beholds him, the unattainable one, there on high, may have his heart humbled and healed of the vain love of celebrity, and thus this colossal column of metal, as a lightning conductor of conquering heroism, will establish the most peaceable profit in Europe.[2]

Lafayette has raised for himself a better column than that of the Place Vendôme, and a better

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[1] This citation from Barbier is omitted in later French editions. In the next passage the French version varies a little from the German, viz., "Sur la colonne d'airain mettez Napoléon, l'homme d'airain, poste ici, comme dans la vie, par les trophées de sa gloire militaire."—*Translator.*

[2] This singular sentence is given as follows in the French version :—"Et qu'ainsi cette colossale aguille de métal devienne pour l'Europe l'instrument le plus benin de la pacification de l'esprit guerrier, le paratonnere préservatéur de l'heroïsme conquerant." A lightning rod of conquering heroism founding or establishing peaceful profit in Europe, combined with a "brass Napoleon" as part of the apparatus, is indeed a fine bold simile.—*Translator.*

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monumental image than one of metal or marble. Where is there marble as pure as the heart of old Lafayette, or metal as firm as his fidelity? It is true that he was always one-sided or partial (*einseitig*), but one-sided like the magnetic needle, which always points to the north, and never once in change to south or west. So he has for forty years said the same thing, and pointed constantly to North America. He is the one who opened the Revolution with the declaration of the rights of man; to this hour he perseveres in this belief, without which there is no salvation, and no health to be hoped for—the one-sided man with his one-sided heavenly region of freedom.[1] He is indeed no genius, as was Napoleon, in whose head the eagles of inspiration built their nests, while the serpent's calculation entwined in his heart; but then he was never intimidated by eagles nor seduced by serpents. As a young man he was wise as a greybeard, as a greybeard fiery as a youth, a protector of the people against the wiles of the great, a protector of the great against the rage of the people, compassionating yet combating, never arrogant and never discouraged, equally firm and mild, Lafayette ever remained the same; and so, in his

[1] French version—"Cet homme invariable, avec son invariable point cardinal de la liberté."

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one-sidedness and perfect uniformity, he ever remained standing in the same spot from the days of Marie Antoinette to the present hour. And, as a trusty Eckhart of liberty, so he still stands leaning on his sword[1] before the entrance to the Tuileries, warning the world against that seductive Venusberg, whose magic tones sing so enticingly, and from whose sweet snares the poor wretches who are once entangled in them can never escape.

It is certainly true that the dead Napoleon is more beloved by the French than is the living Lafayette. This is perhaps because he is dead, which is to me the most delightful thing connected with him, for were he alive, I should be obliged to help him to fight.[2] The world out of France has no idea of how much the French people are still devoted to Napoleon. Therefore the discontented, when they determine on a decided and daring course, will begin by proclaiming the young Napoleon, in order to secure the sympathy of the masses. Napoleon is, for the French,

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[1] The faithful Eckhart, an old warrior, who, according to German legends, stands before the Venusberg and warns wayfarers against the sirens who tempt them to enter. *Vide* Heine's "Doctor Faust." A German proverb says of a true friend to the world, "He's like the faithful Eckhart, who warns everybody."

[2] This passage is omitted in the later French editions.

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a magic word which electrifies and benumbs them.[1] There sleep a thousand cannon in this name, even as in the column of the Place Vendôme, and the Tuileries will tremble should these cannon once awake. As the Jews never idly uttered the name of their God, so Napoleon is here very seldom called by his, and people speak of him as *l'homme*, "the man." But his picture is seen everywhere, in engravings and plaster casts, metal and wood, and everywhere. On all boulevards and carrefours are orators who praise and popular minstrels who sing him—the Man—and his deeds. Yesterday evening, while returning home, I came into a dark and lonely lane, in which there stood a child some three years old, who, by a candle stuck into the earth, sang an old song praising the Emperor. As I threw him a sou on the handkerchief spread out, something moved by me, also begging for another. It was an old soldier, who could also sing a song of the glory of the great Emperor, for this glory had cost him both legs. The poor

[1] During the few preceding passages our author manifests most strikingly his peculiar characteristic of alternating weakness and folly with wisdom and strength. Thus, his feeble-funny remarks as to republicanism and his Hibernian mixtures of metaphors are succeeded by the eulogy of Lafayette — a masterpiece of appreciation—and this deeply shrewd and prophetic remark, that the decisive blow to the monarchy would come from the young Napoleon, which it did indeed, though it was not the young man whom Heine had in view.—*Translator.*

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man did not beg in the name of God, but implored with most believing fervour, "Au nom de Napoléon, donnez-moi un sou." So this name is the deepest word of adjuration among the people. Napoleon is its god, its cultus, its religion, and this religion will, by and by, become tiresome, like every other. Lafayette, on the contrary, is venerated more as a man or as a guardian angel. He, too, lives in picture and in song, but less heroically, and—honourably confessed—it had a comic effect on me when I last year, on the 28th July, heard in the song of *La Parisienne* the words—

"Lafayette aux cheveux blancs,"

while I saw him in person standing near me in his brown wig. It was the Place de Bastile; the man was on his own right ground, and still I needs must laugh unto myself. It may be that such a comic contradiction brings him humanly somewhat nearer to our hearts. His good-nature, his *bonhomie*, acts even on children, and they perhaps understand his greatness better than do the great. And here I will tell a little story about a beggar which will show the characteristic contrast between the glory of Lafayette and that

[1] French version—"Lafayette *en* cheveux blancs."

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of Napoleon. I was lately standing at a street corner before the Pantheon, and contemplating that beautiful building, as is my custom, when a little Auvergnat came begging for a sou, and I gave him half-a-franc to be rid of him. But he approached me more familiarly with the words, "Est-ce que vous connaissez le général Lafayette?" and as I assented to this strange question, the proudest satisfaction appeared on the naïve and dirty face of the pretty boy, and with seriocomic expression he said, "Il est de mon pays," for he naturally believed that any man who was generous enough to give him ten sous must be, of course, an admirer of Lafayette, and judged me worthy that he should present himself as a compatriot of that great man.

The country folk have also for Lafayette the most affectionate respect, and all the more because he chiefly busies himself with agriculture. From this result the freshness and simplicity which might be lost in constant city life. In this he is like one of those great Republicans of earlier days who planted their own cabbages, but who in time of need hastened from the plough to the battle or the tribune, and after combat and victory returned to their rural work. On the estate where Lafayette passes the pleasant portion of the year, he is generally surrounded by aspiring young men and pretty girls. There hospitality,

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be it of heart or of table, rules supreme;[1] there is much laughing and dancing; there is the court of the sovereign people; there any one may be presented who is the son of his own works and has never made mésalliance with falsehood, and Lafayette is the master of ceremonies. The name of this country place is Lagrange, and it is very charming, especially when the hero of two worlds relates to the young people his adventures, when he appears like an epoch surrounded by the garlands of an idyll.[2]

But it is in the real middle-class more than any other, that is, among tradespeople and small shopkeepers, that there is the most veneration for Lafayette. They simply worship him. Lafayette establishing order is their idol. They adore him as a kind of Providence on horseback, an armed tutelary patron of public peace and security, as a genius of freedom, who also takes care in the

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[1] German—"Umringt von strebenden jünglingen;" French —"Entouré de jeunes gens au noble cœur." Of the hospitality here alluded to I am well assured. I heard long ago, of a fellow-countryman who, when in Paris, packed his trunk, and, without any letter of introduction to Lafayette, went to Lagrange, sent up his card to the General as "an American," was received civilly, and stayed a week. I mention this not for gossip's sake, but as illustrating Heine's remark to the effect that an unbounded hospitality prevailed at Lagrange.—*Translator.*

[2] This last paragraph is omitted in the French version.

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battle for freedom that nothing is stolen and that everybody keeps his little property. The great army of public order, as Casimir Périer called the National Guard, the well-fed heroes in great bearskin caps into which small shopmen's heads are stuck, are drunk with delight when they speak of Lafayette, their old general, their Napoleon of peace. Truly he is the Napoleon of the small citizens, of those brave folk who are *bien solvables*, —good for their money—those uncle tailors and cousin glovemakers who are indeed too busy by day to think of Lafayette, but who praise him afterwards in the evening with double enthusiasm, so that one may say that it is about 11 P.M., when the shops are shut, that his fame is in full bloom.

I have just before used the word "master of ceremonies." I now recall that Wolfgang Menzel has in his witty trifling called Lafayette a master of ceremonies to Liberty.[1] This was when

[1] It was the most natural thing in the world that the public should have this impression. Could I have remembered what occurred when I was an infant in arms, I too should be justified in entertaining it. I was one month old, and, as General Lafayette was riding by *en grande procession*, my nurse held me up at the window, declaring that I too should see the great man. And the great man seeing this, with a smile, and some remark which is not recorded, courteously bowed to me. He was, indeed, the first person who ever paid me this formal compliment! As a boy, Lafayette seems to me from pictures as

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the former spoke in the *Literaturblatt* of the triumphal march of the former across the United States, and of the deputations, addresses, and solemn discourses which ensued on such occasions. Other much less witty folk wrongly imagine that Lafayette is only an old man who is kept for show or used as a machine. But they need only hear him once speak in public to learn that he is not a mere flag which is followed or sworn by, but that he is in person the *gonfalonière* in whose hands is the good banner, the oriflamme of the people. Lafayette is perhaps the most significant and influential speaker in the Chamber of Deputies. When he speaks, he always hits the nail, and his nailed-up enemies, on the head.[1]

When it is needed, when one of the great questions of humanity is discussed, then Lafayette ever rises, eager for strife as a youth. Only the body is weak and tottering, broken by age and battles of his time, like a hacked and dented old

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reviewing the National Guard, repressing disorder, and always on horseback, but in one place. Napoleon, on the contrary, appeared to be always on a spirited charger rearing upon its hind-legs on the Alps in a most perilous position. Hence my youthful associations with the two names, which agree admirably with all which Heine has here written.—*Translator.*

[1] To nail a man up, American and German to settle or silence him; German *vernagelt sein*, to be a blockhead. *Original:* "Wenn er spricht, trifft er immer den Nagel auf den Kopf, und seine vernagelten Feinde auf die Köpfe."—*Translator.*

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iron armour, and it is touching when he totters under it to the tribune and has reached his old post, to see how he draws a deep breath and smiles. This smile, the deportment, and the whole being of the man while speaking on the tribune, are indescribable. There is in it all so much that is winsome and yet so much delicate irony, that one is enchained or enchanted as by a marvellous curiosity and a sweet strange enigma. We know not if these are the refined manners of a French marquis or the straightforward simplicity of an American citizen. All that is best in the *ancien régime,* the chivalresque courtesy and tact, are here marvellously fused with what is best in the modern *bourgeoisie,* love of freedom, simplicity, and honour. Nothing is more interesting than when mention is made in the Chamber of the first days of the Revolution, and some one in *doctrinaire* fashion tears some historical fact from its true connection and turns it to his own account in speech. Then Lafayette destroys with a few words the erroneous deduction by illustrating or correcting the true sense of such an event by citing the circumstances relating to it. Even Thiers must in such a case strike sail, and the great historiographer of the Revolution bows before the outburst of its great and living monument, General Lafayette.

There sits in the Chamber just before the tri-

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bune a man old as the hills (*ein steinalter Mann*), with shining silver hair falling at length over his black clothing. His body is girt with a very broad tricoloured scarf, and he is the old messenger who has always filled that office in the Chamber since the beginning of the Revolution, and who in this post has been present in universal history since the days of the first National Assembly till the *juste milieu*. I am told that he often speaks of Robespierre, whom he calls *le bon Monsieur de Robespierre*. During the Restoration the old man suffered from colic, but since he has wound the tricoloured scarf round his waist he finds himself well again. His only trouble now in the dull and lazy times of the *juste milieu* is drowsiness. I even once saw him fall asleep while Mauguin was speaking. Indeed, the man has, doubtless, in his time heard better than Mauguin, who is, however, one of the best orators of the Opposition, though he is not found to be very startling (*hefting*) or effective by one *qui a beaucoup connu ce bon Monsieur de Robespierre*—who has well known good Monsieur de Robespierre. But when Lafayette speaks, then the old messenger awakes from his twilight drowsiness, he seems to be stirred up like unto an old war-horse of hussars when he hears the sound of a trumpet—there rise within him sweet memories of youth, and he nods delightedly with his silver-white head.

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III.

PARIS, *February* 10, 1832.

THE writer of the foregoing article was guided by true tact when he, blaming the desire for distinction or notoriety which flourishes even more in the hearts of the French than with women in Germany, mentioned exceptionally among the latter a German author who is celebrated as an art critic and translator.[1] This specially excepted person, who, on account of the German disturbances which he himself had caused by certain almanac epigrams (*almanachxenien*), emigrated hither last year, and who has since then received from His Majesty the order of the Legion of Honour, has been, owing to his restless desire for decorations, only too well remarked by many Frenchmen as supplying them with ample ground

[1] A. W. v. Schlegel. If, as has been truly said, the real plebeian meanness and bad blood of a man's nature, if it appear in nothing else, will show itself in "incisive" criticism, subtle abuse, or some form of the low art of being disagreeable, it may be declared that in this sentence our author shows himself at its zenith, or rather *nadir.—Translator.*

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for retaliation for the reproach of vanity cast at them from over the Rhine. With their usual perfidy, they have not so much as once advertised this grant of an order in the French journals, and as the Germans, of course, felt themselves honoured in their fellow-countryman, and out of modesty forbore to mention it, it has happened that this event, which is of such great importance for both countries, has as yet been little known. Such neglect and silence was the more intolerable to the new-made knight since it was whispered rather loudly in his hearing that the new order, though he had received it at the hands of the Queen, was utterly valueless so long as its bestowal was not published in the *Moniteur*. The new knight wished to see this difficulty removed, but there came unfortunately in the way a worse impediment, namely, that the patent of an order granted by the King is utterly devoid of value if it is not countersigned by a Minister. Our knight had, by means of the *doctrinaire* relations of a certain famous lady, by whom he was once prime favourite,[1] got his order from the King, and it is said that the latter remarked in his whole personality a most striking resemblance to his deceased

[1] *Kapaun im Korbe.* A common German proverb calls any one who is specially petted a "*Hahn im korb*,"—"A cock in a basket." Heine here spitefully makes of the cock a capon.

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governess, Madame de Genlis, and wished to pay her honour even after her death in her facsimile.[1] But the Minister, who had at the sight of the Chevalier experienced no such genial emotions, and erroneously mistook him for a German Liberal, feared lest he should discredit the absolute Governments by countersigning the patents. Meantime, a judicious arrangement is anticipated, and in order to secure the acquiescence of the Continental powers negotiations have been entered into, to the effect that the Cabinet of St. James shall move for a similar order, and the petitioner will thereupon go in person to England with an old Indian epic, dedicated to His Majesty King William IV. For the Germans here it is, however, a deeply moving sight to see their highly honoured, weakling, fallen countryman compelled by such delays and hindrances to run from Pontius to Pilate in mud and cold and assaulting anxieties, which are the more difficult to understand since he has at command and for consolation all the examples of Indian indifference which are given in the Ramayana and Mahabharata.[2]

[1] Among the innumerable vile and lying slanders on the royal family was one that Madame de Genlis had been the mistress not only of her youthful pupil, but also of his father. Its truth or falsehood was all one to Heine, so that with it he could point a libel.—*Translator.*

[2] All of the foregoing, from the beginning of the book to this period, is judiciously omitted in the French version.—*Translator.*

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The manner in which the French treat the most important subjects with mocking frivolity shows itself in what is said about the late conspiracies. "That which was acted on the towers of Notre Dame has the air of having been altogether a police intrigue and an arrangement." People say jestingly that it was the disciples of the Classic school, who, out of hatred to Victor Hugo's Romantic romance, "Notre Dame de Paris," wished to burn the church itself. There were revived the witticisms of Rabelais relative to its bells, and the well-known saying, "Si l'on m'accusait d'avoir volé les cloches de Notre Dame, je commencerais par prendre la fuite,"[1] was varied in jest when certain Carlists took to flight in consequence of these occurrences. The last conspiracy of the night of February 2nd is also chiefly attributed to the machinations of the police. It was rumoured that they had ordered in a restaurant of the Rue des Prouvaises a splendid conspiracy of two hundred *couverts*, and invited some weak-minded Carlists as guests, who were naturally expected to pay the bill. The latter had not on this occasion been sparing of money, and in the boots of one conspirator who had been arrested

[1] It is curious that the origin of this saying was not in reference to the weight of the bells, but to the stealing of such bells by wizards for magical purposes.—*Translator.*

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they found twenty-seven thousand francs. With such a sum something might have been done. I once read in the Memoirs of Marmontel an assertion by Chamfort that with a thousand louis one could stir up a regular insurrection in Paris, and during the recent *émeutes* this remark continually recurred to me.[1] I cannot for important reasons suppress the fact that money is always needful for a revolution.[2] Even the glorious Revolution of July was not brought out so entirely gratis as is believed. This drama for divinities cost several millions, although the real actors, the people of Paris, strove as rivals in heroism and magnanimity. These things are not done for money alone, but it requires money to set them going. But the foolish Carlists think that they will go of themselves if they have only money in their boots. The Republicans are certainly innocent as regards all the proceedings of the night of the 2nd of February, for as one of them lately said to me, "When you hear that money has been spent in a conspiracy, you may rest assured that no Republican has anything to

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[1] Omitted in the French version.—*Translator.*

[2] Especially when the writers and fighters for it are gentlemen of expensive and luxurious habits, as was illustrated by the late lamented Boulanger, who may be said to have taken this hint from Heine, and to have lived upon it so long as it paid. —*Translator.*

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do with it." In fact, this party has but little money, as it generally consists of honourable and unselfish men. They may, when they attain to power, stain their hands with blood, but not with money. This is known, and people have less fear of intriguers who seek for money more than blood.

The guillotinomania which we find among the Republicans has perhaps been caused by the writers and orators who first employed the phrase *système de la terreur* to characterise the Government which in 1793 employed the extremest measures to save France. Yet the terrorism which was thereby developed was more a mere show than a system,[1] and the terror was as great in the souls of the rulers as in the people. It is folly when people now, to excite to zealous imitation of the man, carry about plaster casts of Robespierre; and it is folly when people would invoke again the language of 1793, as the *Amis du Peuple* are doing, and acting thereby, without knowing it, as retrogressively as the most zealous champions of the old *régime*. He who gathers the red flowers which in the spring have fallen from the trees, and would stick them again with wax to the boughs whereon they grew, acts as foolishly as the one who plants cut and faded white lilies in the sand. Republicans

[1] The French version here adds "un fait passager."

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and Carlists are plagiaries from the past, and when they unite it recalls the most ridiculous alliances in mad-houses, where a common restraint brings the most heterogeneous lunatics into the most friendly relationships, although the one who believes himself to be Jehovah despises from the depths of his heart the one who professes to be Jupiter.[1] So we saw this week Genoude and Thouret, the one editor of *La Gazette*, and the other of *La Revolution*, standing as allies before the Assizes, and as chorus stood behind them Fitz-James with his Carlists, and Cavaignac with his Republicans. Could there be a more repulsive contrast? And although I am very much averse to the whole being of Republicanism (*Republik wesen*), yet it pains my very soul when I behold Republicans in such unworthy company. They may indeed meet on the same scaffold with those friends of Absolutism and Jesuitism, but never in the same court of justice. How contemptible do they appear in such association! There is nothing more ridiculous than the mention by the journals that among the conspirators of Feb-

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[1] French version—"Quoi que l'un, qui s'intitulé Dieu le Père, méprise du plus profond de son cœur, l'autre qui se donne pour Dieu le Fils." This was too strong for Germany. Ten lines of the German text from the word "assizes," in the next sentence, are omitted in the French version.—*Translator.*

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ruary 2nd were four ex-cooks of Charles X. and four Republicans of the society *Amis du Peuple.*

I cannot really believe that the latter were involved in this stupid business. I was myself, by chance, that evening in the meeting of the *Amis du Peuple,* and I conclude from many circumstances that they thought rather of defence than of attack. There were present fifteen hundred men, well packed together in a small hall, which had the appearance of a theatre. The citizen Blanqui,[1] son of a member of the Convention, made a long speech against the *bourgeoisie,* the shopmen who had elected as king Louis Philippe, "*la boutique incarnée,*" and that in their own interests, not in those of the people—*du peuple qui n'était pas complice d'une si indigne usurpation.* It was a speech full of wit, honesty, and anger, but there was wanting free delivéry of the freedom to be delivered.[2] In spite of Republican severity, old-fashioned gallantry was not ignored, and with true French courteous attention, the best places near the tribune of the orator were reserved for the *dames "citoyennes."* The meeting smelt like an old pile of the *Moniteur* of 1793 which had become dirty from much reading. It consisted

[1] Afterwards in the Gouvernement Provisoire of 1848.

[2] Omitted in the French version. It has the air of a phrase "manufactured to point."—*Translator.*

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principally of either very young or old people. In the first Revolution the enthusiasm of liberty had chiefly inspired men of middle age, in whom the still youthful hatred of priestly deceit and aristocratic insolence was combined with clear and manly matured insight. The youngest and oldest men were the partisans of the senile *régime*—the latter, or the silver-haired ancients, out of mere custom—the former, the *jeunesse dorée*, from discontent with the bourgeois simplicity of republican manners. Now it is all changed—*c'est l'inverse aujourd'hui*—and the true enthusiasts for freedom consist entirely of young or aged people. The latter know from personal experience the infamies of the *ancien régime*, and they recall with rapture the times of the first Revolution, when they were so strong and great. The former, or the youth, love that age because they yearn for great deeds, and are above all things ambitious of sacrifice and heroism; hence they scorn the stingy small-mindedness and the huckstering selfishness of the present powers that be. The men of middle age are mostly weary with the harassing business of opposition during the Restoration, or spoiled and corrupted by the Empire, whose loud-roaring ambition and brilliant soldier-state destroyed all citizen-like simplicity and love of freedom; and, moreover, this Imperial period of heroism cost so many their lives who would be in their prime

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now had they survived, that there are really few complete examples of many years to be found.

But among both old and young, in the hall of the *Amis du Peuple* there was a dignified seriousness, such as we always find among men who are conscious of their own strength. Their eyes, however, flashed, and they often cried "*C'est vrai! c'est vrai!*"—"it is true!"—when the orator adduced a fact. When the citizen Cavaignac, in a discourse which I could not well understand, on account of his short, careless, and rapidly-ejaculated sentences, mentioned the judicial prosecutions to which writers are always exposed, I noticed that my neighbour clung to me from inner emotion.[1] He was a young *enragé*, a fire-eater with his eyes like raging stars, wearing the low, broad-brimmed hat of black glazed cloth which distinguishes the Republican. "But is it not true," he at last remarked to me, "that this persecution of writers is an indirect censorship? One should dare to print whatever one may say, and man has the right to say anything. Marat declared that it was a great wrong to cite a citizen before a tribunal merely for his opinions, and that a man is only responsible to the public for whatever opinions he may hold. ("Toute citation

[1] In the German text *festhielt*, and in the French *se cramponnait à moi.—Translator.*

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devant un tribunal pour une opinion est une injustice; on ne peut citer, en ce cas, un citoyen que devant le public.") Whatever a man says is only an opinion. And Camille Desmoulins declared, and with reason, that as soon as the Decemvirs interpolated into the body of laws which they had brought from Greece a law against defamation or libel, it was at once discovered that they meant to destroy freedom and to render permanent the Decemvirate; and in like manner, when Octavius, four hundred years later, revived that law of the Decemvirs against writings or speeches, and added to the *lex Juliæ læsæ majestatis*, one could say that Roman freedom had drawn its last breath."

I have given these citations to show what are authorities current among the *Amis du Peuple*. The address of Robespierre of the eighth of Thermidor is their gospel. It was, however, very droll to observe that these people complained of oppression while they were permitted to publicly ally themselves against the Government, and say things the tenth part of which would suffice in Germany[1] to subject them to life-long supervision. But it was reported that on this same evening an end would be put to these disturb-

[1] *North Germany* in the original and *Germany* in the French version; but when Heine wrote this was true of every corner of Continental Europe, Switzerland hardly excepted.—*Translator.*

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ances, and the hall of the *Amis du Peuple* be closed. "I believe that the National Guard and the line will shell us out (*nous cerneront*) to-night," remarked my neighbour; "have you your pistols for such an emergency?" "I will go and get them," I replied, and leaving the hall, went to a soirée in the Faubourg Saint Germain, where there was naught save lights, mirrors, flowers, bare shoulders, *eau sucrée*, yellow gloves, and *fadaises* — frivolities. There was on every face a triumphant joy, as if the victory of the *ancien régime* had been established, and while the "Vive la République" of the Rue Grenelle was still ringing in my ears, I must needs hear that the return of the *enfant du miracle* and of the whole miraculous set of his relations was as good as certain. I cannot here help betraying that I there saw two doctrinaires dance an "*Anglaise*." These gentlemen dance nothing else but to the English step.[1] A lady in a white dress, on which were green bees which looked like lilies, asked me if the Germans and Cossacks might be relied

[1] The point is better given in French than in German :—"Je ne puis m'empêcher de dénoncer deux doctrinaires que j'ai vus dans cette maison danser des gigues anglaises ; ces messieurs ne dansant qu'à l'anglaise." The next sentence is reduced in the French version to "une aimable dame me demanda." It is hardly necessary to remark that the bees indicated Napoleonism and lilies Legitimacy.

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on for support. I assured her that we should consider it as the greatest honour to be allowed to sacrifice our lives and property for the restoration of the elder branch of the Bourbons. "And do you know," added the lady, "that this is the day when Henry V., as Duke of Bordeaux, took his first communion!" "What an important day for the friends of the throne and the altar," I replied; "a holy day, deserving to be sung by Lamartine!"

The night, however, of this fine day deserves to be marked blood-red in the calendar of France, and rumours relative to it were the next morning the talk of all Paris. Contradictions of the strangest kind were in circulation, and there is still a mysterious veil over all the history of the conspiracy. It was said that it had been intended to murder all the royal family with the large assembly which had been present in the Tuileries. The concierge of the Tuileries had been won over, and persuaded to admit the conspirators through the great gallery directly to the ball-room; some one had shot at the King but missed his mark; hundreds had been arrested; and so forth, and so on. Even in the afternoon I found before the garden-side of the Tuileries a great crowd gaping and gazing up at the windows, as if trying to see the shot which had been fired there. One man told how Périer had the night before ridden to

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the Rue des Prouvaires just as the conspirators were arrested, and an agent of police had been shot dead. It had been intended to burn down the Pavillon de Flore and attack the Pavillon Marsan. The King, it is said, is sadly disturbed; women pity him, while men shake their heads in discontent. The French dislike all killing by night. In the stormy days of the Revolution the most terrible deeds were perfectly public and executed by day. As for the horrors of the night of Saint Bartholomew, they were planned and executed by Roman Catholic priests.[1]

How far the concierge of the Louvre was involved in the conspiracy of February 2nd, I have not yet precisely ascertained. Some say that he

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[1] This is doubtless due to the same cause which makes a French mob disperse when it begins to rain, as our author has observed. I have seen many *émeutes* with bloodshed in America, and had some experience of them in France, and have observed that in the former country the populace fight on in grim determination, unheeding rain, storm, or darkness, to the very last, till killed or utterly overpowered, and that the fighting always becomes much more desperate after dark. Very often, as I have myself witnessed, rival parties, after pop-shooting all the afternoon at one another, did not close in for a decisive strife till towards midnight, or later. I believe that this is due to the inflexible dogged perseverance of the American in anything which he undertakes, allied to an insatiate curiosity to know without delay what the end will be. The last sentence, or the reference to Saint Bartholomew, is omitted in the French version.—*Translator.*

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at once gave the alarm to the police as soon as money was offered to him for the keys. Others say that he really did deliver them, and has, in consequence, been arrested. In any case, it is evident enough how on such occasions the most important posts in Paris are intrusted without any special precautions to the most unqualified persons. The very treasury itself was long in the hands of a speculator in public paper, a M. Kessner, whom the state should reward with the oaken crown for not gambling away on the Exchange a hundred millions of francs, instead of six, as he really did. So the gallery of the Louvre, which is rather the property of all mankind than of the French, might easily be made the scene of nightly riots, and thereby be destroyed.[1]

So the cabinet of medals has become the booty of thieves, who certainly did not take the treasure from love of numismatics, but to put them at once into the crucible. What a loss for science, when we consider that among the stolen antiques were not only examples of the greatest rarity,

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[1] This insecurity still exists. When Henri Rochefort gave the diabolical order, "Faites flamber Paris," he was particularly desirous of destroying the Bibliothèque Nationale, and this library was only saved by the accidental breaking of a wire, which should have transmitted an electric current. So I read at the time in the newspapers; if it be untrue, I am willing to correct the statement.—*Translator.*

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but perhaps many which were absolutely unique. The destruction of these old coins is irreparable, for the ancients cannot, unfortunately, sit down and make new ones for us. But it is not only a loss for learning; it is that by the destruction of such small monuments of gold and of silver, life itself loses the expression of its reality. Ancient history would sound like a fairy-tale if its coins—the most actual of the realities of those times—did not exist to show us that the early races and their kings, of which we read such wonderful things, really existed—that they were no idle forms of fantasy, no mere creation of a poet's brain, as many writers assert, who would fain persuade us that all the history of olden time, with all its written records, were forged by monks in the Middle Age.[1] Against such assertions we had the most clearly ringing counter-proof in the cabinet of medals in Paris. But these treasures are now irreparably lost, and a part of the world's history has been at once stolen and melted, and the mightiest kings and races of antiquity are now vanished fables, in which man needs to put his faith no more.

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[1] What would Heine have said could he have lived to the present day? Apparently all we are now waiting for is some sophist humbugger to persuade us that the monks themselves were all forgeries.—*Translator.*

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It is charming that the window of the cabinet of medals is now provided with iron railings or bars, though it is hardly to be hoped that the thieves will by night restore the stolen property. The said iron bars are painted rosy-red, which makes, indeed, a very fine effect; so every passer-by looks up and laughs. Monsieur Raoul Rochette, the *conservateur des ex-médailles*—the guardian of the medals which are gone—should wonder that the thieves did not steal him too, since he has always regarded himself as of far more weight and importance than the medals, and regarded the latter as valueless unless accompanied by his oral explanations! Now he strolls about idly, and smiles as our cook did when the cat had stolen a piece of raw meat from the kitchen. "At any rate, she does not know how it ought to be cooked," quoth the *cuisinière*, and laughed.[1]

Meanwhile, great as the loss may be to ancient history from that theft of the medals, the deficit in the accounts of Kessner appears to cause much greater irritation, for this is more important in

[1] As it befell me once in America, when certain thieves took from me, among other things, a very valuable and rare Egyptian scarabæus—one of two found in the tomb of a king. "Fortunately the beggars do not know what it is worth," whispered my consoling genius. But it was never found again, and was lost to the world. Two pages from this period are omitted from the French version.—*Translator.*

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the history of to-day. While I write, I learn that the loss is not of six, but ten millions, and that it may amount to twelve. This, of course, greatly diminishes the man's merit, and I can no longer award him the oaken crown. In this treasury deficit, to which touching scenes in the style of Iffland were not wanting, Baron Louis was in great perplexity, for he must eventually pay the guarantee, which was not required of Kessner. He can easily bear this, for he is enormously rich, having annually 200,000 francs of cash revenue, and is an old *abbé* without family. Périer grieves over this affair far more than is generally supposed, as it concerns money, which is his strength and his weakness, and how little mercy the Opposition show him under the circumstances is known from the newspapers. These report in detail the undignified scenes which take place in the Chamber of Deputies, which here require no special mention. Indeed, the Opposition behaves as pitifully as the Ministry, and is quite as repulsive to consider. Among the best there is no unity. Odillon Barrat, that crafty brain with the gloomy-plausible glance, will not get away too far from the desired portfolio, and remains behind his party. On the other hand, Mauguin is as much too far in advance of his colleagues. They think he has gone astray because they no longer behold him, and he sees them no more,

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and that in the literal sense of the term. For Mauguin gives every Wednesday a demagogue soiree, and one of my friends who this week attended one did not find there a single deputy. An old member of the Convention who was present praised Mauguin for the energy of his action and efforts (*fortstrebens*); but Mauguin modestly replied that, as regarded this, he could keep no comparison with the men of power of the old Convention, yet that he had gone farther, politically, than his colleagues of the Opposition, and that the latter, as was evident, were leaving him.

But while distress and dire need of every kind riot in the bowels of the State, and foreign affairs since the events in Italy and Don Pedro's expedition become more seriously complicated; while all institutions, and even the royal, highest of all, is in danger, and the political disorder (*Wirr-warr*) menaces every life, Paris is still this winter the same old Paris, the beautiful enchanted city, which smiles so charmingly on youth, which so powerfully inspires the man grown, and so gently consoles old age. "C'est là qu'on peut se passer de bonheur"—"there one can do without happiness," said Madame de Staël—a remark which was strikingly true, but which in her mouth lost its point, because she could not live in Paris, and Paris was all her happiness. So the patriotism of the French consists in a great measure of love for Paris, and

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if Danton would not fly abroad, "parce qu'on ne peut emporter la patrie attachée aux semelles de ses souliers,"—"because one cannot carry his native land attached to the soles of his shoes," it was as much as to say that he could not find in a foreign country the magnificence of beautiful Paris. But Paris is really France, which is only the great suburb of Paris. Setting aside beautiful landscapes and the agreeable qualities of the people, France is utterly empty, at least intellectually so. Everything which is distinguished in the provinces soon strays to the capital, the *foyer* of all light and brilliancy. France is like a garden whence all the fairest flowers have been plucked to form a bouquet, and that bouquet is called Paris. It is true that its perfume has not now such power as it possessed after those days of July when the nations were overcome by it, yet it is ever beautiful enough to show magnificently on the bosom of Europe. Paris is not only the chief city of France, but of the whole civilised world, and is the rendezvous of its intellectual celebrities. All is here assembled which is great by love or hate, by feeling or thought, by knowledge or ability, by fortune or adversity, by the future or the past. When we consider the assembly of famous or distinguished men who meet here, Paris may be regarded as a Pantheon of the living. A new art, a new religion, a new life is here created, and the

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creators of a new world are here in joyous action together. The men in power may act meanly, but the people are great, and feel their terribly sublime destiny. The sons will rival their fathers, who went down with such glory, and so holily, unto the grave. These great deeds are dimly developing and unknown gods revealing themselves. And these men laugh and dance everywhere; everywhere gay jesting and the merriest mockery flourish, and as it is Carnival-tide, many mask themselves as doctrinaires, and cut laughably pedantic faces, and declare that they are afraid of the Prussians.

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IV.

PARIS, *March* 1, 1832.

EVENTS in England have for some time had special claims on our attention. We must finally admit that the open enmity of an absolute king is less dangerous than the equivocal friendship of constitutional John Bull. The folk-murdering[1] intrigues of the English aristocracy step forth, threateningly enough, into the clear light of official day, and the fogs of London scantly conceal the subtle snares and knots which connect the network of the protocols of the Conference with the parliamentary slip-nooses. Diplomacy has there watched more actively than ever[2] its hereditary interests, and spun more industriously than ever the most destructive webs, and Monsieur de Talleyrand seems to be at one and the same time *araignée et mouche*—"both spider and fly." Can it be that the veteran diplomatist is not so crafty as of old, when he, a second Hephaistos, caught the mighty

[1] *Völkermeuchelnden.* French version—*populicide.*
[2] French version—"Que partout ailleurs."

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god of war himself in his finely-forged network? Or did it happen to him, as of yore to the over-cunning Master Merlin, who, entwined in his own magic, lies word-chained and self-banned in the grave?[1] But why was Monsieur de Talleyrand put into a position of the very highest importance for the interests of the Revolution of July, when there was far greater need of the inflexible straightforwardness of an irreproachable citizen? I will not absolutely or distinctly declare that the slippery old ex-Bishop of Autun is not honourable. On the contrary, the oath which he has now sworn he will certainly keep, for it is his thirteenth. We have, it is true, no other guarantee of his honour or truth, but it will suffice, for there is no case on record of any honourable man ever having broken thirteen oaths in succession. And, moreover, we are assured that Louis Philippe, in his *audience de congé*, or farewell interview, said to him as precaution, "Monsieur de Talleyrand, do not forget that, however large the offers may be which you will receive, I in any case will give you double." However, with a faithless man that would still be no security, for it is in the character of treachery

[1] Or a cavern. "'Chere Bertha,' répondit la fée Viviane, 'ce conte est une allégorie. L'antre ou tombeau, dont tu parles, est la caverne d'amour, que il Signore Merlin entre quand il veut, mais duquel il sort quand il lui plait.'"—*Le Lutin du Chateau, Roman par Charles G. Leland.*

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that it does not remain true to itself, so that we cannot count upon securing it even by satisfying its selfishness.

The worst is that the French imagine London as a second Paris, the West End as another Saint Germain quarter; that they regard the British reformers as allied Liberals, and Parliament as Chambers of deputies and peers—in short, that they measure and judge all that exists in England by a French standard. From all this result errors which will perhaps be eventually dearly paid for. Both nations have a character too sharply opposed one to the other to be capable of mutual intelligence, and all circumstances and relations in both countries are too radically different to admit comparison, especially in political relations. The additions to the *Reisebilder*—"Pictures of Travel," contain much information on this subject derived from direct observation, and I must refer to this to avoid repetition. And I will here again mention the admirable *Briefe eines Verstorbenen*—"Letters from a Dead Man,"[1] although the poetic feeling of the author has made him imagine that he perceived (*hineingeschaut*) more intellectual activity in stock-stiff Britishism than is to be actually found therein. To describe England

[1] French version—"Je citerai encore les excellents Mémoires du Prince Puckler-Muskau."

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accurately, one should adopt the style of a Manual of Advanced Mechanism, very much as if writing of a vast complicated manufactory, of a roaring, whizzing, choking, pounding, and wearisomely humming and buzzing machine existence, where the brightly polished wheels of utility turn around old and rusty historical dates.[1] The Saint-Simonians declare with right that England is the hand and France the heart of the world. Ah! this grand heart of the world would lose all its noble blood if, counting on English generosity, it should some day beg help from this dry and frozen hand. I do not imagine egoistic England as an enormously fat, prosperous, beer-belly, as caricaturists depict it, but, as a satirist describes, in the form of a tall, lean, bony old bachelor sewing a torn-off button on his breeches, and that with a thread the end knot of which is the globe; and then, cutting off the thread where he no longer needs it, he calmly lets the world fall into the abyss.

The French think that the English people cherish a desire for freedom like their own, and that it is striving like them against the usurpations of an aristocracy, and that this gives and guaran-

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[1] French version—"Une machine roulant, bourdonnant, grondant, pottant, sifflant, foulant et bruissant à en faire mal, où les rouages d'utilité, brillantes et polis, tournent autour des dates revêtues de rouille historique."

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tees many interests and assurances of both internal and external close alliance. But they do not know that the English race is in itself thoroughly aristocratic, that it only demands liberty in the most narrow-minded manner or sense of a small corporation—that is, liberties legally secured by documents—and that the French freedom for all mankind, in which the whole world shall share according to the charter of reason, is to its deepest depth utterly detested by the English. They only know an English freedom—one historically English, patented for the use of royal Great Britannic subjects, or based on some old law—let us say of the time of Queen Anne. Burke, who wished to *burke* souls,[1] and traded life itself to the anatomy of history, chiefly reproached the French Revolution because it was not formed, like the English, on old institutions, and he cannot comprehend that a state could exist without *nobility*. But England's nobility is altogether different from the French *noblesse*, and deserves that I here award it the most distinctive praise. English nobility has always opposed the absolutism of its kings, in common cause with the

[1] "A play of words," says the German editor, "on that other Burke, who committed murder to provide anatomical lecturers with corpses, and caused in all England a panic-fear of being 'burked,' as it was called at the time."

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people, whose rights it sustained as identical with its own, while the *noblesse* of France, on the contrary, always yielded to royal authority—*auf Gnade und Ungnade*—in favour or in disgrace.[1] It has not since the days of Mazarin resisted their power; it has only sought to profit by supple court-service, and by most submissive and subordinate service (*Handlangergemeinschaft*); with its kings it oppressed and betrayed the people. All unconsciously the French nobility revenged itself for former wrongs from these monarchs by reducing them to a debilitating immorality, and making them almost idiotic by flattery. Of course, it also, weakened and deprived of all spirit, fell with the old royalty; the 10th of August only found in the Tuileries a grey-haired decrepid crowd, with brittle court-rapiers, and not one man —only a single woman who commanded resistance with firmness and courage; and even this last lady of French chivalry—the last representative of the perishing *ancien régime*—was not destined to descend to the grave in all the glory of her youth, and one single night made white as snow the blonde locks of the beautiful Antoinette.

It went differently with the English nobility. This has kept its strength; it is rooted in the people, in that healthy soil which receives as

[1] Omitted in the French version.—*Translator.*

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noble scions the younger sons of the nobility, and through these the real gentry remains allied to nobility itself. The English nobility is, withal, full of patriotism; it has thus far truly represented Old England with unfeigned zeal, and those lords, who cost so much, have also in time of need made great sacrifices for their country. It is true that they are arrogant,[1] and much more so than the *noblesse* of the Continent, who make a show of their pride, and distinguish themselves externally from the people by dress, ribbons, bad French, coats of arms, crosses, and other playthings. The English nobility despise the middle class too much to judge it to be necessary to impose on it by exterior means, and to show off in public the parti-coloured indications of rank.[2] On the contrary, we see the English nobles, like gods incognito, clad in simple and citizen-like attire, and

[1] Though they bear this reputation, chiefly among those who are least familiar with them, I believe that the English nobility are by far the least arrogant of their kind, and I have certainly never met with or heard of anything among them to be compared to that of the Hanoverians, and especially of titled officers in the Prussian service.—*Translator.*

[2] It is not that they despise the middle class, but every form of idle personal ornament and all indications of vanity—an antipathy characteristic of the whole English, and, to as great a degree, of the American people. Hence the modern simplicity in men's clothing, which begun in England and has spread to the Continent.—*Translator.*

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therefore unobserved, running about the streets, or to the theatres and receptions (*routs*—French version, *raouts*) of London. Their feudal decorations and similar tinsel they reserve for court festivals and old anniversaries. Therefore they are more respected among the people than are our gods on the Continent, who are so readily recognised with all their attributes. One day on Waterloo Bridge in London I heard one boy say to the other, "Have you ever seen a nobleman?" To which the other replied, "No, but I have seen the coach of the Lord Mayor." This said coach is an extravagantly large chest, excessively gilt, painted with fabulous richness of colour, with a red-velveted, stiff-golden, powder-wigged coachman, and three ditto powder-wigged lackeys behind on the box. If the English people quarrel with their nobility, it is not on account of social equality, of which they never think, and least of all about civil freedom, which they fully enjoy, but because of pure questions of money; because the nobility, in possession of all the sinecures, ecclesiastical endowments and offices, which are extravagantly salaried, revel bravely and luxuriously, while the greater part of the people, overloaded with taxes, languish in deepest misery and die of hunger. Therefore a parliamentary reform is required, and those among the nobility who support it have

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nothing else in view save to make it aid in material ameliorations.

Yes, the nobility of England is always more closely allied to the people than to their kings, as regards whom they have always maintained a strict independence, in which they differ entirely from the French aristocracy. It lent them only its sword and its word, taking in the delights and desires of their private life only an indifferently confidential part. This is true even of the most corrupt times. Hamilton, in his "Memoirs of the Duke de Grammont," has given a clear account of this relationship.[1] So the English nobility continued to the latest time kissing hands and kneeling according to etiquette, yet practically on equal footing with the kings, whom they opposed earnestly enough when their privileges were attacked, or aught was done to weaken their influence. This latter came to pass a few years ago in a most open manner, when Canning was Minister. During the Middle Ages, in such a case, the English barons met in helmet and cuirass, and sword in hand, and, accompanied by their vassals, they entered the royal castle, and, with ironical humility and weaponed courtesy, made known their will. In these our days they must have recourse

[1] This last passage is wanting in the French version.

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to less chivalric means, and the gentlemen who composed the Ministry endeavoured to coerce the King by suddenly, and in a perfidiously arranged manner, giving in their resignations. The results of this are well known. George the Fourth relied on George Canning, the St. George of England, who came near slaying the mightiest dragon in the world. After him came Lord Goderich, with his flushed and flourishing face and affected lawyer-like vehemence of voice, who soon let fall from his weak hands the lance which was intrusted to them, so that the poor King was soon obliged to cast himself on the mercy or unmercifulness of his ancient barons, and the field-marshal of the Holy Alliance again resumed the staff of office. I have elsewhere shown why no Liberal Minister can do any special good in England, and must therefore resign to make room for the high Tories, who can of course pass a grand Bill for amelioration or reform, all the more easily because they have no occasion to overcome the obstinacy of parliamentary opposition. In all ages it is the devil who has built the greatest churches. Wellington gained the victory of that emancipation for which Canning had fought in vain, and he is perhaps the man destined to carry that Reform Bill on which Lord Grey will probably be wrecked. I foresee the speedy fall of this latter, and we shall then see

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again returning to power all the irreconcilable aristocrats who have for forty years fought unto life and death the French people as the representatives of democratic ideas. This time the ancient hatred will give way to more practical interests, and they will willingly see the more dangerous rival of the East and his satellites fought by French arms, and all the more so because they will weaken one another. Yes, the English will specially spur on the Gallic cock to fight with the autocratic eagle, and, eager to see the sight, stare with their long necks over the Channel, and applaud as at a cockpit, and bet many thousands of guineas on the result.

Will the great gods above in the blue pavilion regard this spectacle indifferently? Will they, like Englishmen of heaven, look down on the strife of nations, heartless and with leaden stare, unheeding our cries for aid and our bloody wounds?[1] Or was the poet right who declared that as we hate monkeys because they of all the mammalia most resemble us, and thereby wound our pride, so the gods hate men, who, made in their own image, have such great and aggravating

[1] The two following passages are omitted in the French version. They are, however, in Heine's highest and most characteristic style. Fortunately, the *singe-tigre*, as Voltaire called him, is still flourishing.

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likeness to them—for which cause the deities, the greater, fairer, and more divine mortals may be, persecute them the more by misfortune and annihilate them, while they graciously spare the little, ugly, mean mammalian-like of mankind, and let them flourish in prosperity? If this last melancholy view be true, then are the French much nearer to their fall than any other race upon the earth. Ah! may the example of their Emperor teach the French what is to be hoped for from the magnanimity of England! Did not the *Bellérophon* long since destroy this chimæra? May France never trust in England as Poland trusted in France!

But should the most terrible disaster come to pass, and France, the motherland of civilisation and liberty, be lost by frivolity and treason, and the dialect of Potsdam nobility be heard snarling in the streets of Paris, and dirty German boots again defile the holy ground of the Boulevards,[1] and the Palais Royal again smell of Russian

[1] This will remind some of my older American readers of the indignant outbursts of the Richmond newspapers when the feet of the "Northern hordes" first defiled "the sacred soil" of Virginia. "C'est tout comme chez nous." In the French version "*nolde pavé*." But, oddly enough, it has all come to pass as Heine predicted—even to the Russian leather, for I lately observed in the Palais Royal a shop where they sell beautiful *objets de fantasie* made of the objectionable material. —*Translator.*

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leather, then there will be one man in the world more miserable than man has ever been—a man who, by his wretched haggling, tradesmanlike small-mindedness, will have been guilty of betraying his country, and who will bear all the serpents of remorse in his heart and all the curses of mankind on his head. The damned in hell will then, to console one another, relate the torments of this man—the torments of Casimir Perier.[1]

What a terrible responsibility weighs on this one man! A shudder steals over me when I come near him. As if banned by an unholy spell, I lately stood near him one hour, and beheld that gloomy figure which has intruded so boldly between the people and the sun of July. "When this man falls," I said, "the great eclipse of that sun will be ended, the tricoloured flag on the Pantheon will gleam again as if inspired, and the trees of liberty bloom once more! This man is the Atlas who bears upon his shoulders the Bourse, and the House of Orleans, and all the State fabric of all Europe; and when he falls, there will fall with him the whole shop in which the noblest hopes of humanity are bargained for,

[1] "Myself I named him once below,
And all the souls in hell that be
Leaped up at once in anarchy."

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and therewith the exchange-tables and the rates of stocks, and selfishness and meanness!"

He is not altogether inappropriately called an Atlas. Perier is an uncommonly great, broad-shouldered man, of powerful bony structure and very robust in general appearance. There are erroneous ideas current as to his looks, partly because the journals are always speaking of his feeble health to irritate him who is so thoroughly sound, and would fain remain President of the Council, partly because the most exaggerated anecdotes are told of his irritation, and the nervous passion which he displays in public is believed to be his normal condition. But the man is altogether a different being when seen in the domestic circle, in society, and, above all, in a quiet state. For then his face assumes, instead of the inspired and elevated or depressed expressions peculiar to the tribune, a truly imposing dignity, his form rises with more manly beauty and dignity, and he is seen with pleasure so long as he does not speak. In this respect he is quite the contrary of the *femme du bureau* in the Café Colbert,[1] who seems to be almost plain so long as she is silent, but whose face is brightly charming as soon as she opens her mouth to speak.

[1] French version—"Sous ce rapport, il est tout l'opposé de la dame du comptoir de mon café de prédilection."

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Only that Perier, when he is long silent and listens to others with considerateness, contracts deeply his thin lips, causing his mouth to look like a hollow in his face. Then he has a habit of nodding his listening and bowed head like one who seems to say, "Das wird sich schon geben,"—"All that will be arranged." His forehead is high, and seems to be the more so because the front is covered with very little hair, which is grey or nearly white, lying smoothly and sparsely covering the rest of his head, the arch of which is beautiful and symmetrical, and in which the little ears may almost be called winsome and graceful,[1] but the chin is short and commonplace. The black thickets of his eyebrows hang wild and waste down to the deep hollows in which the small dark eyes, far hidden, lie in ambush, now and then flashing out like a stiletto. The complexion is yellowish-grey—the common colour of care and weary woe—and all kinds of strange wrinkles stray about in it, which are not vulgar nor yet noble—perhaps intermediate—highly respectable, peevish, *juste-milieu* wrinkles. It is thought that there is something of the banker in

[1] "Woran die kleinen Ohren fast anmuthig genannt werden könnten." These "pleasing ears" are too much for the French, which more prosaically states that "le long de laquelle de petites oreilles se dessinent presque avec grâce."—*Translator.*

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his mien, and that his general air is mercantile, and one of my friends says that he always feels tempted to ask him what is the price of sugar or the current rate of discount. "But when one knows that a man is blind," says Lichtenberg, "we think we can see it from behind."[1] I do not, indeed, find in all the person of Casimir Perier anything suggesting noble birth, but there is in his appearance much of the refined culture of the *bourgeoisie* as we find it in men who are charged with the most active cares of state, and therefore can occupy themselves but little with chivalric manners and such and similar toilet matters.[2]

Perier can be best judged by his speeches,

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[1] A shrewd remark well applied, and one capable of vast illustration. As a general rule, the more commonplace and feeble men are, the more they refer every peculiarity of another to some one trait, such as his nationality or family, which may have, in all likelihood, nothing whatever to do with it. "I believe," said a young American lady in a very provincial circle, "that if I had horns growing on my head, you would say, 'That is so like all you Yankees.'"

[2] *Toilettengeschäfte. Moyens de toilette.* An admirable designation, by which our author, without denying to style, manner, or deportment their real value, classes them correctly with mere physical matters of the exterior. A vast number of people, even in good society, need the lesson that because a thing may be very desirable it is not always quite essential, while it again may be essential and yet not the *summum bonum* or everything in itself.

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which is indeed from his best side, or which at least was during the period of the Restoration, when he, as one of the best speakers of the Opposition, waged noblest war on windy parasite and parsondom.[1] I do not know whether he was so physically vehement and impetuous then as now. At the time I only read his speeches, which, while models of discretion in taste (*Haltung*) and dignity, were also so calm and carefully considered that I believed him to be a really old man. The strictest logic prevailed in these speeches; there was something stiff and set in them, stern arguments of reason ranged straight upright like rows of unbreakable iron bars, while behind them often lurked a tender sorrow or *ombre de sensibilité*, like the pale face of a fair nun behind a cloister grate. The stiff and strong rational arguments, the iron bars are still in his speeches, but now we see behind them

[1] *Pfaffen und Schranzenthum.* We rather need a more extended use of this *dom* or German *thum* in English to indicate general collectiveness or attribute, though I do not assert that it need be carried so far as it was by a Pennsylvania exhibitor at an agricultural fair, who declared that his own particular prize-pig was "the noblest animal in all hog-*dom*." *Haltung*, in the next sentence, is an admirable word, combining the idea of judicious deportment with "holding the just proportion." Thus, as we say "in keeping," the Germans may declare that "it is in holding," which latter is better, as also indicating an act of will.

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only an impotent rage which springs here and there like a wild beast.

Many of the latest speeches of Perier concerning projects of laws, as, for instance, that on the Peerage, are not composed by him; for time is wanting to a Minister for such great elaborate works, and he must now become more irritable, petty, and passionate in his addresses, the more doubtfully difficult, worthless, and ignoble the system is which he must defend.[1] What is most to his advantage, according to public opinion, is his contrast to Monsieur Sebastiani, the coquettish old man with an ashy-grey heart and yellow face, on which many a bit of red may yet be seen, as on autumnal trees where many a scarlet leaf grins out among dead orange-coloured leaves. Truly there is nothing so repulsive as this puffed-up nothing, who, though invalided, still comes often into the Deputies and sits upon the Ministerial benches, a fetched and feeble smile upon his lips, and some dull and silly remark on his tongue. I can hardly understand that this neatly gloved, nicely shod, weak dwarf with swimming vapoury eyes once did great things in field and council, as the historians of the Russian campaign

[1] From this period fifty lines are omitted in the French version. The word "petty" in the previous paragraph is also shrewdly left out.

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and Turkish embassy relate. His whole art and knowledge now consist of a few played-out old diplomatic tricks, which are always rattling in his tin brain-pot. His own peculiar political ideas are like the great straps which the Carthaginian queen cut from a cowhide, and therewith spanned a whole country. The cycle of ideas of the good man is very great and taking in much land, but he himself is leather and naught else.[1] Perier once said of him, "He has a great idea of himself, and it is his only one idea."

I have placed the Cupid of the Imperial régime, as Sebastiani was called, by the Hercules of the *juste milieu* epoch, or Perier, that the latter may appear in all his greatness. I would, indeed, rather magnify than diminish him, and yet I cannot refrain from declaring that even at the sight of him there comes into my memory a form by which he seems to be as small a man as is Sebastiani placed by him. Is it the spirit of satire which recalls antitheses? Or has Casimir Perier really some resemblance to the greatest Minister who ever ruled in England—with George

[1] *Er ist von Leder.* As we may say in English, "hide-bound." But leather in German by itself implies dulness or the tedious, while in English "nothing like leather" has wandered from its ancient Roman way into something complimentary.—*Translator.*

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Canning? But there are others who say that he strangely reminds them of the latter, and that there exists a hidden affinity or relation between them.

It is, perhaps, in their equally middle-class birth and personal appearance, in the difficulty of their position, in their invincible vigour, and in resistance to feudal aristocratic attack that the similarity between Perier and Canning consists. Not at all, in their careers and personally developed tendencies or aim. The first, born and nursed on the soft pillows of prosperity, could tranquilly work out his best desires, and calmly take his part in the opulent Opposition which led the *bourgeoisie* during the days of the Restoration against Aristocracy and Jesuitry. The other, George Canning, on the contrary, born of unhappy parents, was the poor child of a poor mother, who, waiting and weeping, nursed him by day, and to gain him bread by which to live, went by night to the theatre to play and laugh. Then passing from the minor misery of poverty to the greater misery of brilliant dependence, he endured the support of an uncle and the patronage of a proud nobility.[1]

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[1] This is an admirable passage, as every reader will observe, and it is made touching by truth. Heine himself was always dependent more or less, in a pecuniary sense, on an uncle, and,

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But if these men differ by the conditions which Fortune imposed on them, and in which it long kept them, they are still more distinguished by the feelings and tendencies (*Gesinnung*) which they manifested when they attained the summit of power, and where the great Word of Life could be uttered free from all restraint. Casimir Perier, who was never dependent, who always possessed the golden mean to maintain in himself the feeling of freedom and to inform and elevate himself by culture, at once became small-minded, and then, like a petty shopkeeper, ignoring his true power, bowed low before the men of might whom he could have crushed, and begged for the peace which he should have demanded as a right or granted as a favour. For now he wrongs hospitality, and with it the most sacred adversity, and, like a reversed Prometheus, steals light and fire from men that he may return it to the gods. But George Canning, on the contrary, once a

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to maintain a social position, on so-called "betters;" and, while he was not at all ungrateful to them for their kindness, as his writings abundantly manifest, he still had the feeling of a proud and sensitive mind, that it would be in every way better for him had he been really independent. And it is well worth noting that this appreciation of the value of money never interfered with great generosity and charity. In this he was strikingly like Goldsmith, whose failings have been more noted than his feelings or his nobler traits.—*Translator.*

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gladiator in the service of the Tories, when he at last shook off the chains of mental slavery, rose in all the majesty of his inborn citizenship, and, to the terror of his former patrons, like a Spartacus of Downing Street, proclaimed municipal and ecclesiastical freedom for all mankind, and won for England every liberal heart, and with it preponderance in Europe.

At that time all was dark in Germany—nothing but owls, censor's edicts, prison vapours, romances of resignation, night-watch or military parades, bigotry and stupidity; and when the gleam of Canning's words shone from afar on us, the few hearts which still felt hope rejoiced. As for the writer of these words, he kissed farewell to his loving and most loved ones, embarked, and went to London to see and hear Canning. There I sat whole days in the gallery of the Chapel of St. Stephen, and lived in his sight and drank the words from his mouth, and my heart was intoxicated. He was of middle height, a handsome man, who had a nobly formed and open countenance, very high forehead and somewhat bald, lips curving in a good-natured expression (*wohlwollendgewölbte*), soft persuasive eyes, but a man vigorous enough in his movements when he now and then struck on the sheet-iron box which was before him on the table for documents. Yet, even in moments of excitement and passion, he was always

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well-mannered, dignified, *gentlemanlike.*[1] Wherein then consisted his personal likeness to Casimir Perier? I do not know, but it seems to me as if the shape of the head of the latter, though harsher and greater, was strikingly like him. The peculiar expression of invalidity, over excitement and lassitude which we see in Canning is as perceptible in Perier, and reminds us of the Englishman. As regards talents they are equally balanced, but Canning completes everything with a peculiar ease, like unto Ulysses, who drew the mighty bow as readily as players with deft fingers tune a lyre; while Perier manifests in the most trifling act a certain heaviness of effort, puts forth all his power on the most insignificant measure,[2] bringing out

[1] Though there is much precedent against it in mere usage, still it is worth observing that while "gentleman-*like*" really means only resembling a gentleman, "gentlemanly," by analogy, implies being one in reality. Among the lower orders in America the expression "he is so *like* the gentleman," and "so very much of a gentleman," fully betray the consciousness that the one thus praised is only an unfinished article; albeit, some purists declare that the only "finished" gentleman in the world is one who is "dead, flat broke," or "laid out."—*Translator.*

[2] It is said of a very distinguished American politician who was noted for this peculiarity that he once, when he was one of the officers of a small church, remarked, in a passionate outburst of eloquence, and after exhausting Lemprière, "And in conclusion, I declare before my God that, though I should devote to it the energies and labour of my life and the fortune of my ancestors, the letter-box of this vestry *shall* be re-painted despite any opposition which I may encounter!"—*Translator.*

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horse, foot, and dragoons, and when he touches the highest chord, strains himself with as mighty effort as if he were indeed bending the bow of Ulysses.

I have already spoken of his speeches, and Canning was also one of the greatest orators of his time, though it was objected that his language was too flowery and ornate. But this reproach was only applicable during his earlier period, while he was still in a dependent position, and, not daring to speak out his mind freely, gave instead flowers of oratory, beautiful arabesques, and brilliant witticisms. His eloquence was in those days no sword, but only a scabbard, and indeed a very costly one, on which gold repoussé flower-work and inlaid gems flashed in rich splendour. From this scabbard he in later time drew the straight, plain, steel blade which gleamed even more brilliantly, and was in truth both cutting and pointed.[1] I think that I still see the grinning faces which surrounded him, especially that of the ludicrous Sir Thomas Lethbridge, who asked him with much feeling if he had already selected the members for his Ministry. On which George Canning rose calmly, with the air of one who is

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[1] In the German only *scharf und schneidend genug*, in the French version, *assez de point et tranchant*. It is natural for the French to take the lead in matters of fencing.—*Translator.*

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about to deliver a grand oration, and exclaiming with equal pathos, simply, "Yes," sat down, while the whole House rang with laughter. There was then a great sight: nearly all the former Opposition sat behind the Minister, among them the valiant Russell, the indefatigable Brougham, the learned Mackintosh, Cam Hobhouse of the storm-worn countenance, the noble Wilson with the pointed nose, and even Francis Burdett, the inspired, tall, Don Quixote form, whose good heart is a never-fading garden of liberal thoughts, and whose lean knees, as Cobbett said, touched Canning's back. That time will ever live in my memory, and never can I forget the hour when I heard George Canning speak regarding the rights of nations, and listened to the words of liberation which rolled like sacred thunder over the whole earth, and left behind them a consoling echo in the hut of the Mexican as well as of the Hindoo. "That is my thunder!" Canning could well say in those days. His fine, full, deep voice came sadly, yet with energy, from his suffering breast in the clear unveiled parting words of a dying man. His mother had died a few days before, and the mourning apparel which he wore increased the solemnity of his appearance. I can still recall him in his black overcoat and the black gloves, at which he often looked while he spoke, and when he seemed to regard them with special attention, then I

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reflected, "Now he is thinking of his dead mother, and her long misery and suffering, and on that of all the other poor who hunger in wealthy England, and these gloves are the guarantees that Canning knows how they suffer (*wie Ihm zu Muthe ist*) and will help them." In the excitement of debate he tore one of these gloves from his hand, and I believed at the instant that he would cast it at the feet of the whole high aristocracy of England as the black gauntlet of defiance to all foes of suffering humanity.

If that aristocracy has not murdered him outright, any more than they did him of Saint Helena, who died of a cancer in the stomach, it has at least stuck enough poisoned needles into his heart. I was told, for instance, that once, as he was entering the House of Parliament, he received a letter sealed with a well-known coat-of-arms, which letter he opened in the chamber, and found in it an old theatrical play-bill, in which his mother's name appeared among those of the performers. Canning died soon after, and now for five years he has slept in Westminster Abbey by Fox and Sheridan, and it may be that a spider now spins her stupid silent web over the mouth which once uttered so much which was great and overwhelming. George the Fourth also now sleeps among his fathers and ancestors, who lie stretched out in effigies of stone upon their monu-

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ments, with stone heads on stony pillows, the balls of empire and sceptres in their hands, while round them in their lofty monuments repose the aristocracy of England, the stately dukes and bishops, lords and barons, who press around the king in death as they did in life—and he who will see them there in Westminster may do so on payment of one shilling and sixpence. This fee is taken by a poor little custodian, whose inherited office it is to exhibit the distinguished dead, and who in doing so chatters their names and deeds as if showing a cabinet of wax figures. I gladly look at such a sight, which makes me realise that the great ones of the earth are not immortal; therefore I did not regret my eighteenpence, and as I left Westminster I said to the verger, "I am content with your exhibition, and I would gladly pay double if the collection were complete."

That is the whole story. Until all of England's aristocracy shall be gathered to their fathers—until the collection in Westminster be completed—the strife of the people with that of the aristocracy of birth will not be settled, and the alliance of the citizens of France with England will remain doubtful.

We will in another article set forth on this subject our bitterest needs, and determine by a comparison of the spirit of the two races and that

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of their rulers the limits to which the French may trust the British. Meanwhile we refer our readers to the profound and clever essays which the *National* has for some time published on the subject. The present number of this newspaper is, next to the writings referred to, best worthy of consideration.[1]

[1] This final passage is omitted in the French version.

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V.

PARIS, *March* 25, 1832.

THE Belgian campaign, the blockade of Lisbon, and the capture of Ancona are the three characteristic heroic deeds with which the *juste milieu* manifests to the world its power, its wisdom, and its grandeur; while in the Department of the Interior it gathers as glorious laurels beneath the pillars of the Palais Royal or at Lyons and Grenoble. France never stood so low before in foreign eyes, not even in the days of a Pompadour and of a Dubarry. People now perceive that there is something even more lamentable than the rule of royal-kept mistresses. There is more honour to be found in the boudoir of a *femme galante* than in the counting-house of a banker.[1] Even in the oratory of Charles IX. natural dignity was not so utterly lost sight of,

[1] A saying with little sense or truth; but Heine never lost an opportunity to compliment Venus-Lorette. He professed to regard his uncle Solomon, the banker, as the most honourable man living, while in many passages he manifests a deep conviction that all gay women are utterly unprincipled.

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and from it went forth the conquest of Algiers. And that our humiliation may be complete, this conquest is to be resigned—this last rag of the honour of France is to be sacrificed to the delusion of an alliance with England.[1] As if the vain hope of it had not already cost enough! On account of this alliance the French must bear the blame, and toil not only on the fort of Ancona, but on the plains of Belgium and under the walls of Lisbon. And should Lord Grey fall, England will ask yet more; but with him will fall Casimir Perier. Both keep themselves upright by their mutual tendency to tumble down, like two drunkards who remain standing by leaning one against the other.

In the interior embarrassments and inconsistencies have reached such a pitch that even a German would lose his patience over them. The French at present resemble those of the damned in the hell of Dante, whose state has become so intolerable that they wish to be freed from it at any cost, though it should be for something worse. This explains why the Republicans would prefer Legitimacy, and the Legitimists the Republic to the mud-hole of a *juste milieu* which lies between, and in which both are now friends.

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[1] The passage following, until the words "in the interior," is omitted in the French version.

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A common torture binds them both in one; they share not the same heaven, but the same hell, and there we hear them howl, amid weeping and wailing and the gnashing of teeth, "Vive la République!" "Vive Henri V.!" [1]

The partisans of the Ministry, that is to say, people in place, the bankers, owners of real estate, and shopkeepers, increase the very general discontent by declaring, with a smile, that we are all living in perfect peace, that that thermometer of popular prosperity, the *Fonds*, has risen, and that we have this winter seen in Paris more balls than ever, while the Opera attained its zenith. This was truly the case, for such people have the means to give balls, and they danced to show that France is prosperous; they danced for their system, for the peace and repose of Europe—they wanted, in fact, to dance stocks up, and foot it

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[1] This is a very interesting passage, as giving a clue to the association and transmission of thought and the origin of one of Heine's best epigrams. The damned in Dante's Inferno wishing for a change, suggested a memory of the hell of mud, and the comparison of the *juste milieu* to a *bourbier*, in which both parties arrived at mutual toleration and understanding, which is the basis of the epigram:—

"Seldom did we know each other,
Seldom were we understood,
But our souls soon came together
When we met in filth and mud."

—*Translator.*

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à la hausse. It is very true that very often the merriest *entrechats* or fancy figurings were interrupted by the diplomatic corps bringing all kinds of Job's messages from Belgium, Spain, England, and Italy, but they allowed no sign of disturbance to show itself, and danced while in despair all the more wildly, as did Aline, the Queen of Golconda, who swept on in her apparently absorbing, intoxicating waltz while the chorus of eunuchs continued to announce with shuddering voices one disaster after the other. All of this folk were dancing for their *rentes* or incomes; the more moderate they were, the wilder was their dance; and the fattest and most virtuous bankers whirled in the *valse infernale* —the infamous round of the nuns in *Robert le Diable.* Meyerbeer achieved also something unheard of by keeping captive or constant the fickle Parisians for a whole winter. The multitude still crowd to the Académie Royale de la Musique to see *Robert le Diable;* but the enthusiastic Meyerbeerians will pardon me when I say that many are attracted not so much by the music as by the political meaning of the opera libretto. Robert the Devil, son of a devil as reprobate as Philippe d'Egalité, and of a princess as pious as was the daughter of Penthièvre, is impelled to evil, or the Revolution, by the spirit of his father, and by that of his mother to good—

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that is to say, to the *ancien régime*. These two natures battle in his being; he swims between the two opposing principles, he is the *juste milieu*. In vain do the infernal voices from the gulf of hell[1] endeavour to draw him into "the movement;" in vain is he called by the spirits of the Convention who rise like Revolutionary nuns from their tombs; in vain does Robespierre, under the figure of Madame Taglioni, give him the accolade or stroke of knighthood—he resists all attacks, all temptations; he is led by the love of a princess of the Two Sicilies who is very pious, to becoming the same, so that at last we behold him in the bosom of the Church, amid the buzzing and droning of priests, and in clouds of incense. I cannot refrain from remarking by the way, that during the first representation of this opera, it happened, by a mistake of the machinist, that the trap-door on which the old father-devil had sunk into hell was not bolted, and that the devil-son soon after, by inadvertently stepping on it, went down into the depths after his parent.

Since so much has been said in the Chamber of Deputies of this opera, or of Robert the Devil, mention of it is not out of place in these pages. The incidents of society are here by no means of

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[1] *Wolfschluchtstimmen.* The voices of the Wolf's Ravine. In reference to the incantation scene in *Der Freyschutz.*

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political unimportance, and I can now well understand how Napoleon, even in Moscow, busied himself with regulating the theatres in Paris. These have been during the late Carnival an object of special observation for Government, since at this time its attention is especially awakened, there being great fear of the misuse of masks and of an *émeute* on Shrove Tuesday. We have seen in Grenoble how easily a masquerade can afford opportunity for such disorders, and last year Mardi Gras was celebrated by the destruction of the palace of the Archbishop.

Since this is my first winter in Paris, I cannot decide whether the Carnival of this year has been so brilliant as the Government boasts, or as wretched as the Opposition deplores. Even in such superficial trifles one cannot here come at the truth. For every party seeks but to deceive, so that we cannot trust our very eyes. One of my friends, a *juste-millionaire*,[1] was kind enough, on the last Mardi Gras, to guide me through Paris, that I might see with my own eyes how pros-

[1] A millionaire of the *juste milieu*, also in German "just a millionaire." Heine describes Rothschild in the *Reisebilder* as conversing "*famillionairly*." Our author was very much given to this, which may be described as the *agglutinative* form of joke, manufactured by piecing together parts of words. It is carried to the highest possible development in the American Red Indian languages.—*Translator.*

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perous and gay the people were. The same day he sent forth all his servants, giving them express orders to be extremely happy. Delightedly he clasped me by the arm, and ran delighted with me through the streets, and now and then burst into loud laughter. By the Porte Saint-Martin there lay on the damp pavement a death-pale, hoarsely-coughing man, of whom the crowd said that he was dying of hunger. But my companion assured me that this man died of hunger every day in another street, and got his living by it, being paid for it by the Carlists, in order that the mob by such a sight might be goaded against the Government. It would appear, however, that this cannot be a very remunerative calling, because such numbers of those who follow it actually starve to death. There is this which is remarkable as regards dying for want of food, which is that we should see daily many thousands of people in such a state if they could endure it longer. But generally after three days without food the poor sufferers perish. One after the other are silently interred and hardly noticed.

"See how happy the people are!" remarked my companion, showing me the many carriages full of maskers, who hurrahed and indulged in merriest madness. The Boulevards did indeed present a marvellously gay and brilliant sight, recalling the old proverb, "Quand le bon Dieu s'ennuie dans

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le ciel, il ouvre la fenêtre et regarde les boulevards de Paris."[1] But it seemed to me as if there were more gens d'armes or policemen about than were actually required for peaceful joys. A Republican whom I met quite spoiled my sport by assuring me that most of the masks who played so merrily were paid to sport, by the police, so that there might be no complaint that the people were not joyful. How far this was true I will not decide, the masked men and women seemed extremely sincere in their gaiety, and if over and above this they were paid for it by the police, it was certainly very kind of the latter.[2] What might have indicated its influence was the language of the masked

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[1] "When the good Lord in heaven is bored,
He opens the window and looks down
On a Parisian boulevard."

[2] A curious book might be written on the subject of gaiety and dissipation created for purely political purposes. Introduced by Napoleon I., it was further developed by Louis Philippe, and carried to an extreme by Louis Napoleon, under whose rule the *Bal Mabille* and other haunts which had once been "fast" were kept going with hired lorettes and rehearsed can-cans until the whole affair became lugubrious. The carnivals in Italy until 1847, with many other festas, were almost entirely sustained to keep the people "ignorant and happy," that is, to prevent them from meddling with politics. The proof of this was seen in the fact that as soon as Italy was free, the Carnival and similar shows became at once extremely thin, according to the saying: *perdidisti vinum, infusa aqua*—that is, as the intoxicating wine of dissipation disappeared, it was replaced by the cold sober water of common-sense.—*Translator.*

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common fellows and *filles publiques*, who, in hired court-dresses, with beauty-plasters on their rouged faces, parodied the aristocratic manners of the preceding *régime*, gave themselves grand Carlist titles, and fanned and spread themselves[1] in such courtly style that I involuntarily recalled the dignified festivities which I as a boy had the honour of beholding from the upper gallery, there being only this difference, that the *poissardes* or fishwives of Paris spoke better French than the cavaliers and noble ladies of my native land.[2]

To do justice to the latter, I confess that the *Bœuf Gras* or fatted ox of this year would not have caused the least sensation or attracted any attention in Germany. A German would have laughed at the insignificant creature whose im-

[1] "Und sich dabe so hoffährtig fächerten und spreizten." French—"Se pavanaient avec des mimes de cœur." The American term "to spread oneself" expresses to perfection both the French *se pavaner*, "to peacock," and the German *spreizen.—Translator.*

[2] A *fade* joke which Heine repeats in all his prose works, so that it appears to have been to him an endless joy to reflect that even uneducated French people spoke their own native language better than foreigners, which is, however, really not very remarkable. The illustration of the *poissardes* is, however, unfortunate, for the French which they speak is *not*, "taking it all round," nearly so good as that which one generally hears from respectable Germans, as the reader may verify for himself from a small work entitled *La Poissarde*, the language of which would not be intelligible to an ordinary French lady.—*Translator.*

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mensity was here so generally admired. During an entire week the smaller journals abounded in allusions to the poor ox, and one heard everywhere the standing joke that he was *gros, gras et bête*, while in caricatures the procession of this half-fatted ox was parodied most disgustingly. It was indeed said that this year the *cortège* would be forbidden, but on happy second thought it was allowed. *La marche du bœuf gras* is now almost the only one remaining of so many popular jokes.[1] The throne of absolute autocracy (*den absoluten Thron*), the *Parc aux Cerfs*,[2] Christianity, the Bastile, and other similar institutions of the good old time, were destroyed by the Revolution—only the ox remains. So he is led in triumph through the town, crowned with flowers, amid the butchers' men, who are generally clad in helmets and armour, who have inherited from knights of yore, as their next of kin, this iron rubbish.

It is easy enough to understand the meaning of public masquerades, but much more difficult to understand the secret mumming which meets us everywhere under all circumstances. This higher and greater Carnival begins with the year and ends on the 31st of December. Its most brilliant

[1] *Volksspässen.* This is more piquant than the tame French *divertissements nationaux*, as appears by its application in the next sentence.—*Translator.*

[2] In the German original, *Parc des cerfs.*

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masked balls (*Redouten*) are to be seen in the Palais Bourbon, in the Luxembourg, and the Tuileries. Not only in the Chamber of Deputies, but also in that of the Peers and in the royal cabinet there is played an abominable comedy, which will perhaps end as a tragedy. The men of the Opposition, who only keep on playing the comedy of the time of the Restoration, are masked Republicans, who, with evident irony or plain repugnance, act as apparent aids (*comparses*) to royalty. The peers now play the part of men who have not inherited office but earned it by merit;[1] yet when we look behind their masks we generally find the well-known noble faces, and however modern their attire may be, they are still the heirs of the old aristocracy, and they still bear the names which recall the ancient horrors (*misère*), so that we even find among them a Dreux-Brézé, of whom the *National* remarks that he is only famous for a good retort which he once made to one of his ancestors.[2] As for Louis Philippe, he always

[1] "Die Pairs spielen jetzt die Rolle von unerblichen, durch Verdienstberufenen Amtsleuten." In French—"Les pairs jouent maintenant le rôle de fonctionnaires viagers, choisis à cause de leur merite." Many such passages in these letters seem to indicate a French original.

[2] *Vorfahren.* In the French version—"Un Dreux-Brézé, dont le *National* dit qu'il n'est remarquable que par une belle réponse qui fut fait à son père."

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plays his part of *roi-citoyen*, and wears the citizen dress appropriate to it; but it is generally known that under his modest felt hat he wears an altogether unpretentious (*unmassgebliche*) crown of the usual pattern, and that in his umbrella he hides the most absolute sceptre. It is only when their nearest and dearest interests are discussed, or when some stinging word awakes their ire, that these men forget their studied parts and show themselves as they really are. These interests are, first of all, those of a pecuniary nature, and all must yield to them, as may be seen in the discussion of the Budget. The sarcasms by which the Republican feeling betrayed itself in the Chamber of Deputies are well known. The discussions of the word *sujet* were not so insignificant and casual as they have in Germany been supposed to be. This expression, even in the beginning of the first Revolution, caused *expectorations* by which the Republican spirit of the age expressed itself. How men raged when this word once accidentally escaped in a speech by poor Louis XVI.! As a comparison with this our time, I have read the journals of those days, and the tone of 1790 has not grown feebler (*verhallt*), but nobler. Nor are the Philippistes devoid of guile when they by such sarcasms irritate the Opposition. They took good care last year not to call the Tuileries the *chateau*, and the *Moniteur* was expressly directed to speak

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of it as the palace. Subsequently this was not so strictly observed. Now they are more daring, and the *Debats* writes about "the court"—*la cour!* "We are going full speed backward to the Restoration," said to me a too-susceptible friend, when he read that the sister of the King is called "Madame." Such distrust borders on the ridiculous.

"And we are going still farther back to the Restoration!" cried the same friend, since then pale with fright. For he had seen something horrible at a soirée, which was a beautiful young lady with powdered hair! To tell the truth, it was really very becoming; the blonde locks seemed to be lightly touched with frost, and the warm and fresh flowers peeped out from them with a more touching loveliness. The lady of whom I speak is Madam Lelion, wife of the Belgian ambassador, and she is an enchanting Flemish beauty, who would seem to have stepped out of a picture by Rubens.

"The Twenty-first of January" was in like manner the retort by which, in the Chamber of Peers, disguised hereditary passion and the boldest aristocracy revealed themselves. What I had long foreseen then came to pass. The aristocracy bore and behaved itself as if specially privileged to bewail the death of Louis XVI., and it mocked the French people by maintaining the

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decree of a day of expiation which Louis XVIII., that regal agent of the Holy Alliance, had laid on the whole French people. The 21st of December was a day when the regicide people should stand before Nôtre Dame in sackcloth and ashes, candle in hand, as a terror and warning to surrounding races. The Deputies justly voted for the abolition of a law which tended far more to humiliate the French than to console them for the national disaster which befell them on the 21st January 1793. The Chamber of Peers, by refusing to repeal the law, betrayed its irreconcilable grudge against Young France, and unmasked all its aristocratic *vendetta* against the children of the Revolution and the Revolution itself. The lifelong lords of the Luxembourg fought not so much for the vital interests of the day as against the principles of the Revolution. For this reason they did not reject the law proposed by Briqueville; they degraded their honour and suppressed their raging disaffection. That proposition in no degree concerned the principles of the Revolution; but the Law of Divorce could not be admitted, for it is thoroughly of a revolutionary nature, as every thoroughly Catholic gentleman can understand.

The schism which developed itself on this occasion between the Chamber of Deputies and the peerage will have the most lamentable results. It is said that the King is beginning to foresee its

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meaning, and the disaster which it will entail. That is the natural consequence of that half-way policy, that vacillating between heaven and hell, or of that Robert-the-devilish just-milieuism. Louis Philippe should beware[1] lest he should unguardedly tread upon a loose trap-door, for he stands on most uncertain ground. He has by his own fault lost his best support. He has committed the common error of hesitating, half-hearted men, who wish to be well with their enemies, and so offend their friends. He cajoled the aristocracy who hate him, and angered the people who were his best reliance. His sympathy for the hereditary rights of the peerage has alienated from him many hearts in this France who yearn for equality, and his trouble with the privileged for life will cause the former much malicious joy. But it is only when the question rises, "What was it that the Revolution of July meant?" that the mocking discontent disappears, and gloomy anger breaks forth in threatening speech. That is the most biting of the sarcasms which bursts forth to light when both parties drop disguise altogether. I believe that we could wake from their slumber

[1] The following here occurs in the original letter to the *Augsburger Allgemeine Zeitung*:—"As Nourrit, when he acted Robert the Devil, on the first performance of the opera, fell through a trap in the stage by which his father had descended to hell, so should Louis Philippe beware," &c.—*Note by the German Editor.*

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the dead of the Great Week who lie buried under the walls of the Louvre, should one ask them if the men of the Revolution of July really wanted nothing more than what the Opposition demanded in the Chamber during the Restoration. Such was in fact the definition which the Ministry and its men gave of the Revolution during the most recent debates. We can perceive how pitiful this explanation was in itself when we recall that the Opposition has since confessed that it merely played a comedy during the whole period of the Restoration. How can there then be any question here of any precise or exact manifestations? Even that which the populace cried during the three days amid the thunder of cannon was not the exact expression of its will, as the Philippistes subsequently declared. The cry *Vive la Charte!* which was afterwards interpreted as a general desire to maintain the Charte, was really nothing but a rallying word or signal which served as a *signe de ralliment.* We should not attach too exact a meaning to every expression which men use in such circumstances. This is true for every revolution made by the people. Then came invariably "the men of the morrow," who pick out and peel words, finding in them only the letter which kills, and not the spirit which giveth life. Yet it is the former, not the latter, which we must seek, for the populace understand as little of the meaning of words as of their

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practical application. They understand only acts and facts or needs and deeds, and by these they speak. Such a deed was the Revolution of July, and this consists not merely in the fact that Charles X. was driven from the Tuileries to Holyrood, and that Louis Philippe took his place; such a personal change was of no consequence to any one except the porter of the palace. The people in banishing Charles X. saw in him only the representative of the aristocracy, such as he had shown himself all his life since 1788, when in his quality as prince of the blood-royal he declared in a presentation to Louis XVI. that a prince was before all things a nobleman,[1] that as such he nationally belonged to the *corps de la noblesse*, and must consequently defend its rights before all other interests. But in Louis Philippe the people saw a man whose father had recognised citizenly equality even in his name,[2] a man who had himself fought for freedom at Valmy and Jemappes, who from his earliest youth had ever had the words *liberté, egalité*, freedom and equality, in his mouth, and who, in opposition to his own kin, had put himself forward as a representative of democracy.

[1] "Dass ein Fürst vor Allem Edelmann sei." In the French version—"Qu'un prince était *gentilhomme* avant tout." The latter is correct and gives the point to what follows.—*Translator.*

[2] Philippe d'Egalité.

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How gloriously he gleamed in the glow of the sun of July, which rayed his head as with an aureole, and even cast such splendour over his faults that we were even blinded more by them than by his virtues. Valmy and Jemappes was the patriotic refrain which ran through all his speeches, and he caressed the tri-coloured flag like a lady-love long lost and found again. He stood on the balcony of the Palais Royale, and beat time with his hand to the Marseillaise which the mob sang below, and he was altogether the son of Equality, of Egalité, the *soldat tricolore* of freedom, as he had himself sang by Delavigne in the *Parisienne*, and painted by Horace Vernet in the pictures which were so significantly placed on exhibition in the chambers of the Palais Royale. The multitude always had free access to them, and there they wandered about on Sundays, and were amazed to see how citizen-like everything looked in contrast to the Tuileries, where no poor common person could come in. And they regarded with special delight the picture in which Louis Philippe is represented standing as a school-master in Switzerland before a globe teaching children geography.[1] The good folks wondered

[1] It is also said that he gave lessons in French in Philadelphia, wherewith there is also a romance; to all of which Heine would doubtless have done the fullest injustice had he ever heard of it.—*Translator.*

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at thinking how much he must have learned himself while so doing; but what people now say is that all he learned was to *faire bonne mine à mauvais jeu*—to make the best of bad luck, and to think entirely too much of money. The glory from his head hath passed away, and all men see in it is but a pear.

That pear is always the permanent standing joke of the people in sarcastic publications and caricatures. The former, especially *Le Revenant, Les Cancans, Le Brid'Oison, La Mode*, and whatever such Carlistic vermin may be called, maltreat the King with an insolence which is the more revolting because it is well known that the noble Faubourg pays their expenses. It is said that the Queen often reads them and weeps. The poor lady receives them through the unwearied zeal of those worst of enemies who are to be found as good friends in all great families.[1]

The pear, as before said, is a standing joke, and hundreds of caricatures in which it is seen hang everywhere. In one is depicted Perier on the platform, holding in one hand a pear, which he offers at auction to all seated round, and knocks down to the highest bidder for eighteen millions. There again is a monstrous

[1] The nineteen lines following are omitted in the French version.

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pear lying like a nightmare (*Alf*) on the breast of the slumbering Lafayette, who, as we see in writing on the wall, is dreaming of the best republic. And we may also behold Perier and Sebastiani, the former clad as Pierrot, the latter as a tri-coloured harlequin, wading through the deepest mud, bearing on their shoulders a staff from which hangs an immense pear. The young Henri appears as a pious pilgrim with cockle-shelled hat and staff, on which hangs a pear as if it were a decapitated head.[1]

I do not in very truth defend the indecency of these wretched caricatures, least of all when they attack the person of the Prince; but their incessant multitude is a popular voice,[2] and it means something. Such pictures are in a way pardonable when, without intending to offend the individual, they censure a deception by which the people have been duped. Then the effect is without limit. Since a caricature appeared in which a tri-coloured parrot replies continually to every question, "Valmy" or "Jemappes," Louis

[1] I have not seen the original of this picture, but I think it more likely that as a pear is exactly of the same shape as a gourd, from which pilgrims' bottles were commonly made (I have such a gourd before me as I write), this was the motive here referred to.—*Translator.*

[2] French version—"Mais leur foule incessante est *peut-être* une voix du peuple."

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Philippe no longer repeats those words so frequently as he was wont to do; for he felt, in truth, that there was a promise in them, and he who had them ever in his mouth could seek for no quasi-legitimacy, nor maintain aristocratic institutions, nor beg for peace, nor allow any one to insult France without punishment, nor leave the liberties of other lands to their hangmen. It is necessary that Louis Philippe should base upon the confidence of the people that throne which the confidence of the people bestowed on him. He must surround it with republican institutions, as he promised to do, according to the testimony of the most blameless citizen of the two worlds.[1] The lies of the Charte should be destroyed, Valmy and Jemappes become a truth, and Louis Philippe fulfil what his whole life has symbolically promised. As he did once before in Switzerland, so must he now again step as schoolmaster before the globe, and publicly declare, "See these beautiful countries, all their inhabitants are free and equal, and if you small folk do not remember it, you will catch a switching."[2] Yes, Louis Philippe should have

[1] Lafayette. This sentence is omitted in the French version, which omission is not noticed by the German editor.—*Translator.*

[2] French version—"Retenez bien cela, vous autres petites bons hommes, si non vous aurez des palettes,"—*i.e.*, a spanking. —*Translator.*

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advanced at the head of European freedom, have identified its interests with his own, and, as one of his predecessors said boldly, "*L'état, c'est moi!*" so should he say with greater confidence, "*La liberté, c'est moi!*"

He has not done it. Let us await the consequences. They are inevitable, although it is impossible to fix the time when they will come to pass.[1] We are told to be on our guard when the fine days of spring shall come to us. The Carlists think that the new throne will last till autumn; should it not have fallen then, it may hold good for four or five years. The Republicans will not commit themselves to close predictions. It is enough, they say, that the future is ours. And there they are probably in the right; for though they have been hitherto always the dupes of Carlists and Bonapartists, the time may come

[1] Here Heine again appears at his best as a political prophet. It would, however, seem as if at the moment when he uttered this he had seen *a white horse*, which, according to the lore of Italian witchcraft, means that a *certain* thing, *e.g.* a prediction, will inevitably come to pass, but not until after long delay. And the white horse also means a champion for the people, as was predicted of the celebrated Crescentius. Napoleon III. always declared that he appeared in this light, so to speak, as a white horse, though he eventually turned out to be a very dark one. But what is truly remarkable as regards Heine is that he, with very great accuracy, indicated the causes which led to the overthrow of Louis Philippe in 1848.—*Translator.*

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when the activity of both the latter parties will prove to have been all to the profit of the Republicans. And they rely all the more on this energy of their enemies, not being able themselves to act on the masses either with money or by sympathy. But gold is now flowing in streams from the Faubourg Saint-Germain, and whatever is for sale is bought. Unfortunately, there is always in the market in Paris a great deal of such ware as they want, and it is believed that the Carlists have made a great advance during the past month.[1] Many men who have always had great influence upon the people are said to have been won over. The pious machinations and movements of the black-robed gentry in the provinces are notorious, gliding and slipping and hissing softly everywhere, and lying in the name of God. The picture of the miracle-brat[1] is everywhere exhibited, generally in the most sentimental attitudes. Here he is on his knees praying for the prosperity of France and his unhappy subjects, in most touching fashion, and there he climbs the hills of Scotland, clad in Highland costume, without breeches.

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[1] French version—"L'on croit que les Carlistes ont fait beaucoup d'emplettes de ce genre," *i.e.*, made many purchases. Here we have probably the original text.—*Translator.*

[2] *Mirakeljunger.* French—*Mioche du miracle.* The wondrous boy, or the miraculous child, as the infant Henry V. was called.—*Translator.*

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"*Matin!*" (the cur!) said a workman who was looking with me at the picture before a print-shop. "On le représente sans-culotte, mais nous savons bien qu'il est jésuite." In a similar work of art he is seen weeping with his little sister, and beneath are these sentimental lines:—

> "Oh! que j'ai douce souvenance
> Du beau pays de mon enfance," &c.

Songs and poems of every kind in praise of the young Henry circulate in great numbers, and are well paid for.[1] As there was once a Jacobite poetry in England, so France has now its Carlistic.

But the Bonapartist poetry is far more significant, weighty, and threatening to the Government. There is not a grisette in Paris who does not sing and feel the songs of Beranger. The people best understand this Bonaparte poetry, the poets speculate on it, and other people in their turn on them.[2]

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[1] "Und sie werden gut bezahlt." Omitted in the French version. It would seem to have been absolutely impossible for any French artist or poet, in the beginning of this century, to be in the least degree pathetic or sentimental without becoming supremely silly, and the acme of this *niaiserie* and affectation was reached in these "Henridicules," which are still to be found in abundance in old printshops.—*Translator.*

[2] French version—"Et c'est là-dessus que spéculent les poëtes, les petits et les grands, qui exploitent l'enthousiasme de la foule au profit de leur popularité. Par exemple, Victor Hugo, dont la lyre résonne encore du chant du sacre de Charles X., se

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Victor Hugo is now writing a grand heroic poem on the old Napoleon and the paternal relatives of the younger one, in correspondence with such popular poets as are known to be the Tyrtæuses of Bonapartism, in the hope of turning to profit at the right time their inspiring lyrics.[1]

It is generally believed that "the son of the man" need only appear to put an end to the present Government. We know that the name of Napoleon enraptures the people and disarms the army, but the most sagacious and sincere democrats are by no means inclined to join in the general homage. The name of Napoleon is unquestionably dear to them, because it has almost become synonymous with the fame of France and the victory of the tricolour. In Napoleon they see the son of the Revolution; in young Reichstadt only the son of an emperor, the recognition of whom would be acknowledging or rendering homage to the principle of legitimacy, which would certainly be ridiculously illogical.[2] And quite as absurd is the opinion that the son, even

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met à presént à célébrer l'empereur avec cette hardiesse romantique qui characterise son génie." This is all wanting in the first French version.—*Translator.*

[1] This passage is omitted from the French version, without observation from the German editor.—*Translator.*

[2] Omitted in the French version. There are also trivial deviations or differences between the French and German texts in the following passage.—*Translator.*

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if he should not attain the greatness of his father, is still certainly not quite out of his kind, and must always be a little Napoleon! A small Napoleon! As if the column of the Place Vendôme did not by its greatness alone awaken our admiration! It is because it is so great and strong that the people support themselves by it in these vague and tottering times, when the Vendôme pillar is the only thing in France which stands firmly.

Round this column all the thoughts of the people turn. It is for them an imperishable iron book of history, in which they read their own heroic deeds.[1] But there lives especially, in their memory, the infamous manner in which the statue of this column was treated by the Germans —how they sawed away the feet from the poor Emperor, and tied a rope round his neck as if he were a thief, and tore him down from his height. The good Germans did their duty. Every one has his mission on this earth, a mission which he unconsciously accomplishes, and leaves behind him a symbol that it has been fulfilled.[2] So

[1] French version—"Elle est le livre impérissable de son histoire, sa chronique *d'airain*." Which is certainly more correct from a metallic point of view.—*Translator.*

[2] A nonsensical fatalistic "utterance," which has been immensely popular, especially in America. If we are all specially destined unto what we do, it is a great pity that so many are specially planned to make fools of themselves, or, in fact, to misbehave in any way.—*Translator.*

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Napoleon was destined to gain in every country the victory of Revolution, but, forgetful of this mission, he would fain glorify himself by his victory, and so, egoistically sublime, he placed his own image on the trophies conquered by the Revolution, or on the many melted cannon of the column of the Place Vendôme. And then the Germans had the mission to avenge the Revolution, and to tear down the Emperor from the usurped eminence on that pillar. Only the tri-coloured flag is appropriate to this place, and since the days of July it floats there victorious and full of promise.[1] If after a time Napoleon should be replaced on the Vendôme column, he will no longer stand there as Emperor or as Cæsar, but as a representative of the Revolution, absolved by adversity and purified by death, or as an emblem of the all-conquering power of the people.

As I have spoken of the young Napoleon and the young Henri, I must also mention the young Duke of Orleans. In the printshops we generally see the three hung in a row, and our pamphleteers are ever busy in discussing these three strange

[1] French version—"Depuis la révolution de juillet le drapeau tricolore a pris provisoirement la place de l'empereur sur la colonne, et il y flotte victorieux et plein d'avenir." There is much of a strange spirit of unconscious prophecy and truth in these remarks.—*Translator.*

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legitimacies. That the latter is a leading theme of public gossip, speaks for itself. It is far too vague and profitless to be discussed here. The least information as to the personal peculiarities of the Duke of Orleans seems to me to be more important, because so many interests of deepest importance are attached to his personality. The most practical question is not whether he has the right to ascend the throne, but whether he has the power to do so; whether his party can rely on this strength, and what—since he in any event must play a prominent part—is to be expected of his character? As regards the latter, opinions are opposed, and even "different." Some say that the Duke of Orleans is quite narrow-minded, dull, and stupid;[1] that even in his family he is called *grand poulot;* that he is somewhat beset with Absolutist inclinations, and has at times mad attacks of ambition—as, for example, that he insisted with much obstinacy that his father during the workmen's *émeutes* should send him to Lyons, fearing that lest he did so the Duke de Reichstadt would be beforehand with him. Others declare, upon the other hand, that His Royal Highness the Crown Prince is all kind-heartedness, goodwill, and modesty; that he is very

[1] French version—"Les uns, adversaires décidés de la nouvelle dynastie, disent que le duc d'Orleans est tout à fait borné."

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sensible, having had a most befitting education and admirable instruction; that he is full of courage, honourable feeling, and love of freedom, as he has often earnestly begged his father to adopt a liberal system; that he is altogether devoid of trick or vice—in fine, that he is amiability itself, and that the only vengeance which he inflicts on his enemies is to whisk away from them at a ball the prettiest partners. I need not say that the favourable opinion is from the dependents of the dynasty, and the unfavourable from its foes, and the one is worth about as much as the other.[1]

I cannot really give any very exact information regarding this young prince beyond what I have seen myself, and I know nothing of him beyond his personal appearance. To speak truthfully, I must declare that he looks well.[2] He is rather tall, and without being absolutely lean is certainly slender, with a long narrow head on a long neck, with equally long and noble features, and bold and free brow, a straight, well-proportioned nose, a fine fresh mouth, with gently arched imploring (*bittenden*) lips, small, bluish, very unimpressive (*unbedeutende*), thoughtless eyes, like small triangles,

[1] French version—"Le premier jugement est dicté par la malveillance. Est-ce que l'autre serait plus vrai? Je le soupçonne."

[2] *Er sieht gut aus.* In the French version, *il a l'air aimable.*

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brown hair and light blonde side-whiskers, which meet under the chin, enclosing almost like a golden frame the rosy, healthy, blooming, youthful face. I think that I can read in the lineaments of this form a future, and yet not one too happy or cheerful. At best this young man is destined to a great martyrdom, for he will be king. If he does not see with clear intelligence (*mit dem Geiste*) through future events, he seems at least to forebode them instinctively; the animal nature or that of the body appears to be occupied with gloomy presentiments, whence a certain melancholy is apparent in him. He at times lets his long narrow head sink from his long neck as if in sad reverie. His gait is sleepy and slow, as of a man who fears to arrive too early, and his speech is drawling or in short accents, as if in half slumber. In this lies the melancholy referred to, or rather the melancholy indication (*Signatur*) of the future. In other respects his external appearance is rather simply citizen-like. This characteristic is the more marked because the contrary is apparent in his brother, the Duke de Nemours. The latter[1] is a handsome,

[1] French version—"Celui-ci est un jeune et joli garçon à la tournure aisée, svelte sans être grand, d'une complexion délicate en apparance, petite figure blanche et fine, regard spirituel; nez legérèment courbé a la Bourbon; un fair blondin d'antique et noble souche." The German appears to be, in all this letter, translated from the French.—*Translator.*

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very clever (*gescheiter*) youth, tall, but not stout, extremely well formed, a pale dainty little face, an intelligent and quick glance, a rather aquiline Bourbon nose—he is altogether a fine blonde (*Blondin*) of ancient noble appearance. He has not the arrogant traits of a Hanoverian rural noble (*Krautjunker*, French *gentillâtre*), but a certain air of distinction in deportment and behaviour such as is only found in the most cultivated higher nobility. As this kind daily diminishes in number or deteriorates by misalliances, the aristocratic exterior of the Duke de Nemours is all the more remarkable. I once heard some one say regarding him, "That face will, in the course of a few years, make a great sensation in America." [1]

[1] An intimation that in due time his father and the royal family would be expelled from France.—*Translator.*

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VI.

PARIS, *April* 19, 1832.

I WILL not borrow from the workshops of political parties their common vulgar rule wherewith to measure men and things, still less will I determine their greatness or value by dreamy private feelings, but I will contribute as much as possible impartially to the intelligence of the present, and seek the solution of the stormy, noisy enigma of the day in the past. Saloons lie, graves speak the truth. But ah! the dead, those cold reciters of history, speak in vain to the raging multitude, who only understand the language of passion.

Yet certainly the saloons do not lie with deliberate intention. The society of those in power really believes in its eternal duration, when the annals of universal history, the fiery *Mene tekel* of the daily journals, and even the loud voice of the people in the streets, cry aloud their warnings. Nor do the coteries of the Opposition utter predetermined falsehoods; they believe that they are sure to conquer, just as men always believe in what they most desire; they intoxicate themselves with

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the champagne of their hopes, interpret every mischance as a necessary occurrence which must bring them nearer to their goal, their confidence flashes most brilliantly on the eve of their downfall, and the messenger of justice who officially announces to them their defeat generally finds them quarrelling as to their share in the bear's skin.[1] Hence the one-sided errors—*ces erreurs d'idée fixe*—which we cannot escape when we stand too near to one or the other party; either deceives, yet does it unaware, and we confide most willingly in those who think as we do. But if we are by chance of such indifferent nature that we, without special predilection, keep in continual intercourse with all, then we are bewildered by the perfect self-confidence of either party, and our judgment is neutralised in the most depressing manner. There are indeed such all-indifferent men who have no true opinions of their own, who take no part in questions of the time, who only wish to learn what may be going on, to gather all the gossip of saloons, and retail all the *chronique scandaleuse* of one party to the other.[2] The result of such indifferentism is that they see everywhere only persons

[1] In allusion to the fable in Æsop of the hunters who quarrelled as to the bear's skin before they had killed the bear.

[2] "Die chronique scandaleuse jeder partie bei der andern auf gabeln." French—"À colporter dans chaque parti la chronique scandaleuse de l'autre."

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and not principles (*Dinge*), or rather that they see in principles only persons,[1] and so prophesy the ruin of the first, because they have perceived the weakness of the latter, and thereby lead their constituents or those who believe in them (*Kommittenten*) into most serious errors and mistakes.

I cannot refrain from calling special attention to the false relationship[2] which now exists in France between *things* (that is, spiritual and material interests) and persons (*i.e.*, the representatives of these). This was quite different at the end of the last century, when man towered so colossally to the height of things, so that they form in the history of the Revolution at the same time an heroic age, and as such are now celebrated, worshipped, and loved by our Repub-

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[1] *Dinge, choses,* "things." A word far too generally and loosely applied both in French and German, as in the present instance. This was satirised in the Breitmann Ballads :—

> " O vot ish all dis eart'ly pliss ?
> Und vot ish man's sookcess ?
> Und vot ish various kinds of dings ?
> Und vot is happiness ? "

It is an amusing instance of Heine's remarkably quick perception, as well as of his very frequent disposition to let errors stand rather than take the trouble to correct them, that in the next sentence he gives these "dings" a definition in parenthesis. —*Translator.*

[2] French version, *disproportion.*

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lican youth.[1] Or are we in this respect deceived by the same error which we find in Madame Roland, who bewails so bitterly in her Memoirs that there was not among the men of her time one of importance? The worthy lady did not know her own greatness, nor did she observe that her contemporaries were indeed great enough when they were in nought inferior to her as regards intellectual stature. The whole French people has to-day grown so mightily that we are perhaps unjust to its public representatives, who do not rise so markedly from the mob, yet who are not on that account to be considered as small. We cannot see the forests for the trees.[2] In Germany we see the country, a terrible jungle of scraggy thicket and dwarf pines, and here and there a giant oak, whose head rises to the clouds—while down below the worms do gnaw its trunk.

To-day is the result of yesterday. We must find out what the former would ere we can find what it is the latter will have. The Revolu-

[1] This admirable sentence, in which the conception of *imperium in imperio* is so ingeniously paraphrased, is given rather feebly in French as "en sorte qu'ils formaient dans l'histoire de la revolution la temps héroïque."

[2] "Man kann jetzt vor lauter Wald die Bäume nicht sehen," a common German saying; in English, "He cannot see the wood for the leaves;" in French, "Tout étant devenu haute futaie il est impossible d'y distinguer les arbres isolés."—*Translator.*

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tion is ever one and the same. It is not as the doctrinaires would have us think; it was not for the Charte that they fought in the great week, but for those same Revolutionary interests for which the best blood in France has been spilt for forty years. But that the author of these pages may not be mistaken merely for one of these holders-forth (*Prædicanten*), who understand by revolution only one overthrow after another, and who see in accidental occurrences that which is the spirit of the Revolution itself, I will here explain the main idea (*Hauptbegriff*) as accurately as I can.

When the intellectual developments or culture of a race are no longer in accord with its old established institutions, there results necessarily a combat in which the latter are overthrown, and which is called a revolution. Until this revolution is complete, until that reformation of institutions does not perfectly agree with the intellectual development and the habits and wants of the people, just so long the national malady (*Staatssiechthum*) is not perfectly cured, and the sickly and excited people will often relapse into the weakness of exhaustion, yet ever and anon be subject to attacks of burning fever, when they tear away the tightest bandages and the most soothing lint from the old wounds, throw the most benevolent, noblest nurses out of the window,

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and roll about in agony until they finally find themselves in circumstances, that is, adapt themselves to institutions, which suit them better.

The question whether France is now at rest, or whether we are to anticipate new political changes, and finally what end it will all take, amounts to this —What motive had the French in beginning a revolution, and have they obtained what they desired? To aid the reply I will discuss the beginning of the Revolution in my next article. This will be a doubly profitable occupation, since, while endeavouring to explain the present by the past, it will at the same time be shown how the past is made clear and in mutual understanding with the present, and how every day new light is thrown upon it, of which our writers of historical hand-books had no idea. They believed that the acts of the history of the Revolution had come to an end, and they had uttered their last judgment over men and things, when all at once there thundered the cannons of the great week, and the faculty of Göttingen remarked that there had been an appeal from the decision of its academic senate (*academischen Spruchcollegium*) to a higher jurisdiction, and that not only the French special revolution was not finished, but that the far more comprehensive universal revolution had begun. How terrified must these peaceable people have been when they, one fine morning, put their

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heads out of the window and beheld the overthrow of states and of their *compendia*, and the tones of the "Marseillaise" forced themselves into their ears despite their nightcaps. In fact, that in 1830 the tri-coloured flag fluttered for several days on the towers of Göttingen was a student's joke which universal history played on the eminently erudite Philistia of Georgia Augusta. In this all too serious age we have need of a few such cheerful incidents.[1]

So much for preface to an article which will busy itself with clearing up the past. The present is at this moment the most important, and the theme which it offers for discussion is of such a kind that further writing thereon especially depends on it.

I will give a fragment of the article which is here promised in an appendix. In another work the enlargement subsequently written may follow.[2]

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[1] This remark is a curious instance of intuition or prophetic spirit. When Heine wrote it, the *esprit gaulois* had manifested no sign whatever of decadence, and in England merry Dickens had not even begun to publish. But, with his usual perception, Heine felt that the "all too serious age" was coming, when the world was to put away childish things, and "take its amusements sadly," even in novels, as it is now doing.

[2] This sentence, as well as the Appendix to Letter VI., is wanting in the French version.—*Note by the German Editor.*

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I was very much disturbed while writing this article, chiefly by the agonising cries of a neighbour who died of cholera, and I must here lay stress on the fact that the events of that time had a sad influence on the following pages. I am not indeed conscious that I was in the least troubled, but it is very disgusting when the whetting of the scythe of Death rings distinctly in our ears. A disorder or discomfort which was more physical than mental, for which nothing could be done, would have driven me from Paris, but then my best friend would have been left here alone, and seriously ill. I note this that my remaining in Paris may not be considered as a mere bravado. Only a fool would have found pleasure in braving the cholera. It was a reign of terror far more dreadful than the first, because the executions took place so rapidly and mysteriously.[1] It was a masked executioner who passed through Paris with an invisible *guillotine ambulante.* "We shall all be stuck into the sack, one after the other," said my servant, with a sigh,

[1] It might be here added that it was far more terrible, owing to the number of victims, since people died in Paris at the rate of from 1000 to 2000 *per diem*, as I remember to have heard at the time. There are not many of my readers who now remember the cholera of 1832 and its horrors. I can recall distinctly passing through New York when it was at its worst, and that the city seemed to be almost deserted.—*Translator.*

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every morning, when he announced how many had died or the loss of some one known. The expression "stuck into the sack" was no mere figure of speech, for coffins were soon wanting, and the greater part of the dead were buried in bags. When I, a week ago, passed a great open public building, and saw in the roomy halls the merry people, the gaily springing Frenchies (*Französchen*), the dainty little gossiping Frenchwomen, who did their shopping laughing and joking, I remembered that here, during the time of the cholera, there were ranged high piled, one on the other, many hundreds of white sacks containing every one a corpse, and that there were then heard here very few, but all the more terrible voices, or those of the watchers of the dead, who with a grim indifference counted out the sacks to the men who buried them, and how the latter, as they piled them on their cars, repeated the numbers in lower tones, or complained harshly that they had received one corpse too few, over which there often arose a strange dispute. And I remember how two small boys with sorrowful faces stood by, and that one asked me if I could tell him in which sack his father was.[1]

[1] It is a strange fact that the cholera of 1832, with all its horrors, was as nothing compared to the pestilences which had previously swept over the world. Then the dead in the great capitals of Europe were often not buried at all, and lay every-

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That which follows has perhaps the merit that it is at once a bulletin written on the field of battle during the fight, and thus bears the impress and colour of the moment. Thucydides the historian and Boccaccio the novelist have certainly left us better sketches of the kind, but I doubt whether they had sufficient calmness, while the cholera of their day was raging most terribly around, to sketch them so beautifully and in such a masterly manner as off-hand articles for the *Universal Daily Gazette* of Florence or Pisa.[1]

I shall, in the following pages, remain true to a principle which I have followed from the beginning of the book, which is to change nothing and to let it be printed as it was originally written, excepting, perhaps, putting in or taking out a

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where in heaps for many months. It is only yesterday, as I now write (April 29, 1892), that I saw in the National Museum of Florence the marvellous groups in wax, modelled after the piles of corpses in the streets in the Great Plague commemorated by Boccaccio. Yet even this appears to have been as much surpassed in its turn by the earlier scourges as the cholera of 1832 surpassed the influenza of 1891.

[1] In justice to Heine it should be observed that while this sentence might be misunderstood as declaring that neither Thucidydes nor Boccaccio could write so beautifully as himself under the circumstances, it really means that they could not have sketched so well as they did had they been exposed as our author was. It is less ambiguous in the French version—"Je doute s'ils eussent eu l'âme assez calme pour les faire si belles et si savantes, si pendant que le choléra de leur temps," &c. The twelve following lines are wanting in the French.—*Translator.*

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word here and there when it, so far as I can remember, corresponds with the original manuscript. I cannot reject such small reminiscences, but they are very few, very trifling, and never involve actual errors, false prophecies, and oblique perceptions, which cannot, of course, be wanting, since they belong to the history of the time. The events themselves afford their own and the best corroboration.

I speak of the cholera which has raged here till now without limit, and which, regardless of rank and opinion, fells its victims by the thousand.

The pestilence had been regarded with less apprehension, because it was reported that there had been in London comparatively few deaths. People seemed at first inclined to really make fun of it, and it was thought that the cholera, as happens to so many other great characters, would have its reputation mightily diminished when it should come to Paris. One must not blame the good honest cholera for having, out of fear of ridicule, had recourse to means which Robespierre and Napoleon had found efficacious (*Probat*)—that is, in order to secure respect they decimated the people. Owing to the vast misery prevailing here, to the incredible filth, which is by no means limited to the lower classes, to the excitability of the people and their unrestrained frivolity, and to utter want of all preparation and precaution what-

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ever, the cholera laid hold here more rapidly and terribly than elsewhere.[1]

Its arrival was officially announced on the 29th of March, and as this was the day of Mi-Carême, and there was bright sunshine and beautiful weather, the Parisians hustled and fluttered the more merrily on the Boulevards, where one could even see maskers, who, in caricatures of livid colour and sickly mien, mocked the fear of the cholera and the disease itself. That night the balls were more crowded than usual; excessive laughter almost drowned the roar of music; people grew hot in the *chahut;* a dance of anything but equivocal character; all kinds of ices and cold beverages were in great demand—when all at once the merriest of the harlequins felt that his legs were becoming much too cold, and took off his mask, when, to the amazement of all, a violet-blue

[1] Our author sketches the true causes of the cholera with great intelligence. Prominent among these was that neglect of cleanliness, which, as he says, was by no means confined to the lower classes. Even in the Forties and Fifties there was to be found in a vast majority of the houses in Paris such fearful filth and poisonous smells as would be now deemed utterly incredible. That the cholera was to a great degree endemic or local from such causes was fully proved by its being confined chiefly to towns. While it raged, for instance, in cities, it often happened that in rural villages at no great distance not a single case occurred. In the last generation it was very commonly said and believed by many that "dirt is healthy." Now we are learning that it is another name for death.—*Translator.*

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face became visible. It was at once seen that there was no jest in this; the laughter died away, and at once several carriages conveyed men and women from the ball to the Hôtel Dieu, the Central Hospital, where they, still arrayed in mask attire, soon died. As in the first shock of terror people believed the cholera was contagious, and as those who were already patients in the hospital raised cruel screams of fear, it is said that these dead were buried so promptly that even their fantastic fools' garments were left on them, so that as they lived they now lie merrily in the grave.

It was amid unparalleled trouble and confusion that hospitals (*Sicherungs-anstalten*) and other institutions for preserving public health were organised. A Sanitary Commission was created, *Bureaux de Sécours* were established, and the ordinances as regards the *salubrité publique* were promptly put into effect. In doing this there was at once a collision with the interests of several thousand men who regarded public filth as their own private property. These were the *chiffoniers* or rag-men, who pick their living from the sweepings from houses piled up in dirt heaps in odd corners. With great pointed baskets on their backs and hooked sticks in their hands, these men, with pale and dirty faces, stray through the streets, and know how to find and utilise many

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objects in these refuse piles. But when the police, not wishing this filth to remain longer in the public streets, had given out the cleaning to their agents, and the refuse, put into carts, was to be carried out into the open country, where the *chiffoniers* could freely fish in it to their hearts' content, then the latter complained that, though not reduced to starvation, that their business had been reduced, and that this industry was a right sanctioned by ancient usage, and like property, of which they could not be arbitrarily deprived. It is very curious that the proofs which they produced in this relation were quite identical with those which our country squires and nobles (*Krautjunker*), chiefs of corporations, guild-masters, tithe-preachers, members of faculties, and similar possessors of privileges, bring forward when any old abuses by which they profit, or other rubbish of the Middle Ages, must be cleared away, so that our modern life may not be infected by the ancient musty mould and exhalations. As their protests were of no avail, the *chiffoniers* attempted to oppose the reform of cleanliness by force, or get up a small counter-revolution, and that in connection with the old women called *revendeuses*, who had been forbidden to publicly sell on the quays or traffic in the evil-smelling stuff which they had bought from the *chiffoniers*. Then we beheld the most repulsive riot; the new hand-cars

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used to clean the town were broken and thrown into the Seine; the *chiffoniers* barricaded themselves at the Porte Saint-Denis; the old women dealers in rubbish (*Trödelweiber*) fought with their great umbrellas on the Chatelet; the general march was beaten; Casimir Perier had his myrmidons drummed up from their shops; the citizen-throne trembled; Rentes fell; the Carlists rejoiced. The latter, by the way, had found at last their natural allies in rag-men and old huxter-wives, who adopted the same principles as the champions of transmitted rights (*herkömmlichen*), or hereditary rubbish-interests and rotten things of every kind.

When the *emeute* of the *chiffoniers* was suppressed, and as the cholera did not take hold so savagely (*nicht so wüthend um sich griff*) as was desired by certain people of the kind who in every suffering or excitement among the people hope, if not to profit themselves, to at least cause the overthrow of the existing Government, there rose all at once a rumour that many of those who had been so promptly buried had died not from disease but by poison. It was said that certain persons had found out how to introduce a poison into all kinds of food, be it in the vegetable markets, in bakeries, meat-stalls, or wine. The more extraordinary these reports were, the more eagerly were they received by the multitude, and even the sceptics must needs believe in them

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when an order on the subject was published by the chief of police. For the police, who in every country seem to be less inclined to prevent crime than to appear to know all about it, either desired to display their universal information or else thought, as regards the tales of poisoning, that whether they were true or false, they themselves must in any case divert all suspicion from the Government—suffice it to say, that by their unfortunate proclamation, in which they distinctly said that they were on the track of the poisoners, they officially confirmed the rumours, and thereby threw all Paris into the most dreadful apprehension of death.

"We never heard the like!" said the oldest people, who, even in the most dreadful times of the Revolution, had never experienced such fearful crime. "Frenchmen! we are dishonoured!" cried the men, striking their foreheads. The women, pressing their little children in agony to their hearts, wept bitterly and lamented that the innocent babes were dying in their arms. The poor people dared neither eat nor drink, and wrung their hands in dire need and distress. It seemed as if the end of the world had come. The crowds assembled chiefly at the corners of the streets, where the red-painted wine-shops are situated, and it was generally there that men who seemed suspicious were searched, and woe

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to them when any doubtful objects were found on them. The mob threw themselves like wild beasts or lunatics on their victims. Many saved themselves by their presence of mind, others were rescued by the firmness of the Municipal Guard, who in those days patrolled everywhere; some received wounds or were maimed, while six men were unmercifully murdered outright. Nothing is so horrible as the anger of a mob when it rages for blood and strangles its defenceless prey. Then there rolled through the streets a dark flood of human beings, in which, here and there, workmen in their shirt-sleeves seemed like the white caps of a raging sea, and all were howling and roaring—all merciless, heathenish, devilish. I heard in the Rue Saint-Denis the well-known old cry, "*A la lanterne!*" and from voices trembling with rage I learned that they were hanging a poisoner. Some said that he was a Carlist, and that a *brevet du lis* had been found in his pocket; others declared he was a priest, and others that he was capable of anything. In the Rue Vaugirard, where two men were killed because certain white powders were found on them, I saw one of the wretches, while he was still in the death-rattle, and at the time old women plucked the wooden shoes from their feet and beat him on the head till he was dead. He was naked and beaten and bruised, so that

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his blood flowed; they tore from him not only his clothes, but also his hair, and cut off his lips[1] and nose; and one blackguard tied a rope to the feet of the corpse and dragged it through the streets, crying out, "*Voilà le cholera-morbus!*" A very beautiful woman, pale with rage, with bare breasts and bloody hands, was present, and as the corpse passed her she kicked it. She laughed to me, and begged for a few francs reward for her dainty work wherewith to buy a mourning-dress, because her mother had died a few hours before of poison.

It appeared the next day by the newspapers that the wretched men who had been so cruelly murdered were all quite innocent, that the suspicious powders found on them consisted of camphor or chlorine, or some other kind of remedy against the cholera, and that those who were said to have been poisoned had died naturally of the prevailing epidemic. The mob here, like the same everywhere, being quick to rage and readily led to cruelty, became at once appeased, and deplored with touching sorrow its rash deeds when it heard the voice of reason. With such voices the newspapers succeeded the next day in calming and quieting the populace, and it may be proclaimed, as a

[1] *Die scham* occurs here in the German text. It is omitted in the French.—*Translator.*

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triumph of the press, that it was able to so promptly stop the mischief which the police had made.

I must here blame the conduct of certain people who by no means belonged to the lower class, yet who were so carried away by their prejudices as to publicly accuse the Carlists of poisoning. Passion should never carry us so far, and I should hesitate a long time ere I would accuse my most venomous foes of such horrible intentions.[1] The Carlists were quite right in complaining of this, and it is only the bitter manner in which they cursed and railed over it which could excite suspicion. That is certainly not the language of innocence. But according to the conviction of those best informed, there had been no poisoning. It may be that sham poisonings were contrived, or that a few wretches were really induced to sprinkle harmless powders on provisions in order to irritate and rouse the people; and if this *was* indeed the case, the people should not be too severely blamed for their riotous conduct, since it sprang not from private hate, "but in the interest of the commonweal, quite according to the theory of terrorism." Yes, the Carlists would themselves have perished in the pit dug for the Republicans, but the poisoning was not gene-

[1] All which follows, to the word *Constitutional*, is omitted in the French version, that is, twenty-seven lines of the German text, and it is little to our author's credit that it is found in German.

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rally attributed to the one or to the other, but to that party which, "ever conquered by arms, always raises itself again by cowardly means, which attains to prosperity and power invariably by the ruin of France, and which now, dispensing with the aid of Cossacks, may readily seek refuge in common poison." This is about what is said in the *Constitutional.*

What I gained by personal observation on the day when these murders took place was the conviction that the rule of the elder branch of the Bourbons will never be re-established in France. I heard the most remarkable utterances in different groups; I saw deep into the heart of the people —it knows its men.

Since these events all has become quiet again, or, as Horatius Sebastiani would say, "*L'ordre regne à Paris.*" There is a stony stillness as of death in every face. For many evenings very few people were seen on the Boulevards, and they hurried along with hands or handkerchiefs held over their faces. The theatres are as if perished and passed away. When I enter a *salon*, people are amazed to see me still in Paris, since I am not detained by urgent business. In fact, most strangers, and especially my fellow-countrymen, left long since. Obedient parents received from their children orders to return at once. God-fearing sons fulfilled without delay the tender wishes of their

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loving sires, who longed to see them in their homes again—Honour thy father and thy mother, then thy days shall be prolonged upon the earth! In others, too, there suddenly awoke an endless yearning for their fatherland, for the romantic valleys of the noble Rhine, for the dear mountains, for winsome Suabia, the land of pure true love and woman's faith, of joyous ballads and of healthy air. It is said that thus far more than 120,000 passports have been issued at the Hôtel de Ville.[1] Although the cholera evidently first attacked the poorer classes, the rich still very promptly took to flight. Certain *parvenus* should not be too severely judged for having done so, for they probably reflected that the cholera, which came hither all the long way from Asia, does not know that we have quite lately grown rich on Change, and thinking that we are still poor devils, will send us to turn up our toes to the daisies.[2] M. Aguado, one of the richest bankers and a chevalier of the Legion of Honour, was field-marshal

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[1] French version—"On dit qu'on a délivré dans ces circonstances plus de cent mille passeports."—*Translator.*

[2] "Halt uns vielleicht noch für einen armen Lump, und lässt uns ins Gras beissen." French version—"Pourrait bien nous prendre encore pour de pauvres hères et nous faire manger de l'herbe par la racine." An American might render this:—"Bid us go to grass, and stay under." "Multæ terricolis linguæ, una cœlestibus."—*Translator.*

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in this great retreat. The knight is said to have glared with mad apprehension out of the coach-window, and believed that his footman all in blue who stood behind was blue Death himself or the cholera morbus.

The multitude murmured bitterly when it saw how the rich fled away, and, well packed with doctors and drugs, took refuge in healthier climes. The poor man saw with bitter discontent that money had become a protection also against death. The greater portion of the *juste milieu* and of *la haute finance* have also departed, and now live in their chateaux. But the real representatives of wealth, the Messieurs Rothschild, have, however, quietly remained in Paris, thereby manifesting that they are great-minded and brave.[1] Casimir Perier also showed himself great and brave in visiting the Hôtel Dieu or hospital after the cholera had broken out. It should have grieved even his enemies that he was attacked by the cholera after this visit. He did not, however, succumb to it, being in himself a much worse pestilence. The young Prince d'Orleans, who, in company with Perier, visited the hospital, also

[1] Our author here indirectly compliments himself. But unless a man remains to nurse and aid the sufferers, it is difficult to see wherein the bravery or common-sense of staying in a pestilence consists.—*Translator.*

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deserves the most honourable mention. But the whole royal family has behaved quite as nobly in this sad time. When the cholera broke out, the Queen assembled her friends and servants, and distributed among them flannel bandages, which were mostly made by her own hands. The manners and customs of ancient chivalry are not yet extinct; they have only changed into domestic citizen-like forms: great ladies now bedeck their champions with less poetical, but more practical and healthier scarfs. We live no longer in the ancient days of helm and harness and of warring knights, but in the peaceful, honest *bourgeois* days of under-jackets and warm bandages; that is, no longer in the iron age, but that of flannel—flannel everywhere. It is, in fact, the best cuirass against the cholera, our most cruel enemy. Venus, according to the *Figaro*, would wear to-day a girdle of flannel. I myself am up to my neck in flannel, and consider myself cholera-proof. The King himself wears now a belt of the best *bourgeois* flannel.

Nor should I forget to mention that he, the citizen-king, during the general suffering, gave a great deal of money to the poor citizens, and showed himself inspired with civic sympathy and noble. And while in the vein (*da ich mal im Zuge bin*), I will also praise the Archbishop of Paris, who also went to the Hôtel Dieu, after the

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Prince Royal and Perier had made their visits, to console the patients. He had long prophesied that God would send the cholera as a judgment and punishment on the people "for having banished a most Christian king, and struck out the privileges of the Catholic religion for the Charte."[1] Now when the wrath of God falls on the sinners, M. de Quelen would fain send prayers to heaven and implore grace, at least for the innocent, for it appears that many Carlists also die.[2] Moreover, M. de Quelen offered his Château de Conflans to be used as a hospital. The proffer was declined by Government because the building is in such a ruined and deplorable condition that it would cost too much to repair it. And the Bishop had, as a

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[1] So a few years ago the President of an American College, who had, as it was declared, utterly and scandalously neglected his duty as to sanitary precautions and cleanliness, informed the public, when a number of students died of typhoid fever, that it was a "dispensation." We may, however, both as regards Paris and the American College, for "decree of Providence," read "dirt."—*Translator.*

[2] This remark recalls the anecdote of a Baptist minister in Kansas during the civil war. "I am asked, my hearers, how it is that, if this war is sent to punish rebels and slave-holders, so many Union men perish? My friends, when an Injun goes for buffalo, he still knocks over any antelope or jack-rabbits or skunks which come in his way; and even so the Lord, when he is on the war-path after the chief of sinners—which are Secesh—still takes a pop at any smaller evil-doer who comes on the trail, even though he be an Union man."—*Translator.*

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condition, exacted that he should have unconditional authority or *carte blanche* in directing the hospital. But it was deemed too dangerous an experiment to intrust the souls of the poor patients, whose bodies were already suffering terribly, to the tortures of attempted salvation, which the Archbishop and his familiars intended to inflict. It was thought better to let the hardened Revolutionary sinners die simply of the cholera, without threats of eternal damnation and hell-fire, without confession or extreme unction. For though it is declared that the Catholic is a religion perfectly adapted to the unhappy time through which we are now passing, the French will have none of it for fear lest they should be obliged to keep on with this epidemic faith (*Krankheitsreligion*) when better days shall come.

Many disguised priests are now gliding and sliding here and there among the people, persuading them that a rosary which has been consecrated is a perfect preservative against the cholera.[1] The Saint-Simonists regard it as an

[1] We are not as yet so far advanced in physiology as to understand the causes, but it is quite certain that those who have no fear of a disease or who boldly affront it often escape contagion. This saving confidence is often the result of a man's bearing something which he firmly believes protects him, be it a rabbit's paw, a blessed rosary, a relic of a saint, or any other kind of "hand" or "charm." The antiquities and illustrations of this

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advantage of their religion that none of their number can die of the prevailing malady, because progress is a law of nature, and as social progress is specially in Saint-Simonism, so long as the number of its apostles is incomplete none of its followers can die. The Bonapartists declare that if any one feels in himself the symptoms of the cholera, if he will raise his eyes to the column of the Place Vendôme he shall be saved and live. And so hath every man his special faith in these troubled times. As for me, I believe in flannel. Good dieting can do no harm, but one should not

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subject are most fully given in a very rare work of about 800 pages, entitled, "Curiosus Amuletorum Scrutator . . . ac in Specie de Zenechtis," to which is added a treatise on amulets by Julius Reichalt (Frankfort, 1690). In this extraordinary and immensely erudite book almost every known disease is cited, and the amulets described which must be carried about the person to cure it. Thus, according to this authority, ivy (as I have heard in Florence, and read in Marcellus of Bordeaux, fourth century), when worn, is a cure for headache; also plaintain-roots and the gem ophites. In addition to these there are directions as to what should be done to secure favour, to avert the evil eye, to protect against lightning, to become rich, or be constantly jolly (*herba contra melancholiam*)—in short, for almost everything desirable under the sun. In some cases legitimate cures seem to indicate a certain empirical knowledge, as, for instance, where we are told that camphor when carried is good for heart complaints. It is remarkable that, as regards amulet-rosaries, those which are made of a curious kind of triangular seed or nut are considered as possessing special virtue both by Turks and Italian Christians. —*Translator.*

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eat too little, as do certain persons who mistake pangs of hunger felt in the night for premonitory symptoms of cholera. It is amusing to see the poltroonery which many manifest at table, regarding with defiance or suspicion the most philanthropic and benevolent dishes, and swallowing every dainty with a sigh.[1] The doctors told us to have no fear and avoid irritation; but they feared lest they might be unguardedly irritated, and then were irritated at themselves for being afraid. Now they are love itself, and often use the words *Mon Dieu!* and their voices are as soft and low as those of ladies lately brought to bed (*accouchées*). Withal they smell like perambulating apothecary-shops, often feel their stomachs, and ask every hour how many have died. But as no one ever knew the exact number, or rather as there was a general suspicion as to the exactitude of the figures given, all minds were seized with vague terror, and the extent of the malady was magnified beyond limits. In fact, the

[1] I can well remember the great fear which prevailed during all the cholera season of 1832 as regards food, especially fish and fruit. Young as I was, I do not think that I touched a peach or a water-melon all that summer, and I can remember the amazement which I felt in the autumn at hearing from a black servant-girl that she had during the whole time eaten all the peaches she could get, which must have been many, since fruit of all kinds was almost given away.—*Translator.*

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journals have since published that on one day, on the 10th of April, two thousand people died. But the people would not be deceived by any such official statement, and continually complained that far more died than were accounted for. My barber told me how an old woman sat at her window a whole night on the Faubourg Montmartre to count the corpses which were carried by, and she counted three hundred; but when morning came she was chilled with frost, and felt the cramp of the cholera, and soon died herself. Wherever one looked in the streets, there he saw funerals, or, sadder still, hearses with no one following. But as there were not hearses sufficient, all kinds of vehicles were used, which, when covered with black stuffs, looked very strange. Even these were at last wanting, and I saw coffins carried in hackney-coaches.[1] It was most disagreeable to see the great furniture-

[1] I have heard my father relate how, during a terrible attack of yellow fever in Philadelphia in the earlier part of the present century, he remained by a friend who died in a lodging-house, and the panic was so great that no medical attendance or any kind of aid whatever could be had during the last stages. The patient passed away about midnight, and my father, going forth, with some difficulty obtained a coffin or box and a black man, with whose help the body was nailed up, put into a hackney-coach and taken to the burying-ground. Of this yellow fever pestilence I remember a strange tale. There was a very small house of one storey in Eleventh Street, near Locust, in which a man had been left to die, and the doors locked. He recovered,

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waggons which were used for "moving" now moving about as dead men's omnibuses, or *omnibus mortuis,* going from house to house for fares and carrying them by dozens to the field of rest.

The neighbourhood of a cemetery where many funerals met presented the most dispiriting scene. Wishing to visit a friend one day, I arrived just as they were placing his corpse in the hearse. Then the sad fancy seized me to return the call which he had last made, so I took a coach and accompanied him to Père la Chaise. Having arrived in the neighbourhood of the cemetery, my coachman stopped, and awaking from my reverie, I could see nothing but literally sky and coffins. I was among several hundred vehicles bearing the dead, which formed a *queue* or train before the narrow gate, and as I could not escape, I was obliged to pass several hours among these gloomy surroundings. Out of ennui, I asked my coachman the name of my neighbour-corpse, and —woe the chance!—he named a young lady whose coach had, some months before, as I was going to a ball at Lointier, been crowded against mine and

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and endeavouring to escape from the upper window, fell to the ground and was killed. As his ghost was believed to haunt the house, it remained without a tenant until about 1840, when it was pulled down. *Tempi passati!* such events are becoming almost incomprehensible to the younger readers of the present day.—*Translator.*

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delayed just as it was to-day. There was only this difference, that then she often put out of the window her little head, decked with flowers, her lovely, lively face lit by the moon, and manifested the most charming vexation and impatience at the delay. Now she was quite still, and probably very blue; but ever and anon, when the mourning-horses of the hearses stamped and grew unruly, it seemed to me as if the dead themselves were growing impatient, and, tired of waiting, were in a hurry to get into their graves; and when, at the cemetery gate, one coachman tried to get before another, and there was disorder in the *queue*, then the gendarmes came in with bare sabres; here and there were cries and curses, some vehicles were overturned, coffins rolling out burst open, and I seemed to see that most horrible of all *émeutes*—a riot of the dead.[1]

To spare the feelings of my readers, I will not

[1] The reader will excuse the remark that nine-tenths of all which constituted the external horrors of the cholera or other great pestilences would have been avoided by the very simple process of cremation. It is said that even within a very few years, in breaking up the ground where great numbers of victims of cholera or yellow fever were long since buried, the most deadly forms of disease or malaria have been developed, which could not assuredly have taken place had the remains been reduced to ashes. When I, in 1856, published an article advocating the burning of the dead, I was literally alone in my ideas. *Eppur si muove.—Translator.*

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further describe what I saw at Père la Chaise. Hardened as I am, I could not help yielding to the deepest horror. One may learn by deathbeds how to die, and then await death with calmness, but to learn how to be buried in graves of quick-lime, among cholera corpses, is beyond my power. I hastened to the highest hill of the cemetery, whence one may see the city spread out in all its beauty. The sun was setting; its last rays seemed to bid me a sad good-bye; twilight vapours covered sick Paris as with a light-white shroud, and I wept bitterly over the unhappy city, the city of freedom, of inspiration and of martyrdom, the saviour-city which has already suffered so much for the temporal deliverance of humanity.

Appendix to Letter VI.[1]

"Seest thou the foundations of usury, of theft and robbery, are our great men and lords, who take all creatures unto their possession: the fish in the waters, the birds in the air, all that groweth on the earth must be theirs (Jes. v.). Therefore they send forth God's commandment among the poor and say, 'God hath commanded that ye shall not steal!' yet it serves them naught. So they all bring it to pass that from the poor ploughman,

[1] This Appendix or Beitrage is not given in the French version —*Translator.*

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workman, and all which lives, they pluck off their skin from them and the flesh from off their bones [Micah iii. 3]. And should he then lay violent hands on what is holiest, he must hang. Then saith Doctor Liar, 'Amen!' The great men are themselves the cause that the poor man is their enemy. If they will not do away with the cause of strife, how can it go well in the long-run? And if I, saying that, am rebellious and a stirrer-up of strife, so let it be!"

In these words spake three hundred years ago Thomas Münzer, one of the most heroic-minded and unfortunate sons of the German Fatherland, a preacher of the Gospel, which, according to his belief, promised not only happiness in heaven, but also equality and brotherhood unto men upon earth. Doctor Martin Luther was of a different opinion, and condemned such rebellious doctrines, by which his own work, the separation from Rome and the foundation of the new faith, was endangered, and inspired perhaps more by worldly wisdom than by evil zeal, wrote his disreputable book against the unfortunate peasants. Pietists and canting hypocrites (*Duckmäuser*) have of late revived this work, and spread the reprints far and wide—partially to show their high protectors how much the pure Lutheran faith upholds absolute government, and partially to suppress by Luther's authority the enthusiasm for freedom in

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Germany. But a holier testimony, which flows like blood from the Gospel, contradicts the slavish interpretation and the erroneous authority; for Christ, who died for the equality and brotherhood of mankind, did not reveal his Word to serve as the tool of Absolutism, and Thomas Münzer was right and Luther in the wrong. Münzer was beheaded at Mödlin. His companions were also in the right, and they were beheaded with the sword or hung with the rope, as they chanced to be of plebeian or noble origin. The Margrave Casimir von Anspach, in addition to such executions, had the eyes put out of eighty-five peasants, who afterwards went begging about the country, and who were also in the right. How it went with the wretched peasants in Upper Austria and Suabia, and how in Germany many hundreds of thousands of peasants, who asked for nothing but human rights and Christian mercy, were slaughtered or strangled by their spiritual or temporal lords, is commonly known. But the latter were in the right, because they were in all the fulness of power, and the peasants were often led astray by the authority of a Luther and of other clergymen who made common cause with secular powers, and by untimely controversies over equivocal Biblical passages, or often singing psalms when they should have fought.

In the year of grace 1789, the same strife

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began in France as to equality and brotherhood, on the same grounds, against the same class in power, with this difference, that the latter lost the power which the people gained, while their cause drew its claims to justice, not from the Bible, but from philosophy. The feudalistic and hierarchic institutions which Charlemagne had founded in his vast realm, and which had developed themselves in many forms in the realms which spread forth from it, had struck root most powerfully in France, flourished bravely for centuries, and, like all things in this world, at last lost their strength. The kings of France, vexed at their dependence on the nobility and clergy—the first of whom considered themselves as the equals of their monarch, while the latter ruled the people more than they did—gradually contrived to weaken their power, and this great work was completed by Louis XIV. Instead of a warlike feudal nobility, which had at once governed and guarded their kings, there now crept to the steps of the throne a weakly court nobility, whose prestige was derived not from its castles and retainers, but from the number of its ancestors; instead of stiff and stern priests, who terrified kings with confessional and excommunication (*Beicht' und Bann*) while they kept the multitude in check, there was now a Gallican or, so to speak, a mediatised Church, whose posts or offices were surreptitiously obtained in the *œil de*

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bœuf of Versailles or in the boudoirs of mistresses, and whose chiefs belonged to the same aristocracy, who paraded as court-domestics, so that the costumes of abbés and bishops, pallium and mitre, might be considered as a kind of court-costume. Despite which change, the nobility retained the privileges which it always had over the people; in fact, its pride as regards the latter rose the more it was abased before its royal lords. It usurped, as of old, all the enjoyments of life, oppressed and wronged as before, as did the clergy, who had long lost their hold on men's souls, but who still kept their titles, their Trinity monopoly, their privileges of suppressing intellect, and their churchly tricks and wiles. What the teachers of the Gospel had tried in the Peasants' War was now done by philosophers in France, and with better success. They demonstrated to the people the usurpations of the nobility and of the Church; they showed them that both had lost their power, and the people exulted; and on the 14th of June 1789, the weather being fine, they began the work of their emancipation, and he who on that day had sought the spot where the old, musty, grimly unpleasant Bastile had stood, would have found in its place an airy, cheerful building with the laughing inscription, "*Ici on danse.*"

For seventeen years many writers in Europe have busied themselves unweariedly in trying to

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free the learned men of France from the reproach that they had especially caused the outbreak of the French Revolution. The writers of the present day would fain be in favour again with the great; they have sought to win once more a soft place at the feet of power, and have behaved, in so doing, with such an air of servile innocence that they are now considered not as serpents, but common worms. But I cannot refrain from declaring the truth, that the writers of the last century were the men who did most to cause the outbreak of the Revolution, and who determined its character. I praise them for this as one praises a physician who brings about a rapid crisis, and allays by his skill the illness which might have been deadly. Without the word spoken by those scholars, France would have lingered on more miserably, and the Revolution, which must have inevitably come, would have assumed a far less noble form; it would have been vulgar and barbarous, instead of tragic and bloody. Or, what is worse, it might have deteriorated into something laughable and stupid, if its positive needs (*materielle Nöthen*) had not assumed an ideal expression, as has unfortunately not been the case in those countries where the writers have not led the people to demand a declaration of human rights, and where people make a revolution to escape paying a toll or to get rid of a mistress. Voltaire and Rousseau are

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two writers who did more than all others to prepare the Revolution, who determined its later paths, and who still spiritually lead and rule the French race. Even the enmity between these two has had a marvellous after-effect; perhaps the party strife among the men of the Revolution itself even to this hour is only a continuation of this conflict.

[1] For the battle among the revolutionary men of the Convention was nothing but the secret ill-will (*Groll*) of Rousseau rigorism to Voltairean *légèreté*. The true Montagnards cherished all the manner of thought and feeling of Rousseau, and as they guillotined at the same time Dantonists and Hebertistes, it came to pass not altogether because the former preached a relaxing moderatism, and the latter degenerated into the most unbridled sans-culottéism, or as an old man of the Mountain said to me lately, "Parcequ'ils étaient tous des hommes pourris, frivoles, sans croyance et sans vertu." When the old state of affairs was overthrown, the wild men of the Revolution were tolerably at peace; but when something new was to be enacted and the most positive questions were discussed, natural antipathies awoke. That

[1] The following passages, unto the words "Injustice, however, is done to Voltaire," were added by the author as a note; but as they belong substantially to the text, I have included them in it.—*Translator.*

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serious dreamer of the Rousseau school, Saint-Just, hated henceforth the gay and witty *fanfaron*, Desmoulins. The morally pure, incorruptible Robespierre hated the sensual, money-tainted Danton. Maximilian Robespierre of holy memory was the incarnation of Rousseau; he was deeply religious; he believed in God and immortality; he hated Voltairean mockeries of religion, the undignified tricks of a Gobel,[1] the orgies of the atheists, the loose conduct of the *esprits*, and perhaps he hated everybody who was witty and laughed.

On the nineteenth Thermidor the Voltairean party, which had been not long previously suppressed, conquered; under the Directory it exercised its reaction on the Mountain; later, during the heroic drama of the Empire, as during the pious Christian comedy of the Restoration, it could only play in minor parts; yet we have seen it, even to this hour, more or less active, standing at the helm of state, and indeed represented by the former Bishop of Autun, Charles Maurice Talleyrand. Rousseau's party, suppressed since that unhappy day of Thermidor, lived poorly, but sound in mind and body, in the Faubourgs Saint-Antoine and Saint-Marceau, in the forms of Garnier Pagés, Cavaignac, and of so many other noble Republicans,

[1] According to Carlyle, this name should be Göbel—"goose Göbel," probably because he was from Strasburg.

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who from time to time appear for the gospel of Freedom. I am not virtuous enough to be able to attach myself to this party, but I hate vice too much to ever make war on it.

Injustice, however, is done to Voltaire should any one assert that he was not as fully inspired as Rousseau; he was only more crafty and clever. Heavy unskilfulness always takes refuge in stoicism, and growls laconically at seeing adroitness in others. Alfieri reproaches Voltaire because he wrote against great men, while he always carried the candle before them like a chamberlain. The gloomy Piedmontese never observed that Voltaire, while he carried the candle as a servant before the great, at the same time lit up their nakedness. Yet I will by no means acquit Voltaire from the reproach of flattery; he and the greater portion of the learned men of France crept like spaniels to the feet of the nobles, and licked the golden spurs, and smiled when they wounded their tongues on them or were trampled under foot. Yet when small dogs are kicked they suffer as much as great hounds. The secret hatred of French scholars against the great must have been the more terrible because in addition to the kicks they also received from them many benefits.[1] Garat relates of Champfort that he

[1] In allusion to the common saying that our bitterest foes are those whom we have benefited. "Tu omnium ingratissimé pro

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once took a thousand dollars (thalers), the savings of a very hard-worked life, from an old leather purse, and joyfully contributed them to a Revolutionary cause, on a certain occasion when, at the beginning of the Revolution, money was being collected; and Champfort was avaricious and had always been protected by the great.

But the men of the working-classes (*die Männer der Gewerbe*) did much more than the literati to bring about the fall of the old régime. If the latter believed that in its place there would be a Government of intellectual capacity, the former, as the industrials, held that there would be given to them, as the practically most powerful and influential part of the people, a legal recognition of their higher significance, and quite as certainly citizenly equality and co-operation in state affairs. And in fact, as all institutions had hitherto rested on the ancient military system and church faith —neither of which had any longer a life in themselves—society must in future be based on the two new powers in which throbbed the most life-power: that is, on industry and science. The clergy, who had been spiritually behind-hand ever

summis officiis quantum potes maleficiorum reponis." The Romans had even discovered a type of character so detestable that he would do to those who had rendered him kind service worse evil than he would have inflicted on an enemy.—*Translator.*

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since the invention of printing, and the nobility, who had been levelled to the ground by the invention of gunpowder, were now compelled to realise that the power which they had held for a thousand years was now passing from their proud but weak hands,[1] and going to the despised yet vigorous grasp of scholars and labourers. And they should now have perceived that they could only regain the lost power in common with those labourers and learned men, but they would not perceive it; they warred foolishly against the unavoidable, and there began a painful and absurd battle, in which crawling, windy falsehood and decaying, diseased pride fought with iron necessity against the guillotine and truth, against life and inspiration, and we still stand on the ground of conflict.

There was a miserable Minister, a respectable banker, a good father of a family, good Christian,

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[1] Melancthon has given some curious testimony to the fact that the Catholic Church perceived from the beginning that the art of printing would be indeed a black art, and one full of evil for it. It is very amusing to contrast the exultation which Heine here displays over the power of gunpowder as destructive to chivalry, with his scornful and bitter contempt of "base villanous saltpetre" when it was employed in cannon at Cressy against *French* nobility, as is most amusingly set forth in "Shakespeare's Mädchen und Frauen." The contempt which Heine evinces in that work, for common soldiers is only to be paralleled by his unbounded love for them elsewhere.—*Translator.*

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good arithmetician and accountant, the jack-fool of the Revolution. He believed stiff and strong that the deficit of the Budget was the only cause of the trouble and the strife, and he figured night and day to raise the deficit, till at last for mere sheer numerals he could see neither men nor their threatening aspect; and yet he had in all his folly one happy thought, which was to assemble the Notables. I say that it was a very happy thought, for it benefited Freedom; without that deficit France might have dragged on much longer in a condition of wretched sickliness. The calling together of the Notables hastened the crisis, and also the cure; and if the bust of Necker should ever be placed in the Pantheon of Freedom, we will place a fool's-cap crowned with patriotic oak-leaves on his head. It is indeed ridiculous to see only persons in great events and circumstances,[1] but far more absurd when they see in these things only figures or numerals. But there are small minds who in the slyest manner attempt

[1] *Dingen*, "things." I have already commented on the unpitying manner in which Germans "ding" this word into our ears to signify everything, from a teapot up to a revolution or the Divinity; but I may here praise Heine's great wisdom in declaring the folly of only seeing individuals in "things." It would seem as if, with his occasional spirit of prophecy, he foresaw this end of the century, when biography—the more gossipy and feeble the better—was to outbalance history, and Jane Carlyle soar in triumph far above Thomas.—*Translator.*

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to reconcile both errors, who even seek for the numbers in persons with which to explain things. They are not contented to regard Julius Cæsar as the origin of the downfall of Roman freedom, but they assert that the genial Julius was so deeply in debt that, to avoid being put into the jug,[1] he was compelled to jug the world with all his creditors. If I am not mistaken, there is a passage in Plutarch where he speaks of Cæsar's debts as the basis of such an argument. Bourienne, the little, trim, spruce Bourienne, the venal croupier at the hazard-table of the Empire, the pitifully-poor soul, has somewhere indicated in his Memoirs that it was pecuniary difficulties which inspired Napoleon Bonaparte in the beginning of his career to great undertakings.[2] In

[1] *Eingestecht*, literally "stuck in" or "put up"—as one might say of a man in prison in English slang, that he is "stuck" at last.

[2] Heine would have had no want of illustration for this theory that all genius or desert may be traced to money, or a want of it, had he looked to the United States, where it prevails among the multitude to an incredible extent. Thus Abraham Lincoln's ability is popularly ascribed entirely to his having been extremely poor, and, above all, a wood-chopper. Henry Clay's best card was that he had been the mill-boy of the Slashes; Johnson's, that he was an illiterate tailor; and so on through most modern candidates. Even a college education is hardly a creditable thing to many, unless indeed the student supported himself by teaching or waiting at hotels in vacation, and, above all, endured great hardships. Which is in a great

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this fashion many deep thinkers are not contented with considering Mirabeau as the cause of the overthrow of the French monarchy, but declare that he was compelled by want of money and debt to seek relief in overthrowing the existing state of affairs. I will no longer discuss such absurdity, yet I must mention it, because it may be that in a later time it may develop itself in fullest bloom. Mirabeau is now regarded as peculiarly the representative of that first phase of the Revolution which begins and ends with the National Assembly.

As such he has become a popular hero. He is discussed daily; he is seen chiselled and painted everywhere; he is set forth in all French theatres in all his forms, poor and wild, loving and hating, laughing and gnashing his teeth, a reckless, bankrupt god, whom heaven and earth obeyed, and who was capable of gambling away his last fixed

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measure great folly, for genius is independent of both adversity or prosperity, developing itself, it is true, very often *in spite* of the former, but being far more frequently aided and encouraged by the latter. This claiming that want of money is the one creative cause of genius is but a natural form of the belief that money is all in all, and the mere millionaire the very greatest and noblest of mortals. It may be observed that Heine predicts that a time is coming when this vulgar error "*sich am blühendsten entfalten konnte*"—"may develop itself most bloomingly," which prophecy is being rapidly fulfilled.—*Translator.*

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star and his last louis-d'or at faro; a Samson who tears down the pillars of the state to bury in the ruins his threatening creditors; a Hercules who at the parting roads of life accommodates himself to both ladies, and who recreates and refreshes himself in the arms of Vice from the exertions of Virtue; "an Ariel-Caliban, flashing with genius and ugliness," whom the poetry of love sobered when the poetry of reason had intoxicated him; a transfigured, glorified profligate of Freedom, worthy of great worship, a thing of doubtful nature (*Zweiterwesen*), whom only Jules Janin could depict.

And it is by the very same moral contradictions of his nature and life that Mirabeau was the representative of his age, which was just as reprobate and sublime, so deeply in debt and rich, who while in prison wrote the most lascivious romances,[1] yet at the same time the noblest books of freedom, and who afterwards, though

[1] The work chiefly referred to is the *Erotika Biblion*, a kind of cyclopedia or general account of all the aberrations of sensual passion, and not a romance. From a scientific-historical point of view it is not without value, as, for its time, it was a bold protest against the intolerable petty tyranny of the Church in matters which should be left to physicians. Mirabeau is said to have written this with no other work of reference except the Bible, but it certainly appears to have been modelled on that rare work, the *Brevis Delineatio*, &c., of Johann Georg Simon, Jena, 1682.—*Translator.*

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loaded with the old powdered wig and a fragment of the infamous old chain, advanced as the herald of the coming spring of the world, and cried to the pale and frightened master of the ceremonies of the past, "Allez dire à votre mâitre que nous sommes ici par la puissance du peuple, et qu'on ne nous en arrachera que par la force des baionettes." With these words the French Revolution began; no *bourgeois* would have had the courage to utter them; the tongues of *roturiers* and *vilains* were as yet tied by the dumb spell of ancient obedience, and so it was that it was only in the nobility, in that over-bold, arrogant caste, which never felt true fearful reverence (*Ehrfurcht*) before a king, that the new era found its first organ.

And here I cannot refrain from mentioning that those world-famed words of Mirabeau, as I was recently assured, were really due to Count Volney, who, sitting by him, whispered them in his ear. I do not believe that this report is quite groundless; it in no respect conflicts with the character of Mirabeau, who borrowed ideas of his friends as freely as he did their money, and who on that account has been terribly abused in many memoirs, especially in those of Brissot and the recently published work of Dumont.[1]

[1] Dumont declares, and evidently with truth, that Mirabeau had entire speeches written for him, which he merely got by

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For this reason many of his contemporaries have doubted as to his being a really great orator, and only allowed his real sallies of wit and *coups de théâtre* in the tribune. It is now very difficult to judge him fairly in this respect. According to the testimony of men of his time who may still be questioned, the magic of his oratory lay more in his personal appearance than in his words. It was especially when he spoke slowly and deli-

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heart and repeated. Yet it is very certain that the authors of these speeches could never, as orators, have been Mirabeaus. This leads to the truth that there is something so radically different in the French mind to the German or Anglo-Saxon or American that it is simply incomprehensible to us. Maquet did, with amanuenses or hacks, the greater, and even the most inventive part, of the work of Dumas the elder, yet Maquet never distinguished himself as a novelist. The revising "eye of the master" was needed. Shakespeare had to perfection this art of turning by the alchemy of genius the silver of others into gold. A stage manager and a very distinguished actress have both explained to me in detail that the most successful dramas are those in which the greater portion of the text is arranged, with the *mise en scène*, &c., by "the company," but where the author sketches the plot, writes the salient points of dialogues—which are generally cut down—and makes the characters. The innately dramatic character of the French mind explains this apparent contradiction. This paper by Heine is, *me judice*, throughout admirable, and prominent in it is his subtle perception of the true character of Mirabeau, which was in so many respects like his own. But Heine, like a German, always did his own work in full. It would have been practically better for him had, for example, his "Faust" and "Diana" been passed through the crucible of stage management.—*Translator.*

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berately that the hearer was thrilled at the marvellous sound of his voice, and when one heard the hissing of serpents under the flowers of speech. In passion he was irresistible. It is told of Madame de Staël that she once sat in the gallery of the National Assembly when Mirabeau rose to speak against Necker. It may be well understood that such a daughter as she was, who adored her father, was filled with wrath and rage against Mirabeau, but these inimical feelings vanished as she listened, and finally, when the storm of his eloquence increased to terrible power —when the poisoned lightnings shot from his eyes and the world-crushing thunder roared from his soul—Madame de Staël leaned far out over the railing of the gallery and applauded like mad.

But far more important than the oratorical power of the man was that which he said. This we can now judge most impartially, and see from it that Mirabeau most thoroughly understood his time; that he not only knew how to tear down but to build up,[1] and that he under-

[1] There are many passages in Carlyle's works which to me conclusively prove that he was under great obligation to Heine, and this is one of them. The great English writer, in speaking of Voltaire in "Sartor Resartus," sneers at him for having only a hammer to destroy, not a trowel wherewith to build, and requests him to take our thanks—and himself away. But

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stood the latter better than the great masters who are to-day still busy at the work. In the writings of Mirabeau we find the chief ideas of constitutional monarchy such as France needed; we discover the plan, though it be sketched hastily in mere outlines—and I sincerely commend unto all the wise and anxious rulers of Europe the study of these lines—lines of state which the greatest political genius of our age drew beforehand with prophetic insight and mathematical accuracy. It would be an important matter should any one make a serious study of adapting Mirabeau's works in this respect to Germany. His revolutionary and negative (*negierenden*) thoughts have found quick appreciation and promptly applied action; but his quite as powerful, positive, and constructive thoughts are less understood or applied.

Least of all did the world understand Mirabeau's predilection for the monarchy. What he would take from this of absolute power he helped to restore by means of constitutional security. Yes, he even thought of increasing and strengthening royal power by boldly tearing the king from the hands of the higher orders, who practically gov-

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in Voltaire's time there was everything to destroy ere the building could begin. It is not improbable that this work of Heine suggested "The French Revolution."

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erned him by court intrigues and the confessional, and placing him in those of the Third Estate. Mirabeau was the herald of that constitutional monarchy which, in my opinion, was the want of the time, and which, more or less democratically formulated, is now needed by us in Germany.

It was this constitutional monarchy which did the greatest injury to the Count, for the Revolutionary men, who did not understand him, saw in it a desertion or falling off, and thought he had sold the Revolution. They rivalled, in abusing him, the aristocrats, who hated him because they knew that Mirabeau, by destroying their business of privileges, would save and rejuvenate the kingdom at their expense. But just as the wretched conduct (*misère*) of the privileged class repulsed him, so was the coarseness of most of the demagogues destructive, and all the more because they, in the mad unchecked manner which we well know, already preached the Republic. It is interesting to read in the newspapers of that time to what strange resorts those democrats who did not as yet dare oppose him openly had recourse to annul the monarchical tendency of the great tribune. So, for example, when Mirabeau once expressed himself distinctly as a royalist, these journals could only help themselves by declaring that, as Mirabeau very often did not write his own speeches, it came to pass that the address

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which he had from a friend had not been read by him before delivery, and that it was for the first time on the tribunal that he noted that an altogether royalist oration had been perfidiously passed upon him.

Whether Mirabeau could have ever succeeded in saving the monarchy and founding it anew is to this day a subject of dispute. Some will have it that he died too soon, while others think he died a timely death. He did not die of poison, for the aristocracy just then had need of him. Men of the people do not poison; the deadly cup belongs to old-fashioned tragedies of palaces. Mirabeau died because he had enjoyed an hour before two dancing-girls, Mesdemoiselles Helisberg and Colombe, and a *paté de foie gras aux truffes.*

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VII.

PARIS, *May* 12, 1832.

THE historical reminiscences which I promised in the previous article must be delayed. The present has made itself so harshly felt (*so herbe geltend gemacht*) that no one can now busy himself with the past. The great universal affliction, the cholera, is gradually passing away, but it leaves behind much sorrow and affliction. The sun shines cheerfully enough, men go about once more chatting intimately and smiling, but the black suits of mourning which we see everywhere are a check to really cheerful feeling. A sickly sorrow seems to prevail among the people, as if they had all passed through a serious illness; something like a sentimental weariness oppresses not only the Government, but also the Opposition. The enthusiasm of hatred is very weak, hearts are muddy (*versumpfen*), thoughts are pale in the brain; we look at one another gaping good-naturedly; we are no longer ill-natured; men seem to have become peaceable and pleasant.

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German pietists might now do a good business here.[1]

People once believed that wonders would come to pass and sudden changes take place should Casimir Perier no longer take the lead; but it would seem as if meantime the evil had become incurable, and even the death of Perier cannot cure the state.

That Perier should perish by the cholera, or by a general disaster which neither strength nor cunning could resist, must needs disconcert his bitterest enemies. The universal enemy Death had crept in to their confederation, and the most vigorous assistance from such an ally was not agreeable. Perier, indeed, gained by it the sympathy of the multitude, who all at once felt that he was a great man. Now, when he must be replaced by others, this greatness becomes evident. If he could not with ease bend the bow of Ulysses, he was at least able to achieve it when he exerted all his strength. Certainly his friends can now boast that if the cholera had not prevented, he would have accomplished all his plans.

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[1] A friend of mine who was in Port au Prince, San Domingo (Haiti), after a great fire, which had destroyed nearly all the houses, and which was followed by a terrible pestilence, observed the same thing; with this difference, that the blacks, owing to their excitable temperament, took to merriment and dancing. It was the feeling of *relief* after a great disaster.—*Translator.*

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But what will become of France? Well, France is a persevering Penelope, who daily weaves and duly waits in hope of gaining time till the arrival of the right man or the husband. And who is he? That I know not. Only this I know, that he will bend the great bow and break up the banquet of the insolent suitors; he will treat them to deadly bolt-heads; he will hang the *doctrinaire* servant-girls who have prostituted themselves to all; he will purify the house of all its horrible disorder, and, with the help of the wise goddess, will establish better management. And as our actual situation, in which weakness is altogether like that of the time of the Directory, so shall we experience another Eighteenth of Brumaire, and the right man will suddenly appear among the powerful men, grown pale, and announce the end of their reign. Then there will, of course, be outcries that the Constitution has been violated, as of old in the Council of the Elders when there also came the right man to clear the house. But as he in anger cried aloud:—"Constitution! You dare to appeal to the Constitution! you who violated it on the Eighteenth of Fructidor, on the Twenty-second of Floreal, on Thirtieth of Prairial!"—even so will the right man cite the day and date when the *juste-milieu* Ministry also violated the Constitution.

How little the Constitution has entered not only

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into the thoughts and schemes of the Government, but also into the popular mind, is manifest when the weightiest constitutional questions are discussed. Both people and Government seek to explain or profit by the Constitution according to their own private feelings. The people are misled to this by writers and orators, who, either from uncertainty or party feeling, endeavour to pervert ideas. The Government is misled by that fraction of the aristocracy which, devoted through selfishness, form the present Court, and still regard, as they did during the Restoration, the representative system as a modern superstition to which the people cling, and which cannot be turned from them by force, yet which may be rendered harmless by slipping in under the new names and forms old personalities and ideas, and that without its being perceived. According to the conceptions of such men, he is the greatest Minister who can effect as much with the new constitutional formulas as was formerly achieved with the formulas of the old régime. Such a Minister was Villéle, of whom, however, when Perier fell ill, no one ventured to think, though they indeed had courage to consider Decazes. He would certainly have been appointed Minister, if the new Court had not feared that it would be soon supplanted by the members of the old. They feared lest he might bring the whole Restoration with him into

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the Ministry. After Decazes, Guizot was carefully considered.[1] He also was greatly trusted when it was necessary to conceal the most absolute aims under constitutional names and forms. For this quasi-father of the new doctrinaires, this author of an English history and of a book of French synonymes, understands how in the most masterly manner, by aid of Parliamentary examples drawn from England, to disguise the most illegal things with an *ordre légal*, and to suppress the high-flying spirit of the French with the heavy and learned letter of the law (*das plump gelehrte Wort*). But it is said that even while he conversed warmly with the King, who offered him a portfolio, he suddenly experienced the most ignoble symptoms of the cholera, and abruptly breaking off his discourse, departed, declaring that he could not resist the pressure of the time.[2] Guizot's failure (*Durchfall*) in the choice of a new Minister is narrated even more comically by others. Negotiations were then begun with Dupin, who was always regarded as Perier's successor, and who was believed to be a man of great strength and courage. But the proposal came to

[1] The two sentences following, on to the words, "But it is said," do not occur in the French version.

[2] Abridged in the French version to "se sauva en abrégeant son discours." The following sentence is also omitted. *Durchfall* has a coarse double meaning.

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grief because Dupin would not submit to the many restrictions which surrounded the presidency of the Council. There are, in fact, some peculiar circumstances as regards this presidency. The King himself often assumed it, especially in the beginning of his reign. This was always a great embarrassment for the Minister, and the misunderstandings of those times mostly proceeded from it. Perier alone was able to resist such encroachments, and thereby he withdrew affairs from the too great influence of the Court, which under every régime directs the King; for which reason it is said that the news of Perier's illness was not unacceptable to many of the friends[1] of the Tuileries. The King now seemed to be perfectly justified when he personally assumed the presidency of the Council; but when this provisory arrangement was made public there arose in the salons and newspapers a very violent dispute as to whether the King had a right to act thus.

In doing this there was manifested much chicanery and more ignorance. People gossipped about what they had only half learned and not at all understood, and there was a rustling and spirting from many mouths like a political waterfall.[2]

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[1] French version—*habitués.—Translator.*

[2] French version—"Et tout cela devint un bavardage bouillonnant et intarissable."

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The views of most of the journals were not of the most brilliant kind, excepting only the *National*, and there was again heard the old war-cry, which the Restoration had originated: "Le roi règne, mais ne gouverne pas." The three men and a half who then occupied themselves with politics in Germany translated his axiom, if I do not err, with the words, "Der König herrscht, aber er regiert nicht"—"The king rules, but does not reign." But I do not approve of that word *herrschen;* there is in it, according to my manner of thinking, a shade of despotism. And yet this maxim indicates the difference of the two powers, the Absolute and the Constitutional.[1]

In what does this difference consist? He who is politically pure at heart may most accurately discuss the question even on the other side of the Rhine. By deliberately turning it round and round, people have succeeded in making it on one side an aid to the most daring Jacobinism, and on the other to the most cowardly servility.

As the theory of Absolutism, from the contemptible but learned Salmasius down to Herr Jarke, who is not learned at all,[2] has been

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[1] French version—"Et pourtant cette maxime formulée par le génie politique de Thiers, a été acceptée pour bien établir la différence entre les deux pouvoirs absolu et constitutionnel."

[2] Heine speaks of the same Jarke in the *Reisebilder*—not very politely—as a contemptible legal insect.—*Translator.*

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chiefly defended by writers of suspicious character, it has happened that the evil reputation of its advocates has greatly injured the cause itself. He to whom an honourable name is dear, hardly dare openly defend it, though he were never so firmly convinced of its truth. And yet the doctrine of absolute power is just as honest and defensible as any other political opinion. Nothing is more revolting than what now so often happens—the confounding absolutism with despotism. The despot acts arbitrarily according to the caprice of his will; the absolute prince, with clear intelligence and sense of duty.[1] The characteristic of the absolute king is this, that

[1] It can hardly fail to occur to any thinking reader that this is not at all a distinction between two kinds of political power, but merely that of the possible difference between a good man and a bad, or of the varied private character of rulers in the same position. Carlyle, who, I believe, was very much indebted to Heine, though he nowhere manifests his obligations, made the utmost of this mighty and just hero in power, and roars for him aloud in many pages; but neither the one nor the other ever gave the world any idea how we are to put the right man in the right place. First catch your hero. There is again the mystical and supernatural theory that the Great Endowed always makes or finds his way to his proper position—"God alone knows how, but always somehow;" which is a manifest absurdity, since, if it were true, there could be nothing to complain of. The result of all which is simply this, that genius is a glorious thing, but by far too rare to be absolutely relied on, even in kings, while Heine and Carlyle demand that it shall be supplied with as much confidence as if it were oysters in season.—*Translator.*

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everything in the state is done by his will. But as only very few men have any will of their own, or rather as most men unwittingly wish for only that which their surrounding will, it comes to pass that the latter generally rule in place of the absolute king. We call the surrounding of a king his court, and it is the courtiers who rule in those absolute monarchies, where the kings are not of stubborn nature and impassable to foreign influences. The art of courts consists in hardening soft princes so that they may become a club in the hand of the courtier, and in so taming the wild that they willingly lend themselves to every game or to all postures and actions, like the lions of M. Martin; just as the latter knows how to tame the king of beasts by weakening him,[1] so courtiers know how to tame many a king of men when he is too stubborn[2] and wild by enervating vices, and to govern them through mistresses aided by cooks, comedians, voluptuous music, dancing, and similar intoxication of the senses. It too

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[1] Original—"Ach! fast auf dieselbe Weise wie Dieser den König der Thiere zu zähmen weiss, indem er nächtlich des Nachts seinem Käfige naht, ihn mit dunkler Hand in menschliche Laster einweiht und nachher am Tage, den Geschwächten ganz gehorsam findet, so wissen die Höflinge manchen König . . . zu zähmen."

[2] *Straubsam*, literally bristly, or, as is commonly said in New England, "has got his bristles up."

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often happens that absolute rulers are the most dependent of slaves on their surrounding, and if we could only hear the true opinions of those who are publicly regarded with the utmost hate, we should perhaps be deeply moved by the most truthful complaints of unheard-of arts of seduction and the sad perversion of the best feelings of the human heart. And there is, moreover, in unlimited power such a terrible capacity for evil temptation that only the very noblest man can resist it. He who is subject to no law is deprived of the most salutary means of defence, for the laws should protect us not only against others, but ourselves. Therefore the belief that their power is bestowed on them by God is not only pardonable in absolute princes, but even necessary. Without such a faith they would be the most unfortunate of mortals who, without being more than men, are subject to superhuman temptations and responsibilities. It was that *faith* in a divine mandate which gave the absolute kings whom we admire in history a glory and a greatness to which no modern royalty can rise. They were mundane mediators;[1] they had at times to expiate the crimes of their people; they were at once the offering and the priest; they were holy or *sacer* in the antique sense of

[1] French version—"Ils étaient des médiateurs célestes." German—"Weltliche Vermittler."

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the consecration of death. So we see kings of ancient days who in pestilences atoned with their own blood for the people, or who believed that the public suffering was a penalty for their private or personal sins. Even now, when there is an eclipse of the sun in China, the Emperor is terrified, and reflects whether he has not by some evil act caused the universal darkness, and so does penance that the light of heaven may again shine on his subjects. Among races in which absolutism still reigns in all its holy vigour, as is the case among the north-western neighbours of China even unto the Elbe, it would be taken ill should one preach doctrine of a representative constitution; but it is held to be quite as blamable to teach absolutism in the greater portion of the rest of Europe, where the faith in the divine right is extinct among princes and people.

By declaring that the essential being of Absolutism consists in this, that the will of the king himself governs (*regiert*), I indicate the character or true nature of representative or of constitutional monarchy the more readily when I say, "This differs from that, because institutions therein replace a royal will."[1] In place of this

[1] Institutions and ideas or principles also replace that more elusive and shifting form of despotism or sainthood, as the case may be, known as reliance on genius, coming men, and hero-worship.—*Translator.*

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will, which may easily be perverted, we here see an institution or a system of political principles which are immutable. The king is here a kind of moral person in a judicial sense, and he is less influenced by the individual passions of those who immediately surround him, than by the wants of his people; nor does he any longer act according to the unbridled desires of a court, but according to firm laws. Therefore in every country courtiers are the secret or open enemies of a constitutional system. This system has killed their power, which endured many thousands of years, by the profoundly ingenious arrangement that the king only represents the *idea* of power; that he may indeed choose his Ministers, but that they rule—not he; and that they in turn can only rule so long as they represent the opinions of the majority of the representatives of the people, since the latter can refuse the means of governing—that is, taxes. Therefore, as the king does not govern himself, the discontent of the people in case of bad administration cannot directly reach him. From which it results that in constitutional states the king in such cases chooses other and more popular Ministers, from whom a better government may be expected, while in absolute governments, where the king himself rules of his own free will, he is at once subjected to the wrath of his people, who, to help themselves, must overthrow the state. Therefore

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only by the king's *not* governing in person is the safety of the state independent of his personality, nor is it imperilled by every kingly, great, or niggardly small passion, and thereby attains a security of which earlier state-sages had no conception.[1] Since from Xenophon to Fénélon the education of a prince seemed to be a matter of primary importance, even great Aristotle must aim at it in his "Politics," and the greater Plato could propose nothing better than setting philosophers on the throne, or making princes into philosophers.

Therefore, as the king does not himself govern, he cannot be responsible; he is inviolable, and only his Ministers can be accused, condemned, and punished for bad government. Blackstone, the commentator on the English Constitution, erred in including the irresponsibility of the king among his prerogatives. This idea flatters a king

[1] The seven lines of the German text following are omitted from the French version. As regards the ensuing sentence, even the most aristocratic of conservatives will not deny that in the education of princes we seem to be falling to the other extreme of neglect, there still being left in Europe a few gentlemen of this class, for whom it would have been much better had they been better educated as regards morals, intellect, and *true* dignity. For what is a peccadillo in a private man becomes in truth a glaring sin or crime in a prince, by whose example, tastes, and habits thousands are seriously influenced. —*Translator.*

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more than it aids or profits him. In the countries of political Protestantism, *i.e.*, in those which are Constitutional, the rights of princes are rather recognised as founded on reason, which furnishes sufficient cause for their inviolability so soon as we admit that they cannot act themselves, and are therefore neither accountable, responsible, nor punishable any more than any one can be who does nothing. The maxim that "*the king can do no wrong*," so far as irresponsibility is based on it, amounts to nothing unless we add to it "*because he does nothing.*" But it is the Ministers who act in the place of the constitutional king, and they are in consequence responsible. They act independently; they may or can directly thwart any royal suggestion which does not agree with their own principles, and in case their manner of governing is displeasing to the king they can retire altogether. Without such freedom of will the responsibility of the Ministers, which they assume whenever they countersign any act of government, would be an impious injustice or cruelty—an absurdity; it would be an introduction of the doctrine of the scapegoat into political rights and principles. They are only accountable to their independent ruler, as he is to God.[1] They are only his devoted aids, his true servants,

[1] Thirteen lines of the German text are here wanting in the French version.—*Translator.*

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and must obey him unconditionally.[1] Their endorsement only serves to confirm the authenticity of the deed and of the royal signature. It is true that after the death of princes many such Ministers have been impeached and condemned, but always unjustly. Enguerrand de Miraguy defended himself in such circumstances with the touching words:—"We as Ministers are only hands and feet; we must obey our head, the king; he is now dead, and his thoughts lie with him in the grave—we cannot and we dare not speak."

After these few indications of the difference between absolute and constitutional power, it will be clear to every one that the discussion as to the Presidency as it has appeared during present circumstances does not so much concern the question whether the King should preside at the Council, as how far he can preside.[2] It is of no consequence that the Charte does not forbid it,

[1] The reader is requested to remember that such "damnable iterations" when they occur are the fault of the author, and not (as is too often the case in other books) that of the translator. Heine would have been delighted, if not with the grammar, at least with the form of expression of Martin Van Buren when he said in a message, "Our sufferings is intolerable, and not to be borne." There are, however, cases in which a German word, being, as it were, double-barrelled, requires a double load, or two words to convey all its strength. But "this is a horse of very different hue."—*Translator.*

[2] "Wie fern er es präsidieren darf." French version—"De quelle manière entend-il présider."

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or that a paragraph seems to permit it; but it is necessary to know whether he is to preside simply *honoris causa,* for his own edification, quite passively, without active participation, or whether he, as President, may make his own will prevail in leading and executing state affairs. In the first case, it may henceforth be allowed him to *ennuyer* himself, if it should be his pleasure, a few hours daily in the society of Messrs Berthe,[1] Louis, Sebastiani; in the other, it must be most decidedly forbidden to him.

In fact, according to this last supposition, he would, governing by his own will, come near being an absolute monarch—at least he would himself be regarded as a responsible Minister. Certain journals have asserted with much reason that it would be unjust, if a man lying on his deathbed, like Perier, or one who cannot so much as control the muscles of his face, like Sebastiani,[2] should be responsible for the independent acts of government of the King.[3] It is in any event a troublesome question of severe significance, for it will recall to many the saying of the Terrorists—"*La responsabilité c'est la mort.*" On this occasion the *National* declares, with a disagreeable for-

[1] This name, Berthe, is omitted in the French version.—*Translator.*

[2] French version—"Un apoplectique comme M. Sebastiani."

[3] *Regierungsacte.* French version—*Actes.*—*Translator.*

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wardness of which I cannot approve, the responsibility of the King, and consequently denies his inviolability. This cannot be other than a very unpleasant reminder (*Mahnung*), and one which may well cause him some reflection. His friends think it would be desirable that he should do nothing whatever which would in the least lead to discussing the principle of inviolability, which would ruin it in public opinion. Yet Louis Philippe, when we consider fairly his situation, cannot be altogether blamed for trying to help a little in governing. He knows that his Ministers are no geniuses;[1] the flesh is willing but the spirit is weak. The actual maintenance of power seems to him to be the main object. The principle of inviolability became to him only a matter of secondary importance. He knows that Louis XVI., of headless memory, was also inviolable. There is this which is peculiar as regards inviolability in France: the principle of inviolability is there inviolable. It is like the diamond which Don Fernando Perez de Acaiba wore in a ring, which had this wondrous power, that though its bearer

[1] "Er weiss, seine Minister sind keine Genies." French version —"Il sait que ses ministres ne sont pas des *géants*." Heine's secretary has here mistaken Genies for the giant Genii of the "Arabian Nights." In almost every sentence of this page there is a similar looseness or inaccuracy in the French translation. But it is sometimes impossible to decide as to which version is really the original.—*Translator.*

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should fall from the highest tower of a church, the stone would remain uninjured.

However, to remedy to a certain degree this terribly embarrassing dilemma (*Missstand*), Louis Philippe has created a provisional Presidency, and given it to M. Montalivet, who is at the same time Minister of the Interior, M. Girod de l'Ain becoming in his place Minister of Public Instruction. One need but see these men to be able to declare with perfect certainty that they have no independence and act as mere countersigning puppets.[1] Monsieur the Count de Montalivet is a well-formed young man, who has almost the appearance of a pretty schoolboy looked at with an opera-glass. The other, M. Girod de l'Ain, sufficiently known as President of the Chamber of Deputies, where he knows very well how to serve the interests of the King by prolonging or shortening the sittings, is devotion itself. He is a flabby, thick-set, stout man,[2] stiffish little legs, with a heart of papier-maché, and he looks like a Brunswicker who sells pipes in fairs and market-places, or a family friend who brings biscuits for the children, and who pats the dogs.

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[1] "Das sie nur als contrasignierende Hampelmänner agiren." French version—"Griffes à contre-seign."

[2] The words "flabby" and "of papier-maché" are omitted in the French version, and also all that remains of this chapter. —*Translator.*

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It is said, or rather very well known, of Marshal Soult, the Minister of War, that he is continually intriguing to be made President of the Council. This position is the aim of great strife in the Ministry itself, and the intrigues and snares which thereby cross one another often ruin the best plans, whence result antagonism, strife, and discords,[1] apparently originating in differences of opinion, but actually resulting from one common vanity, every one being ambitious (*ehrgeizt*) for the "Presidency." President of the Council is a defined title, which divides him rather too distinctly from the rest of the Ministry. Thus, for example, in the question of the responsibility of the Minister, the opinion prevails that the President is responsible for errors in the tendency of the Ministry, but every other Minister only for those of his own Department. This distinction, and especially the official nomination of a President of the Council, is a confining and confusing mistake. We do not find this among the English, whose constitutional forms are a model. The Presidency, if I am not wrong, does not exist among them as an official title. The "First Lord of the Treasury" is indeed commonly president, but not as such. The natural presi-

[1] "Gegnerschaft, Zwist und Zerwurfnisse," "Insatiate archer, would not one suffice?"—*Translator.*

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dent, though not legally such, is always that Minister whom the King has empowered to form a Ministry—that is, to choose among his friends and acquaintances those who agree with him in political opinions, and at the same time can control a majority in Parliament.[1] Such a commission has the Duke of Wellington received, Lord Grey and his Whigs being suppressed—for the moment.

[1] In the original letter which appeared in the *Allgemeine Zeitung* the following was the conclusion of this sentence: "So we have recently seen, when Lord Grey was obliged to resign, that the King gave the Duke of Wellington the order to form a new Ministry. I cannot refrain from mentioning, by the way, that when I lately predicted in these pages, in the beginning of March, in the most decided manner, the direction which the affair was taking, I was annoyed with much contradiction from every side, and many statesmen shrugged their shoulders at the German prophet. I have now—more's the pity!—the sad satisfaction of knowing that my prophecy has been fulfilled. Lord Grey and his Whigs are defeated, though it may be but for an instant; and the devil must again build a church."

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VIII.

PARIS, *May* 27, 1832.

CASIMIR PERIER degraded France in order to raise prices on Change. He wished to sell the liberty of Europe for the price of a shameful and short peace for France. He aided and availed himself of the *sbirri* of slavery, and whatever is worst in our own nature or selfishness, so that thousands of the noblest men perished by want and misery, wretchedness and degradation (*Schimpf*), and loss of self-respect. He caused the dead in the tombs of July to appear ridiculous—the poor martyrs of the great week, who did not fight for the younger Bourbon line[1]—while he has made life so terrible for the living that they must needs envy the dead. He has extinguished the sacred fire, closed the temple, angered the gods, and broken men's hearts. He has spiritually disarmed France, while he granted the enemy an armistice in which to supply themselves with

[1] This sentence is omitted in the French version.—*Translator.*

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material weapons ten times more threatening.[1] And yet I would vote that Casimir Perier should be laid in the Pantheon, or in that great house of honour which bears the golden legend, "Aux grands hommes la patrie reconnaissante." For Perier was a great man; he had rare talents and rare strength of will, and what he did he did in good faith that he was serving his country, and he did it at the sacrifice of his peace, his prosperity, and his life.

And there, be it marked, a country should be grateful to its great men, not so much for the profit and mere results of their deeds, but for their sacrifices and intentions.[2] Even more, when they attempted nothing and did nothing for their native land, it should honour its great names after death, for they glorified it by their great-

[1] This sentence is omitted in the French version.—*Translator.*

[2] A principle as applicable to individuals, as regards those who seek to aid them, as to the State, yet one which is rapidly losing ground in modern life, in which "taking the will for the deed" is distanced by the American saying that "Nothing succeeds like success." For those who live in "the movement" to say, "He meant well, and did his best to help me, but failed," is almost equivalent to saying that he was good for nothing, or as indifferent as an impotent enemy. The degree to which this is being unconsciously manifested in novels and journals is as remarkable as the fact that there has been no perception of its increase, and no indignant protest against it, by those who keep guard on the citadel of literature.—*Translator.*

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ness. As the stars are the splendour of the heavens, so do great men make splendid their home and the whole earth. For the hearts of men are as the stars of the earth, and I believe that could one look down from above on our planet, these hearts would ray forth to our eyes like brilliant lights or as the planets in the sky around. Perhaps from such a lofty point of view one may truly see how many splendid stars are spread on earth; how many shine in deserts all obscure, unknown and alone; how brilliant with them is our German land; how flashing and gleaming, France, that Milky Way of great human hearts.

[1] A great star perished with Casimir Perier. Yes, although this star, which followed so obediently the financial kings of the East, announced a salvation which was not for the poor but the rich, and a star of ill-omen for the sons of freedom, we will still with upright hearts recognise and bear witness to its greatness.

France has of late lost many stars of the first magnitude. The cholera has taken away numerous heroes of the time of the Revolution and of the Empire. Many distinguished statesmen, among whom Martignac was the most eminent, have

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[1] This sentence is wanting in the French version—an extraordinary instance of omission, since the whole preceding page is a leading up or introduction to it.—*Translator.*

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died of other disorders. The friends of learning especially regret the death of Champollion, who discovered so many Egyptian kings, and that of Cuvier, who found so many other great creatures which no longer exist, and proved to our mother earth, most ungallantly, that she is many thousands of years older than she has claimed to be. "Läh, Tähte sanne won" (les têtes s'en vont,) quacked M. Sebastiani when he heard of the death of Perier, and then cackled that he too must die.

The death of Perier caused less sensation than was expected, and had no effect on the Bourse. I could not refrain from going thither on the day when he died. There stood the great temple of marble where Perier was honoured like a god and his word like an oracle, and I felt the columns —the hundred colossal columns which range round without [1]—and they were all motionless and cold, even like the hearts of those for whom Perier had done so much. Oh, the pitiful dwarfs! They will never again find a giant who will sacrifice himself for them, and who will abandon the giants his brothers for their pigmy interests. This petty folk may henceforth ever mock the giants who, poor and clumsy, sit on the mountains, while they, the little ones, favoured by their stature,

[1] French version—"Je mis la main sur les colonnes qui s'élancent sous le pourtour."

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creep into the narrow entries of the mines and knock off the precious metals, or get them by the aid of the still smaller gnomes or *metallarii*. Descend even deeper into your mines, hold fast to the ladder, nor trouble yourself because its rounds are ever growing dirtier the lower you go to the richest veins of wealth.

I vex myself every time I enter the Bourse, the beautiful edifice of marble, built in the noblest Greek style, and consecrated to the most contemptible business—to swindling in the public funds.[1] It is the most beautiful building in Paris. Napoleon erected it, and he also built in the same style and proportions a temple to Glory. Unfortunately, the temple to Glory is as yet unfinished; the Bourbons changed it to a church, and dedicated it to the repentant Magdalen (*La Madeleine*). But the Bourse is perfect in its completed splendour, and to its influence we may ascribe the fact that its nobler rival, the Temple of Fame, is still unfinished and still remains, as if in disgraceful derision, dedicated to the repentant Magdalen. Here, in the vast space of the high-arched hall, here it is that the swindlers in public funds, with all their repulsive faces and disagreeable screams,

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[1] *Staatspapierenschacher. Schacher*, from the Hebrew, *shachern*, to haggle, make profit by sharp and close dealing, implying cheating. "*Schächer*," robber, wretch.

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sweep here and there, like the tossing of a sea of egotistic greed, and where, amid the wild billows of human beings, the great bankers dart up, snapping and devouring like sharks—one monster preying on another; and where, in the gallery, like birds of prey watching on a cliff, even speculating ladies may be seen. Yet here it is that the interests are at home which in this our time decide peace and war.[1]

Therefore the Bòurse is of such importance for us publicists.[2] Yet it is not easy to accurately grasp the nature of those interests according to every influential event, or to justly appreciate the results. The rate of state papers and of discount is of course a political thermometer, but one would be deceived if he believed that this

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[1] It is a question not for the present, but the future, whether a time may come when stock-exchange gambling, and with it syndicates and "trusts," will be legislated, with Italian lotteries, out of existence. "While men live they will gamble," says an old sharper in one of Lever's novels, referring to the *rouge et noir* and roulette banks of the last generation. Yet with the closing of that in Homburg in 1871, where I was present, such institutions were effectively ended in Germany, as were lotteries in all really civilised countries. In America, I believe that Louisiana is the only State which still officially maintains this latter lowest form of "play."—*Translator.*

[2] *Publicist*, literally an authority on public law, now generally extended to writers on public affairs. A publicist is often a literary man who publishes opinions in either newspapers, pamphlets, or books, and who sometimes also prints them. There is no word in English which quite corresponds to it.—*Translator.*

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thermometer indicated the highest degree of any of the great questions which now agitate humanity. The rise or fall of funds does not indicate that of the liberal or servile party, but the greater or lesser hopes entertained for the pacification of Europe, for the maintenance of affairs as they are, or rather for the keeping in safety those relations on which the payment of the interest of the public debt depends.[1]

From this limited point of view, the speculators on the Bourse are, as regards anything which may happen, greatly to be admired. Undisturbed by any intellectual or sentimental feeling, all their faculties are directed to the practical, and it is with almost animal instincts that they, like weather-frogs,[2] divine whether any event which is apparently a promise of peace may not be a cause of future storms, or whether a great disaster may not in the end confirm general tranquillity.

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[1] Thus it has been shown that in Italy the gold in which this interest is paid is about equivalent to that which is annually brought into the country by foreign travellers. Of this sum one-third is contributed by Americans alone. The English probably pay more.—*Translator.*

[2] A peculiar kind of small frog, which is, I believe, in France also called a *camargo*. It is kept in a glass jar half-full of water, in which there is a small ladder. When the weather will be fine, the frog climbs to the top of the ladder. I have read a French novelette entitled "Mademoiselle Camargo," the subject of which is what befell such a frog.—*Translator.*

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When Warsaw fell, no one asked what evil would result from it to humanity, but "Will the victory of the knout[1] discourage the stirrers-up of disorder —that is, the friends of freedom?" The affirmative to this question caused a rise in securities. Should there be suddenly received on Change a telegraphic message stating that M. Talleyrand believed in retribution or reward after death, French funds would at once fall 10 per cent., for it would be felt that he would attempt to reconcile himself with God, and renounce and sacrifice Louis Philippe and the whole *Juste-milieu*, and set at stake the admirable tranquillity which we now enjoy.[2] Neither existence nor non-existence, but peace or disturbance is the great question of the Bourse. According to this, the rate of discount regulates itself. In restless times money is uneasy; it retreats into the coffers of the rich as into a citadel, remains retired, and the rate of interest rises (*der Diskonto steigt*). In peaceful times money becomes free from care and confiding; offers itself cheaply, shows itself pub-

[1] *Kantschu.* Originally a Turkish word, signifying a leather whip.

[2] In the first or original letter in the *Allgemeine Zeitung* this sentence ends as follows :—"He would apply to Louis Philippe and the whole *Juste-milieu* his well-known—'Talleyrand hath given, Talleyrand hath taken away, blessed be the name of Talleyrand!' and so set at stake the admirable tranquillity which we now enjoy."

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licly, and is very affable—discount is low. By which we see that an old louis d'or has more intelligence than any man, and can best tell of coming war or peace. It may be that from such close intercourse with money all the gamblers on the Bourse have gained a kind of political instinct, and that while of late the deepest thinkers only expect a war, they remained quiet of soul and only believed in the maintenance of peace. If you asked of any of them his reasons for such security, then, like Sir John Falstaff, he would give none on compulsion, but always declared, "It is my idea."

In this idea the Bourse has of late strengthened itself, and even the death of Perier could inspire no other. It is true that it was long prepared for the event, and it is believed that his system of peace will survive him and be firmly maintained by the death of the King.[1] But this complete indifference to the news of the death of Perier gave me a disagreeable feeling. For decency's sake the Bourse might have shown its sorrow by just a little fall. But no; not an eighth of one per cent.; not an eighth of one mournful red cent. did funds fall at the death of Casimir Perier, the great banker-minister!

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[1] French version—"On se figure d'ailleurs que son système lui *servira*." If not a mere typographical error, this indicates translation by another than Heine.

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There was the coldest indifference manifested at the burial of Perier, as there had been at his death. It was a *spectacle*, like any other; the weather was fine, and hundreds of thousands of people were afoot to see the funeral as it slowly passed along the Boulevard to Père la Chaise. Smiles were on many faces; on others, the dullest, every-day expression; on most, simply ennui. Of course there were innumerable troops, though they hardly suited the hero of the pacific system of disarmament, with many National Guards and gendarmes. The artillery were also there with their guns, and they perhaps felt sincere grief, for they had under Perier good and easy times, like a sinecure. The multitude regarded it all with strange apathy, showing neither hate nor love. It was the enemy of all enthusiasm who was buried, and the convoy was Indifference. The only truly afflicted ones in this multitude of mourners were the two sons of the deceased. They, dressed in long black cloaks and with pale faces, walked behind the hearse. They are two young men of about twenty, short and stout, and of a general appearance rather indicating health and comfort than intellect. I saw them during the past winter at all the balls, jolly and rosy. There were spread on the coffin tricoloured flags draped with black crape. But truly the tricoloured flag had little cause to go into mourn-

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ing at the death of Casimir Perier. It lay mournfully like a silent reproach on his coffin, that flag of freedom which had suffered so much through his fault. And as much as by the flag was I touched at the sight of old Lafayette at the funeral of Perier, the apostate, who had once so gloriously fought with him under that banner.

[1] My neighbours who saw the procession spoke of the obsequies of Benjamin Constant. As I have been only a year in Paris, I only know the grief which the people felt on that day from description. Yet I can imagine what such popular suffering must be, as I had not long before seen the burial of the former Bishop of Blois, or the Grégoire of the Convention. There were, indeed, no grand officials, no infantry or cavalry, no empty mourning-coaches full of court-lackeys, no cannon, no ambassadors with gay liveries, no official pomp. But the people *wept*. There was the suffering of sorrow on every face, and though it rained like bucketsful from heaven, all heads were uncovered,[2] and the crowd harnessed itself before the hearse, and drew it to Mont Parnasse. Grégoire, a true priest, fought during his whole

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[1] The following passage to the words "The funeral of Perier," or twenty-three lines of the German text, are wanting in the French version.—*Translator.*

[2] *Apropos* of which it might be suggested that it would be a very humane thing if people when dying would kindly leave

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life for freedom and equality of men of every colour and of every faith; he was always hated and persecuted by the enemies of the people, and the people loved him and wept when he died.

It was between two and three o'clock when the funeral of Perier passed along the Boulevards. When I came out from dinner at half-past seven, I met the soldiers and the hearse returning from the cemetery. The vehicles now rolled fast and merrily along; the mourning drapery had been taken from the tricoloured flag; it and the equipments of the cuirassiers gleamed in the airiest sunshine; the red-clad trumpeters, trotting on white horses, gaily played the Marseillaise; the multitude, well dressed and smiling, tripped to the theatres; the sky, which had long been overcast with clouds, was now so charmingly blue, so sun-perfumed; the trees gleamed as if enraptured with their own verdure;[1] the cholera

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the request that no heads should be uncovered during the religious ceremonies at their funeral. There are probably very few of my readers who cannot recall instances, not merely of catarrhs, but of deaths resulting from this absurd custom. Nor is it much wiser to stand for perhaps half-an-hour in the open air, in possibly inclement weather, by a newly-dug grave, subject to the worst influences of malaria.—*Translator.*

[1] *Grünvergnügt.* The French version gives this simply as "si fraiche, si heureuse."

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and Casimir Perier were forgotten—and it was spring.

Now the man is indeed buried, but the system still lives. Or is it really true that that system is not the creation of Perier, but of the King? Certain Philippistes were the first to express this opinion, that confidence in the independent power of the King might be awakened, that it might not be supposed that he stood wanting counsel and support by the grave of his protector, and finally, that there should be no doubt as to the maintenance of the system which has so far existed. And now many enemies of the King are availing themselves of this belief; it comes to them like a wish at once magically fulfilled[1] that people date that unpopular system before the 13th of March, and attribute to it a most eminent founder, to whom, accordingly, the most eminent responsibility is attached. Friends and enemies often agree to mutilate Truth. They either cut off her legs, or else draw them out till they are as slender and thin as a lie. Party-spirit is a Procrustes which

[1] "Es kommt ihnen ganz erwünscht." There is in this word *wünschen* a very curious indication of early association with magic and sorcery, as if the wish had been fulfilled by miraculous or fairy aid. We find traces of it in *Wünschelhut*, *Wünschelruthe* (a magic wand), and *verwünschen*, to enchant, bewitch, or spell-bind. French version—"C'est combler un de leurs vœux les plus chers."—*Translator*.

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makes a bad bed for Truth. I do not believe that Perier, as regards the so-called system of March 13, only sacrificed his honourable name, and that Louis Philippe is the real father.[1] He perhaps denies the paternity of this embarrassing child, as did the peasant youth who innocently added, "Mais pour dire la vérité, je n'y ai pas nui." All the abuse which has been lavished on France is now placed to the account of the King. The kick which the sickly lion lately received at Rome from the she-ass of the Lord has intolerably exasperated the French. Yet they wrong him. Louis Philippe does not lightly endure an insult, and would be willing enough to fight, though not with every one,—for instance, with Russia, though willing enough with Prussia, whom he has already fought at Valmy, and consequently does not seem to fear. It has been observed that he shows no apprehension when Prussia and its threatening chivalry are discussed. Louis Philippe Orleans, the descendant of Saint Louis, a scion of the most

[1] In the French version this is better expressed as a question: "Serait-il vrai que, dans le système du 13 mars, Périer n'ait fait que sacrificier son nom honorable, et que Louis Philippe soit le véritable père de ce système?" As regards the anecdote which follows, there is an old jest of sixteenth-century Latin origin which would have been even more appropriate, in which a rustic, when similarly accused, replies, "I was neither author nor artist of this work—*non auctor nec faber sum hujus operis*—I did but aid a little in the making thereof."—*Translator.*

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ancient race of kings, the first gentleman of Christendom, then jests like a jolly citizen at what is, however, mortifying enough—that the Brandenburg (*die Uckermärks'sche*) camarilla look down so very aristocratically and with such pride of nobility on him, the poor citizen-king.

I may here mention that no one ever sees any airs of the grand seigneur in Louis Philippe, and that the French people could not, in fact, have chosen a more citizen-like man for king. Nor does he attach much importance to being a legitimate king, and, as it is said, Guizot's invention of quasi-legitimacy was not to his liking.[1] He does not envy Henry V. in the least his advantage of legitimacy, nor is he inclined to negotiate with or offer him money for this object; but Louis Philippe is, once for all, firmly of the opinion that he invented the citizen-kingdom; he has taken out a patent for the invention; he derives from it an annual income of eighteen millions, a sum which almost surpasses that of the gambling-houses of Paris, and he would like to secure such a profitable business to himself and his descendants.

I have shown in the previous article how dear to the heart of Louis Philippe, above all things,

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[1] In the French version Guizot's name is omitted. "Et l'on dit que l'invention du mot, de *quasi-legitimité* n'était pas tout à fait de son gout."

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is the retaining that royal monopoly, and considering how human and natural such manner of thought is, how much excuse there is for his usurpation of the Presidency of the Council. In fact, he does not seem to have retired into the proper limits of his constitutional rights, although he dares no longer preside formally. The real cause of dispute is as yet by no means settled, and it will be pulled and tugged at till the formation of a new Ministry. What chiefly indicates the weakness of Government is that the maintenance, renewal of, or changes in the Ministry depend not on internal wants or requirements of the country, but on foreign events. Such a dependence on external interests was shown sadly and publicly enough during the latest occurrences in England. Every rumour wafted thence to us caused consultation as to new combinations in the Ministry. Much was thought of Odilon Barrot, and people were well on the way to even think of Mauguin.[1] When the British helm was known to be held by Wellington, people lost their heads altogether, and were of a mind, by way of military counterpoise, to make Marshal Soult Prime Minister.

Freedom in England and France would then have been commanded by two old soldiers, who,

[1] This sentence is omitted in the French version.

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never having learned aught except to obey as slaves or to order as despots, would have been utter strangers or enemies to all independent citizenship. Soult and Wellington as regards character are mere condottieri,[1] only that the first was trained in a nobler school to the trade of arms, and thirsts for renown as much as for gold. Nothing less than a crown once formed a part of his booty, and I have been assured that Soult was for a few days actually King of Portugal under the name of Nicolo I., King of the Algarvi. The whim of his stern superior did not permit him to carry the joke farther. Yet he can certainly never forget that he has heard with delighted ears the sweet title of "Majesty," and seen with enraptured eyes men kneeling before him in most abject homage, and still feels on his hands the burning kisses of Portuguese lips—and the freedom of France is to be trusted to such a man!

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[1] Which thing Heine might have said with even greater truth of his idol Napoleon the First, or indeed in a sweeping way of any great conqueror who has risen from a humble position. But it is not at all applicable to a Wellington or Washington or Grant, for these men truly had *principles* for which they fought, and therefore were not mere adventurers. And here it may be remarked that if Soult had indeed as keen a desire for glory as he had for plunder, his must indeed have been a vaulting ambition which o'er-arched the skies; for history records little among civilised races to be compared to his "thorough, complete, and utterly unscrupulous" looting.—*Translator.*

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As regards Lord Wellington I need say nothing. Late events have proved that in my earlier writings I spoke only too gently of him. People, blinded by his clumsy, stupid victories, never knew that he was really a fool, but recent circumstances have proved it. He is stupid, like all men who have no heart; for intellect comes not from the head, but from the heart. Praise him then henceforth, ye venal courtly poets and rhyming flatterers of Tory pride! Sing him unceasingly, O Caledonian bard, thou bankrupt ghost with a leaden harp whose chords are of cobweb.[1] Sing him, pious laureates and paid singers of heroes, and while so doing sing his last heroic deeds! Never yet did a mortal show himself before the eyes of all the world in such pitiful nakedness. Almost unanimously has all England —a jury of twenty million free citizens—pronounced a verdict of "guilty" on the poor sinner who, like a common thief by night, aided by crafty female receivers of stolen property, would have fain stolen the crown-jewels of the sovereign people, its freedom and its rights. Read the *Morning Chronicle*, the *Times*, and even the words

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[1] This beautiful invocation is supposed to be addressed to Sir Walter Scott, whom Heine at times praised and then abused, even as he did Hans Sachs, in phrases which, if collocated, would suggest a lunacy of inconsistency.—*Translator.*

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of orators who are habitually most self-controlled, and be amazed at the deadly executing (*scharfrichterlichen Worte*) words with which they have scourged and branded the hero of Waterloo. His name has become a curse. By the most contemptible court trickery, it was brought about that he for a few days held the power in his hands which he dared not wield. For this, Leigh Hunt compared him to a grey old libertine, who would fain seduce a maid, who in this extremity consulted a friend as to what she should do. The latter replied, "Let him do what he likes, my dear, and then, in addition to the guilt of his sin, he will incur the shame of inability."[1]

I have always hated this man, but never thought he was so despicable. I have ever regarded those whom I hate as greater than they deserved; and I confess that I ascribed to the Tories of England more courage and power and magnanimous will to sacrifice, than they have now manifested, when such virtues were called for.

[1] Heine is here very amusing, and indeed interesting as a study, from the fact that a man of such extraordinary cleverness never seems to have perceived that to create a *conviction* in the mind of the reader of the evil nature of anybody, one should never run to the extremes of abuse, or, as the negroes express it, "sling too much sass." He goes too far for his own purpose who spasmodically screams, "Est ipsa nequitia nequitior, et quamvis peste pestilentior—trifurcifer, et vir vel cruce dignus!"

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Yes, I erred as to this high nobility of England. I believed that they would, like the proud Romans, never sell the field on which they had fought the foe at a lesser price than of old; that they would await the enemy seated in their curule chairs. No, a panic terror seized them when they saw that John Bull was behaving more seriously, and the lands with the rotten boroughs are now offered more cheaply for sale, and the number of the curule chairs is increased that the enemy may kindly seat themselves. The Tories now trust no more in their own strength, and put no longer faith in themselves. Their strength is broken. Of course the Whigs are also aristocrats, Lord Grey is as earnest in devotion to nobility as Lord Wellington, but it will go with this aristocracy as it did with that of France—one arm will hew off the other.

It is inconceivable that the Tories, relying on a subtle trick by night of their Queen, should be terrified when this succeeded, and the people rose against it, loudly protesting. This was to be foreseen by any one duly considering the character of the English and their legal means of resistance. Every man among the people had firmly made up his mind on the Reform Bill. All reflection on it had become a fact. The English have the great advantage in practical action or business, that they being accustomed as free men to speak their

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minds freely, always have a promptly formed opinion on every question. So they judge more than they think.[1] We Germans, on the contrary, are always thinking; from excess of thought we come to no decision, nor would it always be prudent to express it if we had one. One man is perhaps afraid of the displeasure of the Herr Police Director, another is restrained by modesty, another by sheepish shamefacedness[2] from forming any judgment. Many German thinkers have gone to their graves without ever having expressed an opinion on any great question. The

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[1] This is quite true, and it is also true that it has been carried to excess in America, where the greatest freedom of thought and speech prevails. But as every excess tends to a reaction or reform, it is remarkable to what a degree of late years the editors, who are the chief leaders of thought, have earnestly endeavoured to correct this evil by enforcing more thorough consideration of disputed public questions. Many striking proofs and illustrations of this could be adduced, as, for instance, the eminently practical manner in which the Socialist question has been treated. But the subject would require a chapter to fully set it forth.—*Translator.*

[2] *Blöd*, adj., *Blödigheit*, n. We have not an exact equivalent for this in English, though there is one in the Scotch and Irish *blate*. It implies modesty of a foolish, simple nature. *Blöd* is also commonly used to express silliness or weak-mindedness, without any reference to modesty, as in Scotch. "He's no' that blate"—"He is not such a fool." There appears, indeed, to be some reason for believing that the common phrase, "a bloody fool," owes its origin to *bloed*, and not to blood. In such case it would mean a bashful fool.—*Translator.*

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English are, on the contrary, decided and practical; every subject of thought assumes with them consistency, so that their thoughts, their lives, and they themselves become undeniable facts with inalienable rights. Yes, they are "brutal as a fact," and offer material resistance. A German with his thoughts, his ideas, which are weak as the brain from which they come, is at the same time only an idea, and when this idea displeases Government, they send him to prison in a fortress. So they had sixty ideas locked up in Köpenick, and nobody missed them; the brewers brewed their beer even as before; the almanac press continued to issue its art-novels all the same. But to that practical resistant nature of the Englishman, to that unbending obstinacy on decided questions, must be added the legal certainty with which they can act.[1]

We have no conception of the extent to which the English Opposition, the opponent of the Gov-

[1] This leads in England and America to such strict interpretation of the letter of the law that the guilty often escape under *fiat lex*. Then the newspapers compare our administration of justice unfavourably with the French, &c. But it is forgotten that absolute and general belief in the fact that the law will really be carried out *to the letter*, prevents a vast amount of crime in men, who would otherwise rely on a clever advocate to twist the letter to suit his own idea of the spirit, which is a very common occurrence in French, and still more so in Italian courts, in civil cases.—*Translator*.

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ernment, can proceed by legal means. One can only understand the days of Wilkes when one has himself seen England. Travellers who would give us an idea of English freedom do so by enumerating the laws. Laws, however, are not liberty itself, but only its limits; nor has any one on the Continent any conception of how much intense freedom is concentrated within those restrictions, and still less of the idleness and sloth of its guardians. It is only where they should be a protection against the arbitrary will of those in power that those boundaries are sternly and vigilantly guarded. When the men in power step beyond their rightful limits, all England rises like a single man, and arrogance is repulsed. In fact, the English people do not wait till liberty has been wronged, but whenever it is so much as threatened they rise in force with words and guns. The French of July did not rise in rebellion till they had received the first blow with the cudgel of arbitrary will—that is to say, the Ordinances —on their heads. The English of this month of May did not wait for the first blow; it was enough for them that the sword had been put into the hands of the far-famed executioner who had in other lands put Liberty to death.

Strange fellows are these Englishmen indeed! I cannot bear them, for I find them bores, most uncompanionable, and egoists; and as they croak

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and quack like frogs, they are to all good music natural enemies. They go with gilded prayer-books to their church, and despise us Germans because we eat sauer-kraut.[1] But when the English aristocracy succeeded by means of

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[1] For some reason, which absolutely defies all rational explanation, the ordinary German has an antipathy beyond expression for people who go to church bearing prayer-books. I once at a political German meeting in Philadelphia (where I indeed was one of the speakers) heard one of the orators, after attributing everything horrible to an opponent, such as democracy, temperance, and a belief in God, came to a climax by darkly hinting that he had been seen entering a church bearing a book of devotion. I took from this the idea embodied in Hans Breitmann as a politician:—

"I hear an oonfounded rumour dat der Schmitz pelieve
in Gott,
Und also dat he go to shoorsh mit a prayer-buch for
salvation."

The susceptibility as to sauer-kraut is not less remarkable. The only abusively severe attack on the Breitmann ballads which I ever read was by a German editor who most erroneously thought he had detected in them a sneer at this great national esculent. I had spoken of *stinging* sauer-kraut, and the good fellow thought I meant "stinking," not knowing, in all probability, much English. Truly no such thing ever occurred to me, one of whose earliest literary exploits was the translation into English of Uhland's beautiful poem on "Sauer-kraut mit Speck." It is said that there are in the lunatic asylum of Boston several modern Athenians who have been driven mad by sneers at pork and beans, but this is as nothing compared to what the *stock-Deutscher* feels when sauer-kraut is insulted.—*Translator.*

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court bastards in drawing "the German woman" ("*the nasty German frow*") into their interests; when King William, who had promised in the evening to Lord Grey to make as many new peers as would be necessary to pass the Reform Bill, and, influenced to the contrary by the Queen in the night, broke his word in the morning; when Wellington and his Tories laid their libertiicidal hands on the power of the state—then the English were all at once no longer tiresome, but very interesting; they even ceased to be unsociable, and, united by hundreds of thousands, they became men of one mind; their words were no longer croaking and quacking, but full of boldest euphony, they uttered things which rang more winsomely than the melodies of Rossini or of Meyerbeer, and they spoke no more with prayer-book piety of the priests of the Church, but took counsel quite free-thinkingly "whether they should not hunt the bishops to the hangman, and send King William with his sauerkraut kith and kin back to Hanover."

I laughed at many things while I was in England, but most heartily at the Lord Mayor, the real master of the precincts or limits of London, who has maintained himself as a ruin of mediæval communalty, in all his majesty of full peruke and broad spreading dignity of guilds and companies. I saw him in the society of his alder-

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men, who are the grave chiefs and elders of the *bourgeoisie*, daddy tailors, and uncle glovemakers,[1] mostly plump tradesmen, with red beefsteak faces and living pots of porter, but sober and very rich through industry and economy, so that I was assured that many of them had more than a million pounds sterling lying in the Bank of England. This is a great building in Threadneedle Street, and if a revolution were to break out in England, the Bank might be in great danger, and the rich citizens of London lose their property and become beggars in an hour. Nevertheless when King William broke his word, and the freedom of England was in danger, the Lord Mayor of London put on his mighty wig, and set forth on his way with the fat aldermen, and they all seemed as serene and secure and officially calm as if they were going to a glorious banquet in Guildhall; but they went to the House of Commons, and there protested most vigorously against the new Government, declaring themselves against the King in case he did not dismiss it, and would rather set life and property at stake by a re-

[1] *Gevatter Schneider*. *Gevatter*, in the time of Elizabeth, was closely approached as "gossip" or "gaffer," but the latter word has now lost much of its old meaning. *Gevatter* implies in German, familiarity, a bourgeois common-life position, not devoid necessarily of respect and age.—*Translator.*

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volution than permit the overthrow of English freedom. Strange fellows, truly, are these Englishmen!

I shall never forget a man whom I saw sitting at the left side of the Speaker in the English House of Commons, for never did a man displease me more. He is always there. He is a stout short figure with a great square head covered with repulsively-bristling reddish hair. His excessively red full-cheeked face is commonplacely and regularly ignoble, he has expressionless and cheap-looking eyes, a short pattern nose, far below which is a mouth which can never utter three words consecutively, unless there is a number among them or the subject is money. There is in his whole being a something niggardly, sordid, and shabby—in short, he is the true son of Scotland, Mr. Joseph Hume.[1] One should place an engraving of this head in the beginning of every account-book. He belongs to the Opposition, and the Ministers have all sore dread of him when sums of money are in question. Even when Canning was Minister he continued to sit

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[1] "Sleep, Mr. Speaker, Cobbett will soon
Move to abolish the sun and the moon;
Hume will ere long be taking the sense
Of the House on a question of eighteenpence."
—*Praed's Poems.*

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on the bench on the Opposition, and if Canning had to cite a figure in his speech, he asked in a low voice from Huskisson who sat near, "How much?" and when it was whispered, he repeated it aloud, whilst looking almost laughingly at Hume. Truly, no man ever displeased me as did this one. But when King William broke his word, Joseph Hume rose high and heroic as a god of freedom, and spoke words which rang as powerfully and solemnly as the great bell of St. Paul's; though the question here too was of money, but it was to say that the people would pay no more taxes—and Parliament adopted the proposal of its great citizen.

That settled the question. The legal refusal to pay the taxes alarmed the enemies of freedom. They dared not war with a people which set its life and fortune at stake. It is true they had their soldiers and their guineas. But they could no longer trust in the red-coated retainers, although they had, with faith well thrashed into them, been hitherto so obedient to Wellington's baton.[1] Nor did they rely any more on the devotion of purchased orators, for even the nobility

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[1] "Obgleich sie bisher dem Wellington'schen Stocke so prügeltreu gehorcht." French version—"Quoi qu'ils eussent jusque-là obéi sans murmure au batôn de Wellington."—*Translator.*

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of England now saw "that everything in the world is not for sale, and that eventually there will not be money enough to buy everything." So the Tories yielded. It was really the basest, but still the most prudent course to follow. But how did it come to pass that they perceived it? Did they perhaps find among the stones with which their windows were broken the stone of wisdom?[1]

[1] "Haben sie etwa unter den Steinen womit man ihnen die Fenster einwarf, zufällig den Stein der Weisen gefunden." French version—"la pierre philosophale."

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IX.

PARIS, *June* 16, 1832.

JOHN BULL now demands *a cheap government and cheap religion*, and will no longer give away all the fruits of his labour so that the whole crew of those gentlemen who administer his public affairs, or who preach to him Christ and humility, shall revel in the most arrogant excess. He has no longer that awe of their power which once influenced him, and John has also observed that *la force des grands n'est que dans la tête des petits.* The spell is broken since the English nobility have shown their weakness. They are no longer feared, since it has been seen that they are only weak mortals like the rest of us. When the first Spaniard fell, and the Mexicans observed that the white gods whom they saw armed with thunder and lightning were also subject to death, it might have gone badly with the latter, had not their firearms given them a balance of power. But our enemies have not this advantage. Barthold Schwarz invented gunpowder for us all. In vain the clergy cry gaily, "Render unto Cæsar the

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things which are Cæsar's."[1] Our reply is, "We have for eighteen hundred years been giving Cæsar far too much; what remains shall now be for us."

Since the Reform Bill has become a law, the aristocrats have grown of a sudden so magnanimous, that they declare that not only the man who pays ten pounds in annual taxes, but that every Englishman, even the poorest, should have the right to vote in electing members of Parliament. They would rather be dependents on the lowest mob of beggars and blackguards (*Bettler und Lumpengesindel*) than on the prosperous middle-class, which is not so easy to bribe or corrupt, and which has not so great a sympathy for them as it has for the populace. The latter has indeed an affinity of feeling with the highly born; for they both, nobs and snobs (*der Adel und der Pöbel*), have the greatest detestation of work, the extremest loathing for common industrial activity: they prefer stealing the goods of another, or the presents and "tips" for occasional menial service; making debts is not beneath their dignity. The beggar and the lord

[1] "Vergebens *scherzt* die Klerisei." French version—"C'est en vain que le clergé nous crie en soupirant." This hints at *schmerzen*, which I cannot, however, regard as an appropriate word in this connection.—*Translator.*

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both despise middle-class honour; they have equal shamelessness when hungry, and they both agree in hating the prosperous citizen.[1] There is a fable which tells us that the upper rounds of a ladder once said scornfully to the lowest, "Do not believe that ye are like to us: ye stick in the mud, while we rise high above it. The hierarchy of the rounds was established by Nature and rendered holy by time—it is legitimate." But a philosopher who was passing by heard this highly aristocratic speech, and reversed the ladder. This often happens in life, and then it is seen that the highest and lowest rounds of the social ladder show similar sentiments in the same circumstances. The noblest *émigrés* who fell into misery in foreign countries became utterly vulgar beggars in feelings and tastes, while the idle and vulgar Corsican wretches who took their place in France spread themselves as auda-

[1] It is hardly worth while to remark to any intelligent unprejudiced English reader, be he Conservative, Liberal, or even Radical, that our author here sinks to the level of a low pothouse orator, abusing what he does not understand. But there may be a few in other countries who may be reminded that the *great* majority of Englishmen even in Heine's time, who were below paying ten pounds taxes, were far from being all "beggars and blackguards," preferring occasional tips to steady wages, and that then, and still more now, that was a very trifling minority of the nobility who *despised* work or could be classed as mere arrogant idlers.—*Translator.*

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ciously, with upturned noses, and as court-like as if they were the *plus ancienne noblesse.*

How dangerous for the friends of freedom the alliance between the *noblesse* and the mob may be has been shown most repulsively in the Iberian (*pyrenaïschen Halbinsel*) peninsula. Here, as in certain provinces in Western France and Southern Germany, the Catholic priesthood blessed the Holy Alliance; and the clergy of the Protestant Church have busied themselves everywhere in promoting the beautiful alliance between the people and the men in power—that is to say, between the populace and the aristocracy—in order that the ungodly—*i.e.*, the Liberals—may not get the upper hand. For as they very correctly perceive, he who recklessly uses his own reasoning powers and denies the privileges of the aristocracy will end by doubting the holiest doctrines of religion, and will no longer believe in original sin or Satan, or redemption or the Ascension; he will no longer seek the table of the Lord—in which case he will not bestow on the servants of the Lord any of the Lord's-supper *pour-boires,* or other fees and tips on which their subsistence—and of course the salvation of the world—depends. The aristocrats have, on their side, seen that Christianity is a very profitable religion; that he who believes in original hereditary sin will not deny hereditary privileges; that hell is a very good institution to keep men

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in fear, and that any man who can eat his god can swallow and digest anything. All of these noble people were, it is true, once very impious themselves, and contributed much by the dissolution of their manners towards the overthrow of the *ancien régime*. But they have now amended their manners, and at the last perceive that they must set the multitude a good example. After the old orgie had such a shameful end, and the bitterest penance succeeded the sweetest intoxication of sin, the noble gentlemen exchanged their nasty novels for books of devotion, and became very devout and chaste—for they would fain set the folk a good example. And the noble ladies, with the rouge wiped from their faces,[1] have risen from the floor of sin, and arranged their dishevelled locks and rumpled skirts, and preach virtue and decency and Christianity, and will also give the people a good example.[2]

I love the memories of the battles of the first Revolution and of the heroes who sustained them,

[1] In the French version—"Les nobles dames aussi, la figure rouge se sont relevées du sol du péché."

[2] Heine here adds the following note, which is omitted in the latest French edition :—

"I have here been obliged to cut out several passages (*Stücke*) which favour too much that *Moderatism* which in time of reaction is no longer creditable nor expedient. In their place I give a subsequently written note, which I append to the end of this letter."

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and honour the latter as much as even the young men of France can do—yes, even before the days of July I admired Robespierre, Sanctum Justum,[1] and the great Mountain—and yet I would not like to live under the *régime* of such great souls. I could never endure being guillotined every day —and nobody ever did endure it—and the French Revolution could only conquer, and, conquering, bleed to death (*Siegend verbluten*). It is no contradiction that I enthusiastically love this Republic without desiring in the least the restoration of this form of government in France, and still less a German version of it. [2] Yes, one can, without being illogical, wish the Republic might be introduced to France, and, at the same time, monarchism be maintained in Germany. In fact, he to whom the securing the victory for which the democratic principle is to be fought lies nearer to the heart than any other interest, may easily find himself in such case.

Here I touch the great controversy which is now waged in such a bloody and bitter spirit in France, and I must give the reasons why so many friends of freedom still adhere to the present Government, and why so many more desire its

[1] Saint Just, here Latinised to more emphatically mark the Saint.

[2] The following sentence is wanting in the latest French version.—*German Editor.*

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overthrow and the restoration of the Republic. The former, or the Philippists, say, "France, which can only be governed monarchically, has its fittest king in Louis Philippe; he will more certainly secure the freedom and equality which has been attained, because he is in manners and sentiments reasonable and citizen-like; he cannot have, like those of the previous dynasty, a grudge in his heart against the Revolution, because his father, like himself, took part in it; he cannot, like a traitor, betray the people to this old dynasty, since he as a relative must hate them more sincerely than any others; he can live at peace with other kings, because he, in regard to his high birth, may be pardoned his illegitimacy, whereas a war would have been promptly proclaimed if a mere *roturier* had been placed on the French throne, or the Republic had been proclaimed; and peace is, after all, necessary for the prosperity of France."

To which the Republicans reply, that the tranquil happiness of peace is doubtless a great blessing, but that it is worth nothing without freedom. It was inspired with this feeling that their fathers stormed the Bastile, beheaded Louis Capet, and waged war with the whole aristocracy of Europe; that this war is not yet at an end, that there is only a truce; that the European aristocracy has still the deepest hatred of France, and that it is a hatred unto death, which can only end with the

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destruction of one power or another. But Louis Philippe is a king whose chief care is to keep his crown: he has an understanding with and allies himself by marriage with kings, and that, pulled hither and thither by various private interests, and condemned to the most pitiful, shillyshallying, half-way course,[1] he is incompetent to represent those holiest interests which the Republic only could once set forth so vigorously, and that in consequence the re-establishment of the Republic is a necessity.

He who has not in France those precious possessions which war may destroy, may easily sympathise with those warriors, eager for battle, who sacrifice peaceful prosperity to the victory of democratic principles, who set fortune and life at stake, and who will fight till all European aristocracy is destroyed. And as Germany belongs to Europe, there are many Germans who sympathise with the French Republicans; but as men often go too far, it takes the form among them of a prepossession for the Republican form itself, from which results something almost unintelligible—German Republicans. That Poles and Italians, who, like the German friends of freedom, expect more benefit from the French Republicans

[1] "Und zur leidigsten Halbheit verdammt." French version —"Condamné à une intolérable duplicité."—*Translator.*

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than from the *juste-milieu*, and therefore like them more, should also think well of the Republican form of government, which is not quite unknown to them, is natural enough. But German Republicans! one can hardly trust his eyes or ears, and yet we see them both here and in Germany.

And still, when I behold my German Republicans, I rub my eyes, and say to myself, "Dost thou dream?" And when I read the German *Tribune* or similar publications, I ask myself, "Who was, then, the great poet who imagined all this? Does Dr. Wirth, with his shining sword of honour, really exist? Or is he only a fantastic image by Tieck or Immermann?" But then I feel that poetry cannot rise so high, that our great bards cannot conceive such remarkable and significant characters, and that Doctor Wirth really has body and soul (*wirklich leibt und lebt*), a wandering but brave knight of freedom, of such as Germany has seen but few since the days of Ulrich von Hütten.

Can it be true that the silent land of dreams has begun to live and act? Who could have imagined it before July 1830? Goethe with his nursery songs, the Pietists with their tiresome prayer-book tones, the Mystics with their magnetism, had completely lulled Germany to sleep, and spreading far and wide over the immense surface, everything was quiet. But the bodies

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were only sleep-bound, the souls prisoned in them still had strange consciousness of their existence. The writer of these pages wandered once as a young man through the German land, and looked at the sleeping men. I saw pain on their faces; I studied their physiognomies, I laid my hand on their hearts; they began to speak in somnambulic condition in strange broken phrase, revealing their inmost thoughts. The guardians of the people, with their gold nightcaps drawn down deeply over their ears and well wrapped in ermine, in dressing-robes of ermine, sat on red-cushioned chairs of velvet, slept, and snored also; and as I wandered on with sack and staff, I spoke or sang aloud what I had heard, and what I saw on the sleeping faces, or had heard from their sighing hearts. All was very still around me then, and I heard nothing but the echo of my own words. Since then, Germany, startled by the cannon of the great week, is now awake, and now every one who has hitherto been silent would fain make up for lost time, and there is a chatter of tongues and a riot, and there is a great smoking of tobacco, and from the dark clouds threatens a dreadful storm. It is like a raging sea, and on the high cliffs stand the orators. Some are blowing with puffed-out cheeks at the waves, and really believe they caused the storm, and that the more they blow the wilder howls the

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gale;[1] others, in fear, hear the ship of state creaking, and gaze on the wild waves with terror, and having learned from their school-books that one may calm the sea with oil, pour the contents of their study-lamps into the howling flood of humanity—or, to speak more prosaically, they write a conciliatory pamphlet, and are amazed that 'tis of no effect, and murmur sadly, "*Oleum perdidi!*"

It is easy to foresee that the idea of a German republic, as so many German minds now conceive it, is by no means a fleeting fancy. Doctors Wirth and Siebenpfeiffer, and Messrs. Scharff and George Fein of Brunswick, and Grosse and Schüler and Savoye, may and will be imprisoned, but their thoughts will be free and sweep free as birds through the air. They will nest like birds in the summit of German oaks, and perhaps for half a century nothing more will be heard of them.

Then, some fine summer morning, they will appear all at once in the public square, grown to be great as the eagle of the god supreme, with lightnings in their claws. For what is fifty years, or even a whole century? Races have time enough, for they are eternal—only kings are mortal.

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[1] *Windsbraut*, given in dictionaries as a gust of wind, &c., but properly the breeze or puff of air which precedes a storm. In legend it is the storm-hunter chasing his bride.—*Translator.*

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I do not believe that there will be a German revolution very soon, still less a German republic, and come what may, I shall never see the latter; but I am certain that when we shall long have decayed in our graves there will be strife in Germany, with word and sword, for the Republic. For the Republic is an *idea*, and Germans never yet abandoned one till they had fought it out to its last consequences. Can we Germans, who in our Art era fundamentally fought out the smallest æsthetic questions—as, for example, the sonnet—now that our political period is beginning, leave that far weightier problem unresolved?

For such strife the French have supplied us with special arms, as we, both French and Germans, have of late learned much of one another—the former having received much German philosophy and poetry, and we, in turn, the political experiences and practical sense of the French. Both races are like the Homeric heroes who exchanged weapons and armour on the field of battle in sign of friendship. Thence came especially the mighty change which is now progressing among German writers. In earlier times they were either learned professional men[1] or poets, who troubled them-

[1] *Fakultätsgelehrte*, implying connection with or education at an university; "members of the learned professions;" *savants des facultés.*

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selves little as to the people, for whom neither wrote, and in philosophic, poetic Germany the multitude were crusted with the mire of ignorance, and when they quarrelled with authority the question was of rough practical facts, actual needs, burdens of taxes, customs, injuries by game, tolls, and so forth; while in practical France the people, educated and trained by writers, fought much more for ideal interests and philosophic principles.

In the War of Freedom (*lucus a non lucendo*)[1] the Government employed a couple of university[2] learned and poetic gentlemen to work upon the people, who showed great susceptibility, read the *Mercury* of Joseph Görres, sang the songs of E. M. Arndt, bedecked themselves with the leaves of their national oaks, armed themselves, showed themselves inspired in rank and file, assumed to be addressed as "You,"[3] militia-ed and stormed

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[1] "Light, from not shining." Our author here intimates that there was no principle of freedom at stake in the earlier German war with France.

[2] "*Koppel*," generally applied to two dogs coupled together. Hence, in the French version, *une meute, i.e.*, a pack of hounds. Our author refers, however, only to two authors.—*Translator.*

[3] "Liess sich *Sie* tituliren," that is, claimed to be addressed more respectfully. "He expects to be always called Mister, now he's got thirty dollars a month," said an American. In Pennsylvania-German *Sie* is unknown. In the words of an observer, "They 're always *du*-ing one another—specially in

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(*landstürmte*) and fought and conquered Napoleon, for, as Schiller says, "Against stupidity the gods themselves fight in vain." And now the German Government would fain use that pair again, but they have meantime been lying chained together in a dark den, and become very mangy and in evil odour, and learned nothing new, and always bark in the old fashion; but the people have heard other tones since then—high and noble notes of civic equality, of rights of men—inalienable rights—so that it is with a smile of compassion, if not with contempt, that they look down on the well-known barkers, the mediæval hounds—the trusty poodle and the pious pug of 1814.[1]

Yet I would not re-echo utterly and altogether

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horse-trades." In the next clause, "as Schiller says" only occurs in the French version.—*Translator*.

[1] In the preceding passages our author sets forth strikingly one of his commonest weaknesses or follies, that of blaming or ridiculing the past because it was not like the present. If the evolutionary philosophy of the present day has had no other good result, it has at least begun to teach us that, as nature goes, we cannot have everything at once. The high and noble notes of civic equality and songs of inalienable rights were not wanted when the question was to repel French invaders, any more than a blast from the last trump is wanted to call hotel boarders to dinner. But Görres, though dead, was not "played out," even during the last French-German war, for good words for the time were even then found in the *Suabian Treasury*.—*Translator*.

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the tones of 1832. I have already expressed myself as regards the least attractive of them, that is to say, our German Republicans. I have indicated the accidental circumstance to which their appearance is due. And I will not here by any means combat their opinions. That is not my office, and for such business the Governments have their special agents, who receive for such work special pay. But I cannot here refrain from the remark that the chief error of the German Republicans consists in not duly considering the difference between the two countries when they desire for Germany that republican form of Government which may perhaps be quite suitable to France. It is neither its geographical position nor the armed interpellation of neighbouring princes which must prevent Germany from becoming a republic, as the Grand Duke of Baden lately declared. On the contrary, it is those very geographical relations which would best support the German Republicans in their arguments; and as for foreign danger, an united Germany would be the most terrible power in the world, for truly a race which fought so bravely under servile influences, if it should consist of pure Republicans, would easily surpass in bravery all threatened Bashkirs and Cossacks. But Germany cannot be a republic, because it is essentially royalist. France, on the contrary, is in its very

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being republican.[1] I do not here assert that the French have more republican virtues than we —by no means, for such virtues are not superabundant, even in France. I speak only of the being or of the character by which Republicanism and Royalism not only differ from each other, but also manifest and make themselves practically felt as radically different phenomena.[2]

The royalism of a race consists, according to its nature (*dem Wesen nach*), in this: that it respects authority, that it believes in the persons who represent that authority, and that in this confidence also attaches itself to the person. The *Republicanism* of a race lies really in the Republican believing in no authority, that he only esteems the laws, constantly demanding account from their representative, regards the latter with distrust, controls them, never attaches himself to persons; and, what is more, the higher they raise themselves above the people the more zealously does he seek to degrade them by contradiction, mistrust, mockery, and persecution.

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[1] This sentence is omitted in the French version, though the following directly depends on it. The omission is not noticed in the German edition.—*Translator.*

[2] "Sondern sich auch als grundverschiedene Erscheinungen kundgeben, und geltend machen." French version—"Mais le manifestent comme deux faits radicalement différents."—*Translator.*

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Ostracism was from this point of view the most republican of institutions, and that Athenian who voted for the punishment of Aristides "because people were always calling him the Just" was the republican *par excellence* (*der echteste Republicaner*). He would not have virtue represented by one person, and that the person would at last be more than the law—he feared the authority of a name. This man was the greatest citizen of Athens, and it is most characteristic of him that history has not preserved his name.[1] Yes, since I have studied the French Republicans in their writings, as in their lives, I recognise everywhere as a characteristic sign that distrust of persons, that hatred of the authority of a name. It is not a petty narrow yearning for equality which makes these men hate great names—ah, no!—they fear lest those who bear them will use them against freedom, or else by weakness and yielding may allow others to misuse them.[2] For this reason so many great and popular heroes of liberty were

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[1] Not so. What was most characteristic of him was that he could neither read nor write.—*Translator.*

[2] Doubtful, to the last degree. When I, in ultra-republican far Western American villages, have heard the natives bitterly revile a stranger for wearing a chimney-pot or stove-pipe shiny hat, it struck me that the motive was great indignation that any one should be by any chance better dressed than themselves, or that they were, in fact, inspired by the most burning *kleinliche*

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executed, because it was feared lest in a time of peril they might in perilous circumstances make bad use of their authority.[1] For this cause I still hear from many a mouth the Republican doctrine that we should ruin all Liberal reputations, because they *might* exercise in some decisive moment the most injurious influence, as was recently seen by Lafayette, to whom we owe thanks for the best republic.[2]

I have here, perhaps, indicated incidentally the cause why there are now so few great characters in France; they have for the most part been destroyed. From the highest to the very lowest

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Gleicheitssucht, or narrow yearning for equality—plainly envy—but were in no degree afraid lest the wearers of the hats should use them against freedom, or in an unguarded moment suffer them to be turned against "Virtue, Liberty, and Independence."

[1] "It was feared lest"—"might" and "perhaps!" And therefore, for such vague, cowardly fears and dim possibilities, all the great heroes who had caused the Revolution were justly put to death, or because they had distinguished themselves! Truly a fine way *pour encourager les autres*. This is a very thin defence. They were put to death by the coarser, viler, and more cowardly characters who had not the brains or courage to begin the Revolution, but who, when the real workmen had toiled through the heat of the day, fell on them and slew them to take their wages. It was the spirit of blood and deviltry let loose, and no transcendental-socialistic theories as to the cabalistic power of names which destroyed those great men.—*Translator.*

[2] The words after "Lafayette" are wanting in the French version.—*Translator.*

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persons, there are now no longer any authorities. From Louis Philippe to Alexander, the *chef des clacqueurs*;[1] from the great Talleyrand to Vidocq; from Gaspard Debureau, the celebrated Pierrot of the Funambules Theatre, up to Hyacinthe de Quelen, Archbishop of Paris; from Monsieur Staub, *maître tailleur*, to Lamartine, the pious little goat; from Guizot to Paul de Kock; from Cherubini to Biffi; from Passini to the smallest gaping Ape-ino (*Maulaffi*)—no one, whatever his trade may be, has an uncontested supremacy, a sole consideration. But it is not only the faith in individualities which is contested, but in all which exists. Indeed, in most cases one does not even doubt, for doubt presupposes belief. There are no atheists here; there has not survived so much respect for the good Lord as even to deny him. The old religion is utterly dead and gone into decay; the "majority of Frenchmen" pay no attention to this corpse, and hold handkerchief to nose when Catholicism is spoken.[2] Ancient morality is likewise dead; when it appears, it is

[1] "*Auguste*" in the French version. I may be mistaken, but I think it was this same Auguste, *chef des clacqueurs*, whom I met in 1847 at a small and cheap but respectable restaurant outside the Barrier. The following list of names is much abridged in the French version.—*Translator.*

[2] In the French version—as usual—*Catholicism* is omitted, and *l'Eglise* substituted.

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but as a ghost, which does not even walk by night. Truly, when I regard this race, how it ever and anon rages up and breaks on the table called the altar the holy playthings, and tears the crimson velvet of the chair—I mean the throne—and wants new bread and new games, and finds delight in seeing the bold blood of life spirt from wounds in its own heart—then it seems to me as if it did not e'en believe in death!

Among such unbelievers royalty is only rooted in the little wants of vanity; but a far greater power impels it, despite itself, to a republic. Those men whose desires for distinction and display agree only with a monarchical form of government are still, by the incompatibility of their natures with the conditions of royalty, condemned to endure a republic.[1] But the Germans are not yet in this state; the faith in authority is not yet extinct emong them, and nothing essential (*nichts Wesentliches*) impels them to a republican form of

[1] This was something more than a merely safe prediction or guess. Even in Louis Philippe's reign the rapid growth of bankers, capitalists, and *nouveaux riches*, with their love of ostentation, which afterwards increased to such extravagance under the Empire, was such as to indicate to a thinker that a *régime* based on the Bourse would in time create a republic. From one point of view it may be said, that where there are the most exchanges or the greatest passing of money from hand to hand, there is not only the most prosperity, but the greatest freedom and equality.—*Translator.*

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government. They have not outgrown royalty; respect for princes has not been forcibly destroyed; they have not lived through the misfortune of a twenty-first of January; they still believe in persons, in authorities, in a high command,[1] in the police, in the Holy Trinity, in the *Literary Gazette* of Halle, in blotting-paper and packing-paper, but most of all in parchment. Poor Wirth! you reckoned without your guests.[2]

The author or writer who would prepare a social revolution must be a century in advance of his time, but the *tribune*, on the contrary, who schemes a political revolution, must keep close to the masses. Before all, in politics, as in life, one must only aim at what is practically attainable.

When I previously spoke of the republicanism of the French, I had in my mind, as I mentioned, rather the involuntary tendency of the people than its formally expressed will. The events of the fifth and sixth of June showed how little, for the moment, the expressed will of the people is favourable to the Republicans. I have already written enough sorrowful news on these remarkable days to render any further details unneces-

[1] "An eine hohe Obigkeit." French version—"à la très-haute diète."

[2] Wirth, in allusion to a famed republican of that name, means landlord. "Behold! he hath made a pun!"—*Translator.*

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sary. Nor are the legal proceedings relative to the affair at an end: it may be that the military tribunal will give us more disclosures than we have thus far obtained. We do not know as yet anything about the real beginning of the fray, and still less the number of the combatants. The Philippistes are interested in representing the affair as a conspiracy which had been long prepared, and to exaggerate the number of their enemies. Thereby they justify the violent measures of the Government, and gain the reputation of a military victory. The Opposition maintain that, on the contrary, there was not the least preparation for the revolt, that the Republicans were quite without leaders, and that their number was very small. This seems to be the truth. In any case, it is a great misfortune for the Opposition that while they were assembled *in corpore*, and stood in rank and file, that the unsuccessful attempt at a revolution took place. But if the Opposition lost credit by this event, the Government suffered still more by its heedless declaration of a state of siege.[1] It looks as if it would show that if it came to a test, it could show itself more grandly absurd than even the Opposition. I really believe that the days of the fifth and sixth

[1] French version—"Le gouvernement en a perdu davantage par ses mesures étourdies."

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of June are to be considered as a mere event which was not specially prepared. The Lamarque funeral was only meant to be a grand review of the Opposition. But the assembling of so many men, ready and willing to fight, all at once broke forth into irresistible enthusiasm; but the Holy Ghost descended on them at the wrong time. They began at the wrong time, too, to prophesy, and the sight of the red flag must, like a magic spell, have turned their senses.

There was indeed some mysterious influence in this red flag with black-fringed border, in which were in black the words "*La Liberté ou la Mort!*" and which rose like a banner of consecration to death above all heads on the Pont d'Austerlitz. Many people who closely beheld the mysterious bearer of this standard declare that he was a very tall, lean, and haggard man, with a long corpse-like face, staring eyes, a firmly-closed mouth, above which a black Old-Spanish moustache[1] stuck forth its tips far out on

[1] It may be worth noting here that the wearing the moustache, the frock-coat, and also the smoking cigars, all date from the year 1830. That is to say, it was about that time they all became fashionable in Paris, and spread thence over Europe. The Havannah cigar had, however, been for a long time well known in the United States. The earliest use of them in the latter, according to advertisements, appears to have been in Philadelphia about a century ago, when they were announced

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either side—an uncanny figure, which sat like a moveless spectre on a great black pony while the battle raged furiously round him.

The rumours relative to Lafayette connecting him with this red flag are denied by his friends in the most emphatic manner. It seems that he neither wreathed the red flag nor the red cap—*le bonnet rouge*. The poor General sits retired in his house, and weeps over the mournful end of that *fête* in which he again played a part, as he has done at most popular risings ever since the beginning of the Revolution, always strangely drawn into the popular movement, and with the best intention to keep the people by his presence from too great excesses. He is like the tutor [1] who accompanied his pupil to the bawdy-houses, to see that he at least did not get drunk there; to the taverns, to keep him from gambling; to the gambling-houses, to guard him from duelling; but when a duel was unavoidable—why then the good old gentleman served as his second.

Though some disturbances were to be expected at the burial of Lamarque, where an army of discontented men assembled, still no one really believed in the outbreak of a real insurrection.

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as a novelty. When Heine wrote in 1832, the moustache was, however, remarkable among any save "swells."—*Translator.*

[1] "Er gleicht dem Hofmeister." The French version adds—"de ma connaissance."—*Translator.*

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It was perhaps the thought that all were so happily come together and so *àpropos*, which suggested to some Republicans the idea of improvising a revolution.[1] The instant was certainly not badly chosen to bring out a general excitement and fire even the timid. It was an instant which at least powerfully stirred up the soul, and banished commonplace, every-day feelings, and all little petty cares. This funeral must have made a deep impression, even on the calmest spectator, as much by the number of the mourners—of whom there were more than a hundred thousand—as well as by the dark and bold spirit which was expressed in their mien and gestures. There was something animating yet disquieting in the sight of the youth of all the high schools, of the *Amis du Peuple*, and of so many other Republicans of all

[1] Heine is here, I think, quite mistaken. I have been far deeper in the practical preparation for and execution of a French revolution than he ever was, for I knew a month before the Prefect ever found it out, or before it came off, the coming of that of February 1848; and when I re-entered Paris in 1869, it was also with full foreknowledge of the *émeute* of the Plébiscite, in which I was offered a position. The truth is that though, as Heine surmised, there were never more than a very few indeed practically engaged in the Republican attempts, there was always in his time—as now—a revolution organised and ready, only waiting for something to turn up. Had there been no preparation before the Lamarque funeral, where did the man on the black horse get his red flag with "Liberty or death?" Such figures are not common at funerals.—*Translator.*

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classes, who, filling the air with terrible acclamations, swept by like Bacchanals of freedom, bearing in their hands leafy staves, which they swung like thyrses. They wore garlands of willow round their small hats, their garb was all of brotherly simplicity, their eyes expressed the intoxication of desire to *do*, with flushed necks and cheeks—ah! on many of these faces I saw the melancholy shadow of coming death—as may be full easily prophesied of young heroes. He who had seen these youths in their proud delirium of freedom would indeed have felt that many of them had not long to live. And it was a full sad omen that the chariot of victory, followed by the acclamations of that Bacchantic youth, did not bear a living but a dead *triumphator!*

Unfortunate Lamarque! how much blood did this funeral cost! And those were not forced or bribed gladiators, who massacred one another to exalt the idle display of mourning by combats. It was a blooming and inspired youth which sacrificed its blood for the holiest feelings, for the most generous dream of its soul. It was the best blood of France which ran in the Rue Saint-Martin, and I do not believe that there was better fighting at Thermopylæ than at the mouth of the Alley of Saint-Méry and Aubry-des-Bouchers, where at the last a handful of some sixty Republicans fought against sixty thousand troops of the line and

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National Guards, and twice beat them back! The old soldiers of Napoleon, who understand fighting as well as we do—perhaps—Christian dogmatics, mediation of extremes, or acting (*Kunstleistungen einer Mimin*), declared that the fight in the Rue Saint-Martin was one of the most heroic events of modern history. The Republicans did marvels of bravery, and the few who remained alive in no wise asked for mercy. All the researches which my occupation exacted, and which were conscientiously executed, confirm this. They were for the greater part bayonetted by the National Guard. Some Republicans, seeing that all resistance was useless, rushed with bared breasts before the enemy, offering themselves to be shot. When the corner-house of the Rue Saint-Méry was taken, a pupil of the Ecole d'Alfort climbed with a flag on the roof, cried *Vive la République!* and fell down drilled through with bullets. To a house, of which the first storey was held by Republicans, there came the soldiers, who prevented retreat by breaking away the stairs, and as the insurgents would not fall alive into the hands of their enemies, they all committed suicide, so that all which was taken was a room full of corpses. This was related to me in the Church of Saint-Méry, and I was obliged to lean against the image of Saint Sebastian to prevent my falling to the ground from deep inward emotion, and

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I wept like a child.[1] All the tales of heroes over which I, as a boy, had already wept so much, came into my memory, but I especially thought of Cleomenes, King of Sparta, and his twelve companions, who ran through the streets of Alexandria calling on the people to fight for their liberty, but finding none to respond, slew themselves to escape the tyrant's followers. The last of them was the beautiful Antäos, who first bent over his friend the dead Cleomenes, kissed his dear lips, then fell upon his sword.

Nothing is as yet exactly known of the number of those who fought in the Rue Saint-Martin. I believe there were at the beginning about two hundred Republicans, who were at last, during the sixth of June, reduced to sixty. There was not one among them of well-known name, or who had been recognised as a distinguished champion (*Kämpen*) of Republicanism—another proof that if there are not now many heroic names which

[1] Even as of old men touched the image of the Delphian god to give them strength of mind. Did Heine here recall that beautiful Saint Sebastian with his arrows is known as the Christian Apollo? Our author tells in another work that once, when in great mental distress, he took refuge and fell before the Apollo Belvedere. On this later occasion, not having the classic original, he was obliged to make shift with the Catholic imitation. From his emotion on this occasion, I draw the inference that Heine, though he assures us that he was a brave soldier in the cause of freedom, would have been rather too nervous, or "weepy and fainty," for a turn under fire.—*Translator.*

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ring aloud in France, it is not due to any want of heroes. But it is to be noted that that phase of history is past when the deeds of individuals stand boldly forth: races, parties, masses themselves are the heroes of the modern time: modern tragedy distinguishes itself from the ancient in this respect, that now the chorus acts and plays the leading parts, while the gods, heroes, and tyrants, who were once the true actors, are fallen to being moderate representatives of the will of parties and of popular action, and employed for mere loquacious reflection as presiders at dinners, deputies, ministers, tribunes, and so forth.[1] The

[1] As Heine was perhaps the first to set before the public or to make popular this idea of the "devoutly-to-be-wished-for disappearance" of all leaders in everything, and as it continually recurs in his writings, I may be permitted to remark, that while no one knows into what undreamed-of conditions human nature *may* be evoluted, it is simply impossible to now conceive of any work dependent on organised labour being done at all without a foreman, who must necessarily be the cleverest of all; nor is it possible to conceive this foreman as assisting or acting unless he be better paid and more highly esteemed than the others. Nor, unless honour and reward—*i.e.*, *pre-eminence*—be in some form the payment for exertion, would any man devote himself to art, letters, or invention, or anything beyond merely making a living. One author has already spoken with approbation of what was effectively the Venetian system—that is, the putting out of the way all very prominent persons who had distinguished themselves for virtue and patriotism, for *fear* (cowardice being prominent in this principle) lest they *might* take the lead. According to this doctrine, which forms the corner-stone of extreme Socialism, man is to be reduced to a level far below

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round-table of the great Louis Philippe, the whole Opposition with its *comptes rendus*, with Messieurs Odilon-Barrot, Lafitte, and Arago—how passive and miserably small do all these threshed-out men of note and sham notabilities seem compared to the heroes of the Rue Saint-Martin, whose names were all unknown, and who died anonymously together.[1]

The modest death of these great unknown should not only inspire in us mournful emotions, but also inspire our souls with courage, as a proof that many thousand men whom we do not know are ready to sacrifice their lives for the holy cause of freedom. But despots should be seized with secret terror at the thought that such an unknown

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that of bees or ants in his instinctive working for the common weal; for even these insects have their overseers and superiors in intelligence, who enjoy special privileges. One practical result of this system or theory is to be seen in many trades unions, in which ambitious and excellent workmen are kept down, or even excluded, while half-taught bunglers are allowed full wages. As regards Heine himself, it may be just as well to remember that on this, as on all other earthly subjects, there are numerous passages in his works which eloquently set forth the contrary unto extremes—inconsistency being the only thing to which he was always perfectly consistent.—*Translator.*

[1] The French version is here far superior to the German, if brevity be the soul of wit:—"Toutes ces réputations rebattues, toutes ces notabilités apparentes, tout cela nous apparaît bien passif et bien mince, comparé aux heros de la rue Saint-Martin tous morts anonymes." The information in the original, that the heroes were "all unknown and died anonymously," is exquisitely Heine-like.—*Translator.*

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host of men, daring and seeking death, ever surrounds them, like the masked servants of a Holy Vehm. They are right in fearing France, the red soil of liberty.

It is a mistake to suppose that the heroes of the Rue Saint-Martin belonged to the *lower classes*, or even to the mob, as they are called.[2] No, they were mostly students, beautiful youths from the Ecole d'Alfort, artists, journalists, chiefly aspiring men; among them also a few workmen (*einige*), who under coarse jackets bore noble

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[1] The jurisdiction of the Vehmgericht was known as *der rothe Erde*, or the red earth, *i.e.*, Westphalia.

[2] This reminds me of the American negro song, in which we are informed that "de reason why dey called him so was kase dat was his name." If there be such a thing as *pöbel*, *plebs*, or *people*, there must be some name for it, and while there are "lower orders," the awful fact *must* be mentioned in some kind of descriptive English, although I have known the proprietor of an American newspaper (who was a great scamp, by the way, and ground down and cheated all his employés), who forbade any writer in his office to use the term. It is very amusing to observe here how our author endeavours to prove that the martyrs did not belong to, and were much superior to, his darling *Pöbel*. And here our opinions differ, for the squad of about fifty whom I led at the barricades in 1848 were as thorough a set of roughs and finished specimens of "the lower orders" as I have ever beheld, and such was the character of the vast majority of the insurgents *everywhere*. I did not see any "beautiful youths" or "Mollies," or apparent literary men or artists; in fact, gentlemen were remarkably conspicuous by their absence from the barricades, though I saw some pretty girls at them of the she-devil class, who are never wanting in any French row.—*Translator.*

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hearts. It would appear that those who fought by the Cloister Saint-Méry were all young men, but among the prisoners who were led through the streets there were grey-bearded men, and very striking to me was the appearance of an old man who was being conducted with some scholars of the Ecole Polytechnique to the Conciergerie. His companions walked along with bowed heads, gloomy and sad, their souls torn with grief as their garments were by other causes; the old fellow, however, marched along, clad, it is true, rather poorly, and in very old-fashioned (*altfränkisch*) but well-cared-for clothes, a much-worn straw-coloured dress-coat (*Frack*) and ditto waistcoat and trousers, cut according to the latest fashion of 1793, with a great three-cornered hat on his old powdered head, with an expression on his face as void of trouble and almost as gay as if going to a wedding.[1] Behind him ran an old woman with an umbrella, which she seemed to be keeping for him, and with a terrible fear (*Todesangst*) in every wrinkle of her face, such as one may feel when any one dear to us is to go before a military tribunal, and perhaps be shot within twenty-four hours. I can never forget the face of that old man. In the Morgue I also

[1] Our author here sketches with a master-hand in a few strokes a type which may not be known to all readers. I knew his counterpart in an old soldier named Rumberg, a German,

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saw on the eighth of June the corpse of an old man covered with wounds, who, as a *Garde National* who stood by assured me, was "very much committed as a Republican." But he lay on the marble slabs of *la Morgue*. This is a building where the bodies which are found in the streets or in the Seine are brought and laid out, and where people seek for friends who are missing.

On that day, the eighth of June, so many people thronged to the Morgue that there was as long a queue formed as when "Robert le Diable" is to be given at the Opera. I had to wait an hour ere I could enter, and so had time enough to look at that melancholy building, which looks like a great pile of stones. I do not know what is the meaning of a yellow tablet of wood with a blue centre like a Brazilian cockade, which hangs before the door.[1] The number of the house is twenty-one. It was

who seemed to live only for revolutions and beer. My brother always called him Cartouche, from the character in *La Fille du Regiment*. Whenever an *émeute* took place in Europe, he was always there, not as leader, but as a reckless fighter. When the great insurrection of the *coup d'état* took place in Paris, he left Philadelphia, fought at the barricades, and returned, all within six weeks. I never could imagine how he lived. Fighting, imprisonment, and subordinate plotting and conspiring seemed to make up his whole life. He was an old man, full of life, with glittering and fierce, yet almost laughing eyes, and enormous white moustaches, like reversed horns; a type of the old Revolutionaries of 1798.—*Translator.*

[1] I believe that this indicates a hospital, or that the place is under civic sanitary control.—*Translator.*

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sad enough when within to see how anxiously some people looked at the corpses, seeking what they feared to find. There were indeed two agonising scenes. A boy found his dead brother, and stood silent in grief, as if rooted to the spot. A young girl discovered her dead lover, screamed, and swooned. As I knew her, I had the sad task to carry the poor disconsolate creature home. She was employed in a *magasin de modes* in my neighbourhood, where eight young ladies are employed, all of whom are *républicaines*. Their lovers are all young Republicans. I am in this establishment the only Royalist.

Appendix to Letter IX.[1]

(*Written October* 1, 1832.)

The passages suppressed in the preceding letter referred chiefly to the German nobility. The more I reflect on the most recent events of the day, the more important does the subject seem, and I must soon make up my mind to a fundamental discussion of it. This indeed is no result of private feelings. I believe that I have fully proved of late that my conflict (*Befehdung*) concerns only the principles, and not directly the

[1] This appendix or *Zwischenote*, as Heine terms it, is wanting in the French version.

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persons of the opponents. The *enragés* of the day have recently cried out against me as a secret ally of the aristocracy, and if the insurrection of the fifth of June had not come to grief, they could easily have inflicted on me the death which they had schemed. I willingly forgive them this folly, and only a word in reference to it escaped me in my letter of the seventh of June. Party spirit is as blind as is a raging beast.

As regards the German aristocracy, we have a bad business to deal with. All constitutions, even the best, cannot help us until the whole nobility (*Adelthum*) is torn up to the last root. The poor princes or kings are themselves in the utmost distress; their best intentions are fruitless, they must act contrary to their holiest oaths, they are compelled to act contrary to the cause of the people; in a word, they cannot remain true to the constitution as they have sworn, until they shall be freed from that older constitution which the nobility when it did penance for its armed independence gained by the silken arts of courtiership. These are constitutions which, as unwritten laws of custom, are far more deeply grounded than the most absolutely printed blotting-paper documents of the kind — constitutions whose codex is known by heart to every rustic nobleman, and whose maintenance is under the special care of every old court-tabby,—constitutions from

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which the most absolute king dare not remove the smallest tittle—I refer to etiquette.

Through etiquette the princes are entirely in the power of the nobility; they are not free, they are not responsible; and the want of truth which some of them manifested at the latest ordinance of the Diet is to be ascribed, if we judge them fairly, not to their will, but to their circumstances. No constitution secures the rights of the people so long as their rulers lie bound in the etiquette of nobility, for so soon as caste-interests are concerned all private enmities are set aside, and all unite in a body. What can the only one, the prince, do against that body which is practised in intrigue, which knows every princely weakness, which counts among its members even the prince's nearest relatives, who have exclusively the right to be about his person, so that the prince, even when he hates them, must endure their presence; must bear their charming glances, let them clothe him, wash and lick his hands; must eat, drink, and converse with them because they are qualified to appear at court (*hoffähig*), privileged by right of birth to those court charges and duties; and all the ladies of the court would rise and make his own home uninhabitable should he act as his heart desired, and not according to the laws of etiquette? So it happened that William of England, a noble, excellent king, was compelled by the tricks

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of his surrounding to break his word in the most miserable manner, and lose for ever the respect and confidence of his people. And so, too, it came to pass that one of the noblest and most intelligent princes who ever adorned a throne, King Louis of Bavaria, who three years ago was so devoted to the popular cause, and who so firmly resisted all the tyrannical efforts of his nobility, and who so heroically endured their provoking insolence and slanders—even he at last, wearied and weak, sank into their traitorous arms and became untrue to himself! Poor heart, which was once so ambitious and proud! how sadly must thy courage have been broken since thou, not to be annoyed longer by the retorts of a few stubborn subjects, didst resign thy own independent supremacy, and become thyself a subordinate vassal—the vassal of thy natural enemy—vassal of thy brother-in-law!

I repeat it, that all written constitutions can avail naught so long as we do not destroy the nobility utterly. It is not abolished when we, by discussed, voted, sanctioned, and promulgated laws, annul the privileges of the nobility. This has been done in several places, yet the interests of the nobles still prevail there. We must destroy the traditional abuses in royal householding, introduce a new system of service for the rabble of court-retainers, break up the "etiquette," and,

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to be free ourselves, begin the work with freeing the princes and emancipating the kings. The old dragon must be driven away from the fountain of power; and, when this shall have been done, beware lest he steal back by night and poison the well. Once we belonged to kings, now they belong to us; therefore, we must ourselves educate them, and not leave them any longer to those high-born royal court-tutors (*Prinzenhofmeistern*), who train them to the aims of their own caste, and dwarf or deform body and soul. Nothing is so dangerous to the people as that early surrounding a crown-prince with young noblemen's ideas.[1] The best citizen should be, by choice, of the people, the educator of princes; and he who has an evil reputation, or is in the least of evil fame, should be legally removed from the person of the heir-apparent; but, should he press with that shameless forwardness which is characteristic of the nobility in such cases, then let him be scourged in the market-place in the most perfect measure, and let the measure be marked with red iron on his shoulder. But if he should declare that he intruded on the young King to be regarded as clever and witty, and should he have a big belly like Sir John, then put him in

[1] *Umjunkerung.* A *junker* is a young nobleman, but the term is often applied to any nobles when speaking of them as in court dependency.—*Translator.*

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the House of Correction, but where the women are kept.[1]

However, there are occasionally white ravens.

I will discuss this subject more fully, as I have already done, in the preface to Kahldorf's Letters to Count Moltke. A statistic of the diplomatic body to whom the interests of the people are confided would therewith be extremely interesting. Tables can be added with catalogues of their different virtues in the various capitals—it being shown, for instance, how in one of the latter

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[1] Heine is here supremely silly on a subject which easily afforded great opportunity to be nobly edifying or grandly sarcastic. The immensely demoralising influence which a prince or sovereign can exert, at first directly, in a court, and then over society and the whole people, has never been realised, nor fully set forth by any writer, and it might have been well done here. In childishly describing how he would whip and brand and imprison courtiers, our author talks like a schoolboy. He leaves out of sight altogether that the heir-apparent, whatever court influences may have been, is supposed to have some small allowance of common-sense, and to learn from the world, of which he really sees a great deal, enough to teach him a proper sense of duties and dignity. Courtiers, however vile and demoralising they may be—and there are, unfortunately, always too many of this kind—are never utterly and *entirely* responsible for a prince's conduct, as Heine would have us believe. History abounds in examples of kings who grew up deeply respected, though they had been exposed to every evil influence from infancy. In the cases of Charles II. and George IV. there were far worse influences at work than those of surrounding men or circumstances—there was a poison of imbecility in their blood, and, as we have been told, against this the gods themselves fight in vain.—*Translator.*

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every third man is either a gambler or a homeless hireling, an *escroc* or the *ruffiano*[1] of his own wife or that of his groom, or a general spy, or some such noble good-for-nothing. I have on behalf of this statistic made very fundamental studies—in fact, at the tables of King Pharaoh[2] and other monarchs of the East, in the soirees of the most beautiful goddesses of dance and song, in the temples of gourmandise and gallantry—in short, in the most distinguished houses of Europe.

I must here by way of supplement mention, as regards Count Moltke, that he was here in the July of last year in Paris, and wished to engage me in a literary dispute (*Federkrieg*) on the nobility, to convince the public that I had misunderstood his principles, or voluntarily misrepresented them. But it seemed to me to be a seriously doubtful matter whether I should then discuss in my usual manner and publicly a subject which appealed so terribly to the passions of the day. I communicated this apprehension to the Count, and he was reasonable enough not to attack me. As I first attacked him, I could not have ignored his reply, and a rejoinder must have come from me. The Count deserves the highest praise,

[1] *Escroc.* Heine gives it as *escroque*, a sharper or swindler. *Ruffiano* (Italian), a pander.

[2] The reference being to faro-tables. This game was originally called *Pharaoh.—Translator.*

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which I hereby award him, for his insight, and I give it the more willingly since I have found in him personally a brilliant (*geistreichen*), and, what is much more, a correctly-thinking man, who had well deserved in the preface to the Kahldorf Letters to be treated otherwise than as a common nobleman. Since then I have read his monograph on trade freedom (*Gewerbefreiheit*), in which he, among many other subjects, expresses the most liberal principles.

It is a strange thing as regards these nobles! The best among them cannot free themselves from the interests of blood. They can in most cases think liberally—perhaps more unselfishly liberally than common people (*Roturiers*), they can even love freedom better and devote offerings to it, but they are very insensible to citizen-like equality. At heart no man is perfectly liberal; only mankind is quite so; some one has a bit of liberalism which the other wants, while the people as a whole possess them all. Count Moltke is certainly of the deepest conviction that the slave-trade is something illegal and infamous, and he would doubtless vote for its abolition. But Mynheer van der Null, a slave-dealer whose acquaintance I made under the Bohmchen in Rotterdam, is perfectly convinced that the slave-trade is perfectly natural and proper, but that the privilege of birth is something unjust and

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unnatural, which every honest state should sweep away.

That I in July 1831 was unwilling to have a controversy with Count Moltke, the champion of the nobility, will be appreciated by every reasonably feeling man when he considers the nature of the fearful and threatening circumstances which were then developing in Germany.

Passions were raging more wildly than ever before, and it was as necessary to show as bold a front to Jacobinism as to absolutism. Immovably fixed in my principles, even the wiles of Jacobinism have never been able here in Paris to tear me away into the dark stream where German stupidity rivalled French frivolity. I have taken no part in the German associations here, beyond contributing a few francs to a collection for supporting a free press; and long before the days of June I notified the directors of that association in the most explicit manner that I was no longer in any connection with them. I can therefore only shrug my shoulders in pity, when I hear that the Jesuit-aristocratic party in Germany gave themselves at that time the greatest pains to represent me as one of the *enragés* of the day, in order to cast on me by their excesses a compromising authority.[1]

[1] "Um mir beiderен Excessen eine kompromittierende Solidarität aufzubürden." *Solidarität*, a joint liability. Germans are

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It was a mad time, and I had sad trouble even with my best friends, and I was in sorrow sore for my worst enemies. Yes, ye dear enemies, ye do not know how much trouble I endured for you! People talked of doing up in one bundle all the treacherous nobles, slanderous priests, and similar scamps in Germany. How could I endure that? If the question had only been one of punishing you a little—whipping you on the Schlossplatz in Berlin or on the Schrannenmarkt in Munich in gentle time, or nailing the tri-coloured cockade on your tonsure, or having with you some joke of that kind!—that I might have let pass; but to really make away with you, that I never could endure. Your death to me had been the saddest loss. In that case I should have had to make new enemies, perhaps among honest, decent folk, which is always a bad thing for an author. Nothing is so profitable for us as to have really bad fellows for enemies. The Lord hath made me immeasurably rich with this kind, and I am glad that they are now in safety. Yes, let us sing *Te Metternich Laudamus!* ye dear enemies! Ye were in the greatest danger of being hung,

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of opinion that most words in their language are more expressive than any in English, and it certainly cannot be denied that *solid* is indeed "worked for all it is worth." There are "solid maidens" who advertise for solid husbands to enter into *solidarisch* marriage relations in *solid* society.—*Translator.*

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and then I should have lost ye for ever! Now all is still once more; everything will be set aside or firmly fixed by law. The Act of Confederacy will be dismissed and the patriots imprisoned, and we look forward to a long, sweet, and safe repose. Now we can once more, undisturbed, resume our old delightful relations; I can scourge you as of old, and you can slander me. How glad I am to see you as yet unhung! Your life is dearer to me than ever. I cannot resist a certain feeling of emotion in seeing you. I beg you, take good care of your health—do not swallow your own poison; rather lie and slander when you can, a little more than usual—that lightens the pious heart. Do not go about so bent over and bowed —that is bad for the breast. Go sometimes to the theatre when a tragedy by Raupach is to be played—that exhilarates one. Try a change in your private pleasures; visit a pretty girl now and then — but beware of the rope-maker's daughter!

Now you are playing with the end of a long rope; but who knows, perhaps some fine morning early you will hang at the end of a short cord.

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DAILY BULLETINS.[1]

PREFACE.

THERE is not much which is true or accurate which will ever be published relative to the unsuccessful insurrection of the fifth and sixth of

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[1] Only ten pages of these *Bulletins, &c.* (which occupy seventy-nine in the German original), are given in the French version. Of this omission the French editor remarks as follows:—

"L'auteur avait écrit sur les événements des 5 et 6 juin et sur les mesures qui en furent la conséquence, des bulletins jour par jour, heure par heure. Ces récits n'auraient rien de nouveau pour nous. D'ailleurs le sens poétique de l'ingénieux et spirituel ecrivain ne sait où se prendre au milieu de ces descriptions écourtées, matérielles, et de l'incessante fluctuation du commérage des places publiques. Nous avons donc pensé que nous ne ferions tort à personne en les supprimant, et que l'auteur même, qui écrivait pour instruire des Allemands, nous saurait gré d'alléger son bagage et de lui rendre l'allure plus facile en le présentant devant les Français. Nous n'avons pu cependant nous résoudre à sacrifier le passage suivant, auquel nous ajoutons d'autres fragments de lettres écrites de Normandie."

I can only say, and I sincerely believe that my readers in England and America will agree with me, that these fragmentary bulletins seem to be far more interesting than they appear to have been to the French editor.—*Translator.*

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June 1832, because both parties are deeply interested in distorting such facts as are known, and in concealing those which are not. The following bulletins, written in the face of events, in the roar of party strife, and always just before the departure of the post, as hastily as possible, in order that the correspondents of the *Juste-Milieu* should not be first in the field—these fleeting leaves I here give unchanged, so far as they refer to the insurrection of the fifth of June. The writer of history may perhaps use them the more conscientiously, since he may at least be sure that they were not prepared for or adapted to later interests.

And though no special contradiction is needed for many erroneous conjectures which may be found in these pages, I cannot here refrain from giving one. General Lafayette has recently declared that he was not the man who, on the fifth of June, draped the red flag and the Jacobin cap. Our old general showed himself on that day, as I have since learned, fully worthy of himself. A discretion, which will be readily appreciated, forbids my communicating at present certain details in reference to this, which would inspire the most incarnate Jacobin with emotion and respect for Lafayette.

And some may find in these pages, as in the whole book, many contradictory assertions, but

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they never concern things, but always persons.[1] Over the first we must have settled opinions, as to the latter they may change every day. Even so I, as regards the evil system in which Louis Philippe sticks as in a bog, have always said the same thing; but as regards his person, I have not always expressed myself in the same tone. At first I disliked him, because I thought him an aristocrat; later, when I was convinced of his sound citizen feeling (*Bürgerlichkeit*), I spoke much better of him; when he frightened us with the *état de siège*, I was again angered, but this was allayed after the first days, when it appeared that the poor Louis Philippe only in the stupefaction of his own terror had made that mistake. And since then the Carlists by their slanders have inspired in me a true fondness for the person of this monarch, and this would still increase in my heart if I could compare him to —— —— —— ——

[1] Heine here recalls a certain Western citizen of refined feelings who once remarked of a small mishap :—"I hev sometimes, Mrs. Jones, inadvertently committed murders, and in moments of forgetfulness hev stolen hosses, but I assure you on the honour of a gentleman that I never before broke a sasser at a lady's tea-table." Our author really had a reporter's conscience.—*Translator.*

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PARIS, *June* 5, 1832.

The funeral of General Lamarque, *un convoi d'opposition,* as the Philippistes say, has just passed from the Madeleine to the Place de la Bastile. There were many more mourners and spectators than at the burial of Casimir Perier. The people themselves drew the hearse. A very striking sight in the procession was that of foreign patriots, whose national flags were carried in a row. I remarked among them one whose colours were black, carmine-red, and gold. At one o'clock there fell a heavy rain, which lasted half-an-hour or more, yet in spite of it there remained an immense crowd on the Boulevards, mostly bareheaded. When the procession came to the Variétés Theatre, and just as it passed the column of the Amis du Peuple, and many called "Vive la République!" a police sergeant attempted to interfere, but the mob fell on him, broke his sword, and a terrible tumult ensued, which was subdued with great difficulty. The sight of such a disturbance, which set several hundred thousands of men into motion, was both remarkable and significant.

It is said to have been known yesterday in the Tuileries that the Duchesse de Berry had been captured in Nantes. Should this be the case,

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Louis Philippe must be in a sad dilemma, since he cannot really hand over the niece of the Queen —who made such piteous appeal to him—to the tribunals, and yet must avert from himself suspicion of maintaining intimate relations with his family in Holyrood. It is positively known that Marshal Bourmont has been taken. If delivered to a military court he will die like Ney, but less famous and less lamented.

PARIS, *June* 6, 1832.

I do not know whether I mentioned in my letter of yesterday that an *émeute* was announced in the evening. As Lamarque's funeral passed along the Boulevards and appeared at the Théâtre des Variétés, trouble was already perceptible.

It is difficult to determine on which side lay the blame that passion broke out so terribly. The most contradictory rumours are current as regards the beginning of hostilities, the events of the night, and the whole situation of things. I will here mention only one incident which has reached me from many directions, and which has been confirmed by most credible authority. When Lafayette, whose presence at the funeral awoke universal enthusiasm, had ended his address on the place by the Bridge of Austerlitz, where the ceremonies took place, a wreath of *immortelles* was

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placed upon his head. At the same time a red Phrygian cap was put on an entirely red flag which had previously attracted much attention, and a pupil of the Ecole Polytechnique, raised on the shoulders of bystanders, waved his shining sword over the red cap and cried, "Vive la Liberté!" or, as others say, "Vive la République!" Then Lafayette, it is said, placed his wreath of *immortelles* on the red cap of freedom, as is declared by many credible people who saw it with their own eyes. It is possible that he executed this symbolic deed by compulsion or surprise, but it is also possible that a third hand was in the game which played without being remarked in the great crowd. After this manifestation, according to some, an attempt was made to carry the red flag and wreath in triumph through the city, and as the municipal guards and *sergeants de ville* opposed this with arms, the fight begun. This is at least certain, that when Lafayette, wearied with a four hours' drive, got into a fiacre, the mob took out the horses and dragged their old and truest friend with their own hands, amid tremendous cheers, along the Boulevards. Many of the working-class had torn up young trees from the ground and ran with them like wild creatures beside the carriage, which seemed at one time to be in danger of being upset by the unmanageable crowd. It is said that two bullets (*Schüsse*) struck

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the carriage. I can give no details relative to this singular occurrence.

Many whom I questioned as to the beginning of the hostilities declare that they broke out by the Bridge of Austerlitz, on account of the corpse of the hero; that while a portion of the "patriots" bore the coffin to the Pantheon, another portion would carry it farther to the next village, and that the *sergeants de ville* and municipal guards opposed such plans. So they fought with great bitterness, even as men fought of yore before the Skaic gate about the body of Patroclus. Much blood was spilt on the Place de la Bastile. At half-past six battle had begun at the Porte Saint-Denis, where the people built barricades. Many posts of importance were taken, for the National Guards who defended them made but feeble resistance and gave up their arms. And so the people got many guns. I found on the Place Notre Dame des Victoires a great noise of fighting; the "patriots" had occupied three positions by the Bank. As I turned to the Boulevards, all the shops were closed, and few people, amongst them very few women, who are, however, generally accustomed to very boldly gratify their curiosity on such occasions; every one looked very serious. Troops of the line and cuirassiers moved hither and thither; orderlies with anxious countenances rushed about bearing orders; in the distance firing of guns and powder-smoke. The

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weather was now clear, and towards evening very favourable. Matters seemed to be looking very serious for the Government when it was made known that the National Guards had declared for the insurgents. The error originated in this, that many of the patriots yesterday assumed the dress of the National Guards, and the guards were really for some time in doubt as to which party they should support. During the night the wives probably proved to their husbands that that party should be supported which offered the best guarantees for personal safety and property, and that this was to be expected far more from Louis Philippe than from the Republicans, who are very poor and very detrimental to trade or business. Therefore the National Guard is to-day altogether against the Republicans, and the affair is decided. "C'est un coup manqué," say the people. Troops of the line are coming from every direction to Paris. On the Place de la Concorde as well as on the other side of the Tuileries and the Place de Carousel are many cannon. The bourgeois king is surrounded by bourgeois cannon—*où peut on être mieux qu'au sein de sa famille?*

Now it is four o'clock and raining heavily, which is very unfavourable for the patriots, who have mostly barricaded themselves in the Quartier Saint-Martin and receive little aid. They are surrounded on all sides, and I hear at this instant the

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most terrible roar of cannon. I am told that two hours ago the people had great hope of victory, but now their only hope is to die heroically. And there will be many of them. As I live by the Porte Saint-Denis, I have hardly slept all night, for the discharge of arms was without cessation. The roar of the cannon has in my heart the saddest echo. It is an unfortunate event, which will have still sadder consequences.

PARIS, *June* 7, 1832.

When I went yesterday to the Bourse to throw my letter into the post-box, there stood the whole race of speculators between the columns and before the broad stairs. And as the news had just been received that the defeat of the patriots was certain, the sweetest content was seen in every face, —one might say that the whole Bourse smiled. Amid the roar of cannon the funds shot up ten per cent. That is to say, they fired at five o'clock —at six the Revolution had been quelled. Then the newspapers could communicate as much information as they pleased. The *Constitutionnel* and the *Débats* seem to a certain degree to have correctly understood or hit what has happened, but the colour and measurements are incorrect. I have just come from the theatre of the strife of yesterday, where I convinced myself how difficult

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it would be to get at the whole real truth. This theatre (*Schauplatz*) is one of the greatest and most densely inhabited streets of Paris, *i.e.*, the Rue Saint-Martin, which, beginning at the gate of that name on the Boulevards, ends on the Seine at the Bridge Notre Dame. At both ends of the street I heard the number of the patriots, or, as they are called to-day, the rebels, who fought there, esteemed at from five hundred to a thousand; but in the middle of the street the sum became less, and in the very centre it was reduced to fifty. "What is truth?" said Pontius Pilate.[1]

The number of troops of the line is easier to give. Yesterday even the *Journal des Débats* declares there were forty thousand men ready for action in Paris. Add to these at least twenty

[1] The late Mr. Chadband also put the same question to as much purpose. The truth as regards all insurrections is that the number of the defeated is always reduced to the smallest credible dimensions, like that of the native American party in the United States, of which it was perfectly proved that "nobody whatever had ever belonged to it at any time." There was, by the way, something pathetic—not to say romantic—in the last appearance of this latter party on earth. There was but one Lodge of them left in Pennsylvania, and it was accustomed to meet in a cavern or hole in the ground in a secluded spot. After the defeat of their candidate, Fillmore, they once more assembled and *drew the hole in after them*, and so disappeared for ever. It would almost seem that but for the unwearied efforts of Heine the patriots of 1832 must also have been reduced in number even unto total evaporation.—*Translator.*

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thousand National Guards, and we find that a mere handful of insurgents fought with sixty thousand men! The heroism of these insanely brave men is unanimously praised; they indeed achieved miracles of bravery. They cried continually, "Vive la République!" but it found no echo in the breasts of the people. Had they instead cried "Vive Napoléon!" then (as is generally declared to-day in all groups of the people) the line would hardly have fired on them, and the great masses of workmen would have joined them. But they scorned a lie, for they were the purest, though not the craftiest, friends of freedom. And yet people are stupid enough to declare to-day that they were acting in intelligence with the Carlists! Verily, he who fights unto death for the holy delusion of his heart and for the beautiful error of an ideal future, will never ally himself to that cowardly filth which the past has left us under the name of "Carlists." I am, by God! no Republican. I know that if the Republicans conquer they will cut my throat[1]—and that because I will not admire what they

[1] An apprehension which was not borne out by facts. All that the Republicans did when they came to power was to find out and publish the facts relative to the little pension—which pension, by the way, casts innumerable dark-lantern side-lights on all that Heine ever wrote in Paris—and which (to change the image) may be heard like the drone of a bagpipe in every melody

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admire; but still the tears rose in my eyes to-day when I trod the place which was still wet with their blood. It would have pleased me more had I, and all my fellow moderates, died in place of those Republicans.

The National Guards rejoice greatly over their victory. In the intoxication of victory they came yesterday evening very near sending a most insanitary bullet through my body, although I belong to their party—for they shot heroically at everybody who came near their post. It was a rainy, starless, repulsive evening, with little light in the streets, since almost all the shops were closed as they had been all day. To-day, however, all is in gay movement; and one would hardly believe that anything had taken place. Even in the Rue Saint-Martin all the shops are open. Though it is difficult to walk there on account of the turned-up pavement and the remains of the barricades, still a great multitude whirls on through the street, which is very long and narrow, the houses being built extremely high. Nearly all the windows there were broken by the sound of the cannon, and we everywhere behold the marks of balls; for cannon were discharged into

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which he played. But, metaphorically speaking, his throat was very badly cut by this exposure, so that he may be said to have saved his credit as a prophet, after all.—*Translator.*

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the street from both sides, so that the Republicans were driven into the middle. It is said that yesterday they were at last shut in on every side in the Church Saint-Méry, but this I heard denied upon the spot. A somewhat prominent house called the Café Leclerque, which is situated on the corner of the Alley Saint-Méry, seems to have been the headquarter of the Republicans. Here they held out longest, here they made their final stand. They asked for no mercy, and were mostly slain by the bayonet. Here fell the pupils of the Ecole d'Alfort, and here the warmest blood in France ran. It is, however, a mistake to believe that the Republicans consisted entirely of young madcaps or fire-eaters (*Brauseköpfen*). Many old men fought among them. A young woman with whom I conversed near the Church Saint-Méry bewailed the death of her grandfather. He had always lived very peaceably, but when he saw the red flag and heard "Vive la République" cried, he ran with an old pike to the young people, and died with them. Poor old man! he heard the *ranche des vaches* of "the Mountain," and the memory of his first love of freedom awoke, and he would fain dream once more the dream of his youth. Sleep well!

The consequences of this wrecked revolution may be seen in advance. More than a thousand men have been arrested, among them, as is re-

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ported, a deputy, Garnier Pagès. The Liberal journals are suppressed. The shopkeeper world rejoices, egoism flourishes, and many of the best men must needs go into mourning. The system of terror will require many more victims. The National Guard is already frightened at its own force; these heroes are terrified when they see themselves in a mirror. The King, the great, strong Louis Philippe, will bestow many crosses of honour. The hired wit (*Witzbold*) will ridicule the friends of freedom though in their graves; even the latter are now called enemies of public peace and assassins.

A tailor who dared this morning in the Place Vendôme to allude to the good intentions of the Republicans was beaten by a powerful woman, who was probably his wife. That is the counter-revolution.

PARIS, *June* 8, 1832.

It appears that it was not an entirely red, but a red-black golden banner which Lafayette crowned with *immortelles* at the funeral of Lamarque. This fabulous flag, which was unknown to everybody, was supposed by many to be a Republican standard. I knew it very well, and thought at once: "Great heaven! why, these are our old Burschenschaft colours; to-day there will be either a disaster or something stupid!" Unfortunately both came to pass. When the

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dragoons in the beginning of the hostilities also attacked the Germans who followed that flag, they barricaded themselves behind the great beams of a carpenter's shop. After a while they retreated to the Jardin des Plantes, and the flag was rescued, though in a very tattered condition. To the Frenchmen who have asked of me the meaning of this black-red-golden banner, I have conscientiously replied that the Emperor Barbarossa, who has lived for many centuries in Kyffhäuser, sent us that flag as a sign that the ancient land of dreams still exists, and that he himself is to come with sword and sceptre. As for me, I do not believe that it will so soon come to pass; there are as yet too many black ravens flying round the mountain.

Here in Paris affairs look less dream-like. There are bayonets and watchful military faces in every street. I regarded it at first as a mere unmeaning sign of alarm (*Schreckschuss*) that people declared that Paris was in a state of siege. It was supposed that this declaration would be promptly recalled; but as I yesterday afternoon saw more and more cannon passing along the Rue Richelieu, I observed that the overthrow of the Republicans would be turned to profit against other enemies of the Government or the journalists. It is now the question as to whether the "good-will" is coupled with the requisite strength. They are now turn-

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ing to profit the amazement at their victory of the National Guards, who, as regards the Republicans, have taken part in most vigorous measures, and whose hands Louis Philippe is now shaking as intimately as ever. Since people hate the Carlists and distrust the Republicans, they support the King as the maintainer of order, and he is as popular as a delightful necessity. Yes, I have heard "Vive le Roi!" cried as the King rode along the Boulevards, but I also saw a tall man near the Faubourg Montmartre who advanced to the King and boldly cried, "À bas Louis Philippe!" Several riders in the King's suite at once descended from their horses and carried the intruder away.

I have never known Paris to be so sultry as it was yesterday evening. Despite the bad weather the public places were crowded. The groups of politicians assembled closely in the garden of the Palais Royal, and conversed in subdued tones—in fact, very much subdued—for one may now be brought before a military tribunal and shot within twenty-four hours. I began to long again for the slow and lazy course of law in my Germany. The lawless condition in which we find ourselves here is repulsive. That is a greater evil than the cholera. As people were tormented when the disease raged by the successive numbers of deaths, so they are now terrified by the fearful amount of

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arrests, or when they hear the secret fusillades, and while a thousand dark rumours spread in obscurity, as was the case yesterday. To-day by sunlight there is more confidence and calm. The world admits that it was alarmed yesterday, and now we are more vexed than frightened. There prevails at present a *Juste-milieu* terror.

The journals are more moderate in their protests, yet are far from being subdued. The *National* and the *Temps* speak out fearlessly, as becomes free men. I cannot communicate more as regards recent events than is to be found in the newspapers. People are quiet, and let matters come quietly. The Government is perhaps alarmed at the tremendous power which it finds that it really possesses. It has raised itself above the law—a serious position; for it is justly said, "Qui est au-dessus de la loi est hors de la loi." The only argument with which many true friends of freedom defend the present powerful measures is the necessity which the *royauté démocratique* feels of strengthening itself at home in order to take hold more powerfully abroad.

PARIS, *June* 10, 1832.

Yesterday Paris was perfectly quiet. The rumours of many military executions (*Füsilladen*), which were still believed in, the evening before

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yesterday, by most credible authority, have been contradicted in the most reassuring manner by those who are nearest to the Government. A great number of arrests are, however, admitted. Of this it is easy enough to convince oneself by personal observation, since yesterday, and much more on the day before, arrested persons were seen being conducted by soldiers of the line or communal guards in every part of the city. It seemed sometimes like a procession, old and young men in wretched garments, and accompanied by lamenting friends, being among the prisoners. The report was that every one would be at once brought to a military trial, and shot within four-and-twenty hours at Vincennes. Groups were to be seen everywhere standing before houses where searches were being made. This was chiefly the case in the streets where fighting had taken place, and where many of the combatants, despairing of their cause, concealed themselves until some betrayer traced them out. The greatest crowding (*Volksgewimmel*) was along the quais where they pressed on, staring and gossipping, especially near the Rue Saint-Martin, which is still full of curious lookers-on, and about the Palais de Justice, to which many prisoners were brought. There was also much thronging to La Morgue to see the dead there laid out; there were the most painful scenes of

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recognition. The city had indeed a sorrowful aspect, everywhere were seen groups of people with grief plainly marked in their faces, patrolling troops, and funerals of National Guards who had fallen.

But in society, since the day before yesterday no one is the least concerned; they know their people and also that the *Juste-milieu* feels very uncomfortable in its present plenitude of power. It holds the great sword of justice, but wants the strong hand which it requires. It is afraid of wounding itself at the least blow. Intoxicated at the victory, which was at first ascribed to Marshal Soult, Government let itself be led astray to military measures, proposed by that old soldier, who is still full of the whims (*velleitäten*) of the Empire. Now this man actually stands at the head of the ministerial council, and his colleagues and the rest of the *Juste-milieu* fear lest the Presidency, which he so ardently desired, may devolve upon him. Therefore they would like to turn round again and extricate themselves completely from heroism; and it was for this that milder interpretations (*Definitionen*) of the decree as to the state of siege followed its publication. One can see how the *Juste-milieu* is now alarmed at its own power, and in alarm hold it as if in convulsive terror tightly in its hands, and will not give it up until assured of forgiveness. There

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may be in the desperate confusion a few unimportant victims. Government may lie itself into a ridiculous rage to frighten its enemies, it may commit frightfully stupid errors; it may—— But it is impossible to foretell what apprehension may do when it is barricaded in the hearts of those in power, and sees itself surrounded by death and mockery. The deeds of a frightened man, like those of a genius, lie out of the sphere of conjecture. Meantime the higher public fully understand that the extra-legal condition in which matters are now misplaced is only a formula. Where laws *live* in the conscience of the people, a Government cannot annul them by a sudden edict. Every one is here *de facto* more secure as to his life and property than anywhere else in Europe, excepting in England and Holland. Though military tribunals are instituted, there prevails here continually more practical freedom of the press, and journalists write here more freely on the measures of government than in many states of the Continent where freedom of the press is sanctioned by paper laws.

As the post leaves by noon on Sunday, I can give no news of to-day. I can only refer you to the newspapers. Their tone is more significant than what they say. *Au reste*, they are certainly again abundant in lies.

There has been incessant drumming since

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morning. To-day there is a grand review. My servant says that on the Boulevards the whole extent from the Barrière du Trône to the Barrière de l'Etoile is covered with troops of the line and National Guards. Louis Philippe, the father of his native land, the conqueror of Catiline of June 5, the Cicero on horseback, the enemy of the guillotine and of paper-money, the preserver of life and of shops, the Citizen-King, will in a few hours show himself to his people. He will be greeted with loud applause; he will press many men's hands, and the police will see that there are especial precautions taken to ensure safety and an extra enthusiasm.

PARIS, *June* 11, 1832.

The review of yesterday was favoured by very fine weather. There were on the Boulevards from the Barrière du Trône to the Barrière de l'Etoile perhaps fifty thousand National Guards and troops of the line, and a countless multitude of spectators on their feet or at the windows, eagerly waiting to see the King, and note how he would be received after such remarkable occurrences. About one o'clock His Majesty with his general staff passed by the Porte Saint-Denis, where I stood on a reversed bath-tub in order to observe him more closely. The King did not ride in the centre, but at the right side, where the National Guards

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were ranged, and all along the whole route he was continually bending over sideways from his horse to shake hands with these soldiers. When he returned, two hours later, by the same road, he was on the left side, where he continued the same manœuvre, so that I should not wonder if in consequence of this oblique position he had to-day the greatest pain in his heart, if not a dislocated rib.[1] This extraordinary patience of the King was really incomprehensible. And he was obliged to maintain a constant smile, but I think that under the impervious friendliness of that face there lay hidden much trouble and sorrow. His appearance inspired in me deep compassion. He has changed greatly since I saw him last winter at a ball in the Tuileries. His features, then so plump and rosy, were yesterday yellow and flabby, his black side whiskers were quite grey, so that it seemed as if his very face had meantime grown anxious over present or future blows of fate; it certainly was a sign of grief that he had never thought of dyeing

[1] American politicians sometimes suffer terribly for several days in consequence of severe and long-continued hand-shaking. A mechanical genius is said to have invented an artificial arm with a grasping hand for the use of Presidents and other victims. In the Letters of Jack Downing that clever humourist tells us that when General Jackson was once completely exhausted in this manner, he, Downing, passed his arm under the General's, and for a long time shook hands for him, the eager crowd not observing the substitution.—*Translator.*

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his beard. The three-cornered hat, of which the whole front flap was thrown deeply over his forehead, gave him, moreover, a very unfortunate appearance. He seemed to look about as if seeking with his eyes for sympathy and forgiveness. In truth, he had not the appearance of one who had declared us to be all in a state of siege. Accordingly there was not the slightest manifestation of ill-will towards him, and I must bear witness that great applause greeted him everywhere; those especially with whom he shook hands raised a roaring hurrah, and there rang from a thousand women's throats a piercing "Vive le Roi!" I saw an old woman who punched her husband in the ribs because he did not cry loud enough. A bitter feeling seized me when I reflected that this mob which now exulted round the poor hand-shaking Louis Philippe, are the same Frenchmen who so often saw Napoleon ride by with his marble face as of Cæsar, and his immovable eyes and his "unapproachable" (ruler's) hands.[1]

After Louis Philippe had held the review, or rather felt the army to make sure that it really existed, the noise of the military continued for several hours. The different corps continually shouted compliments to one another as they

[1] *Und "unnahbaren" [Herrscher] Händen.* So given in the original text.

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marched by. "Vive la ligne!" cried the guards, and "Vive la garde nationale!" replied the line. They fraternised. Some of them would be seen in symbolical embraces; others as symbolically exchanged with their allies their sausage, bread, and wine. There was not the slightest disturbance.

I must mention that the cry "Vive la liberté" was the one most frequently heard; and when these words were thundered forth in joy from the full hearts of so many thousands of armed men, one must needs feel cheerful despite a condition of military occupation and the court-martials. But there we have it; Louis Philippe will never, of free accord, oppose public opinion; he will always find out by crafty means what are its most urgent desires and act accordingly. That is the important meaning of yesterday's review. Louis Philippe felt the necessity of assembling the people *en masse* to convince himself that his cannon-shots and proclamations had not been ill received; that he is not regarded as a harsh tyrant, and that there is no other misunderstanding. The people also wished to see its Louis Philippe, to convince itself that he is always the subject-courtier to its sovereign will, and ever obedient and devoted.[1] One

[1] "Subject to, obedient, and devoted." Heine reminds us very often of the conscientious village architect, who, when he built a house—whatever his other sins may have been—"always

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could therefore say that the people permitted the King his review; there was a king-show held, and it expressed its sublime satisfaction at the manœuvres.

PARIS, *June* 12, 1832.

The great review was yesterday the general subject of conversation. The Moderates saw in it the best understanding between the King and the citizens. But many men of experience will not put faith in this fine alliance, and predict a quarrel between the King and the citizens should the interests of the throne ever clash with those of the shops. Now of course they give mutual aid, and King and citizens are contented with one another. I heard that the Place Vendôme was yesterday afternoon the spot where this beautiful harmony could be best seen, the King being exhilarated by the joyous applause with which he had been received on the Boulevard; and as the columns of the National Guard swept by, some men, without ceremony, stepped from the ranks, offered him their hands, spoke a friendly word to him, concisely expressed to him their opinions of the late events, or unceremoniously declared that they would support him so

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put in all the nails he could afford, whether they were wanted or not."—*Translator.*

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long as he did not abuse his power. That this should never come to pass, that he would only repress the disorderly, that he would defend the freedom and equality of France more vigorously than ever, was averred by Louis Philippe in the most solemn manner, and his word gave strength to faith. I have, for the sake of being quite impartial, mentioned these additional facts, and I confess that my doubting heart was thereby much relieved.

The Opposition journals almost seem to desire to ignore the events of yesterday. Their tone is indeed very remarkable; it indicates a kind of self-restraint such as generally precedes a terrible outbreak. They seem to simply await the recall of the decree as to a state of siege. The tone of every journal manifests the degree in which it is compromised by late events. The *Tribune* must be altogether silent, for it is in the greatest danger. The *National* is implicated to a less degree, and can speak more fully and boldly. The *Temps*, which spoke out most strongly against the proclamation of a state of siege, is on good terms with certain ringleaders (*Rädelsführern*) of the *Juste-milieu*, and is much more screened than Sarrut or Carrel; but we will not permit such considerations to hinder us from praising M. Coste as one of the best citizens of France, on account of the manly and great words which he,

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in a time of utmost danger, uttered against the illegal and arbitrary conduct of the Government.[1] M. Sarrut has been arrested, and M. Carrel is being sought for. Carrel is the one against whom the greatest irritation exists, and it is possible that he was especially thought of when exceptional courts were instituted. Yes; if it be true, as is declared, that M. Thiers originated this stroke of genius, we may be sure that he did so, thinking of his old colleague Carrel, for he must have greatly feared the latter. He accurately knew his power, and he knows, too, that every party, when it comes to power, first of all punishes its renegades. The little head of Thiers, still full of the *charivaris* of the Marseilles kitchen-pots and

[1] It is impossible for any impartial person to perceive wherein this "illegal and arbitrary conduct" consisted. The Republican party was immensely strong in France, with an influential press, had already caused two terrible revolutions; and no man living knew but that the Government was in the greatest peril during the events of June. Our writer, with his frequent incredible inconsistency, has already declared that if the Republicans had appealed to the Bonapartists the Government must have collapsed at once. Yet, despite this fearfully critical situation, the very simple and most natural means of securing peace, which evidently caused no one any inconvenience, is decried by him as a great crime. But Heine throughout runs with the hare and hunts with the hounds, to see how much the hounds will give him—making, however, a very brilliant run withal—as I have seen a gipsy on foot accompanying a hunt—to beg—whose exploits in running and leaping were the most amusing part of the whole performance.—*Translator.*

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Binnet's eulogistic verses, must have been utterly bewildered when the thunder of cannons and the name of Carrel rang in his ears; for it was generally believed that Carrel stood at the head of the *émeute* of June 5. The great building in the Rue du Croissant, where were the printing-office and bureaux of the *National*, was believed to be their headquarters, and about two thousand persons, many of them of great importance, went there to offer their allegiance and that of their friends to the cause. It is, however, quite certain that Carrel declined all such offers, and it was sure in advance that the proposed revolution would fail, because there was not sufficient preparation, because the sympathy of the people had not been secured, because all that was most necessary was wanting, because no one knew who were the managing agents, and so forth; and, in fact, there never was an uprising which was so badly managed, and to this hour no one knows how it originated and who planned it. A man who fought in the Rue Saint-Martin declared that, as the Republicans who were shut up together there first beheld one another, all were strangers, and it was only a mere chance which had brought them together. But they soon became acquainted as they fought together, and most of them died as most cordial and trusted brothers in arms (*als herzinnig vertraute Waffenbrüder*).

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In like manner, it has never been discovered to this hour what occurred at the escorting homeward of Lafayette. One who is well informed assured me yesterday that the Government, which mistrusted the Lamarque funeral, and in accordance with its suspicions kept the dragoons ready, had given order to the police, in case of any signs of outbreak, to at once seize Lafayette, lest he might fall into the hands of the insurgents, who would use his name as a support. Therefore, when the first shots were fired, several police agents, disguised as workmen, placed Lafayette by force in a carriage, while others, also in disguise, dragged it along, and crying "Vive Lafayette!" bore him in triumph away.

When the Republicans speak, they declare that on the fifth of June the misfortune of their friends greatly injured them, but that the folly of the enemy the day after in declaring Paris to be in a state of siege greatly profited them. They declare that the fighting of the fifth and sixth of June was only to be regarded as a preparatory skirmish —that none of the noted men of the Republican party were in it,[1] and that from the blood spilt

[1] Noted men are in Paris generally as conspicuous for their absence from barricades as for their presence at the sharing of the spoils. In the Revolution of February 1848, as before remarked, I was particularly impressed with the fact that there were so *very* few gentlemen among the insurgents.—*Translator.*

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there have risen many new champions. What I before mentioned seems to somewhat support this assertion. The party which the *National* represents, and which is represented by the treacherous *Gazette de France*, as *doctrinaire* Republicans, took no part in the demonstration, nor did the chiefs of the party of the *Tribune* or the *Montagnards* appear in it.

PARIS, *June* 17, 1832.

Doubtless those who are at a distance make strange conjectures as to our affairs when they think of the latest events, the still-existing state of siege, and the threatening aspect of opposed parties. And yet we have so little change that the want of aught to surprise us is what occasions the greatest surprise. This remark is the chief thing which I have to communicate, and this negative context of my letter will unquestionably correct many erroneous suppositions.

All here is quiet. The military events direct and proceed (*instruiren*) with grim mien, but as yet not a cat has been shot. People laugh, joke,

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[1] I doubt whether the most ingenious and voluble of New York reporters ever contrived to spin out the simple fact that he had nothing to say, or "no news," into so many words as Heine has here done.—*Translator.*

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and are witty over the state of siege, and the bravery of the National Guard, and the wisdom of Government. What I at once predicted has come to pass; the *Juste-milieu* does not know how to get out of its heroism, and the beleaguered behold with mocking merriment this ambiguous predicament of the beleaguerers. The latter would fain appear as barbaric as possible; they grope in the archives of the most barbarous times to call the cruellest laws again to life, and they only succeed in making themselves laughable. They would fain be tyrants, but nature has meant them for something entirely different.

The gaily-dressed groups which promenade the gardens of the Palais Royal, the Tuileries, and of the Luxembourg, to breathe the silent summer coolness and see the idyllic games of little children, and otherwise amuse themselves in peaceful repose, form unconsciously the bitterest satire on the state of siege, which, however, legally exists. As the public seem to distrust its existence, there are searches in houses most ingeniously carried on everywhere. The sick are dragged out of their beds, wherein there is poking and groping to find if there be not concealed a gun, or perhaps a powder-horn. The unfortunate foreigners are the most afflicted, as they, on account of the military occupation, must all go to the *préfecture de police* to take out fresh *cartes-de-séjour* or per-

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missions to remain. There they must, *pro forma*, endure all kinds of questions. Many French—especially students—must write on the back of their passports a promise to the effect that they during their stay in Paris will take no part in aught against the government of Louis Philippe. Many have preferred leaving the city to subscribing to such a condition.[1] Others merely declared in signing it, as they were permitted, that they were Republicans. It is certain that such police-like measures of prevention were introduced by the *doctrinaires* from the example of German universities.

Arrests are continually being made, occasionally of the most heterogeneous kind under the most heterogeneous pretences; some for taking part in the Republican revolt, and others because of a newly-discovered Bonapartist conspiracy. Yesterday they even seized on three Carlistic peers, among whom was Don Chateaubriand, the Knight of the Rueful Countenance, the best writer and

[1] This condition was more onerous than would at first appear, because in case of the Government being superseded by any revolution or change, those who had signed it could be represented by the police, which never changes, as Philippistes. Its expediency was more than doubtful, because it sent into the provinces a number of young men of decided character, who henceforth became Republican propagandists. This and many other petty, short-sighted police whims eventually frittered away the power of the *Juste-milieu*.—*Translator*.

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the greatest fool in France. The prisons are crammed. There are in Sainte Pélagie alone more than six hundred accused of political offences. From one of my friends who is confined there for debt, and who is engaged in writing a great book, in which he proves that Sainte Pélagie was founded by the Pelasgii, I yesterday received a letter in which he complains very much of the noise which now prevails there, and which greatly disturbs him in his learned investigations. The greatest pride prevails among the prisoners in the place. They have drawn on the wall of the court a great pear, and over it an axe.

Speaking of the pear, I would mention that the picture-shops have taken no notice whatever of the siege. But the pear, and always the pear, is to be seen in every caricature. The most striking is one representing the Place de la Concorde, with the monument dedicated to *La Charte*, which is represented as an altar, and on it lies an immense pear with the features of the king. To a German this at last becomes wearisome and repulsive. These endless mockeries, painted and printed, rather awake in me a sympathy for Louis Philippe. He is to be pitied, now more than ever. He is by nature good and gentle, and is assuredly now obliged by the laws to be severe. And he feels that executions neither help nor frighten, especially as it is but a few weeks since the cholera

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put to death thirty-five thousand people amid the greatest suffering. But the powers that be would sooner forgive the greatest cruelties than the infringement of the inherited ideas of law, as they are expressed in the reactionary power of the declaration of a state of war. Whence it has resulted that the threats of military-legal severity have inspired in the Republicans such a lofty tone and caused their enemies to seem so small.

PARIS, *July* 7, 1832.

A lassitude such as generally sets in after periods of great excitement is now very perceptible in Paris. One sees everywhere grey and grim discontent, weary wailing woe, opening mouths, half-yawning yet half-shivering teeth, without power to bite. The decision of the Court of Cassation has brought our marvellous military occupation almost merrily to an end. There has been so much laughter over this unforeseen catastrophe, that the Government has almost been forgiven its *coup d'état* failure. With what delight did we all read at the street-corners the proclamation of M. Montalivet, in which he thanked the Parisians for having taken so little notice of the state of siege as not to even allow themselves to be disturbed in their amusements! I do not believe

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that Beaumarchais could have written this formal public decree any better. The present Government indeed does a great deal to amuse the people!

At the same time the French are amusing themselves with a curious game or puzzle. This, as is well known, is a Chinese pastime, and the object of it is to put together certain angular or oblique pieces of wood so as to make a certain figure.[1] According to the rules of this game, people occupy themselves in salons with forming a new Ministry, and no one can imagine what angular and oblique characters were grouped together, and how all these wooden combinations, after all, did not make one single honest figure. Talleyrand and Dupin the elder were mostly

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[1] These puzzles were immensely popular in the Thirties, but they have long since sunk to the level of children's toys. There was another trifle of the same sort at the same time which was to be found in every fancy-shop. This consisted of a picture, *e.g.*, of a dragon, of which when the upper half was turned up the half of a human body took its place, and so with the lower moiety. Sometimes they had four divisions. Fast youths delighted themselves with the full-length portrait of a celebrated dancer, which, in the unfolding, eventually set her forth as Eve before the Fall. Some of the applications of this toy to political changes and persons were extremely amusing and ingenious. I have often seen the principle of late years applied to Christmas and Easter cards, but always with the utter lack of anything like *ésprit* which seems to characterise all such articles.—*Translator.*

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experimented on in this way. As regards the former, the newspapers have not failed to publish all possible falsehoods. A leading error was to attribute such extraordinary importance to him in the founding a new Ministry. He is now old[1] and used-up, and has probably come hither only on account of the most personal considerations. It is also declared that he is very ill and weak, because he assures every one continually that he never felt so strong and robust as at present. He intends, he says, to journey to some bathing-place to improve his strength and health. So one listens to this ancient who has hardly learned anything of the world from its good side, running on with the *étourderie* or recklessness of a boy who has never had a suspicion of the bad one, about all the variegated complications and threatening events of the day in the most light-hearted manner. By this well-known device of taking heavy things lightly he assumes an air of confidence and infallibility, and he is in fact the Pope of the unbelievers or of that wretched Church which neither believes in the Holy Ghost of the people, nor in the incarnation (*Menschenwerdung*) of the Divine Word.

The newspapers have gossipped much over

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[1] Heine in this instance goes so far as to say that *der alte Mann ist alt und abgenutzt*—"The old man is old!"—*Translator.*

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Dupin's perplexities and perils in forming a Ministry, and not altogether without reason. It is true that he came into rather hard collision with the King, and that they parted with mutual irritation. And it is also true that Lord Granville was the cause; but thus the matter stood: M. Dupin had previously promised to His Majesty Louis Philippe that when it might be required by the latter he would accept the Presidency of the Council. But Lord Granville, to whom it was not agreeable to see such a *bourgeois* at the head of the Government, and who in the spirit of his caste wished for a nobler Prime Minister, addressed, it would appear, to Louis Philippe serious remonstrances as to the capacity of M. Dupin. When the King repeated these remarks to M. Dupin, the latter became so angry,[1] and burst out into such unbecoming expressions, that discord ensued between him and the King. This occurrence is traversed by a number of minor intrigues. Had Dupin become President of the Council, most of the members of the present Ministry must have resigned, and a number of high officials must have been set aside. The former editor of the *National*, M. Thiers, would necessarily have taken another direction, while, on the contrary, the present editor of

[1] *Unwirsch*, adverse; *wirsch*, angry. From Anglo-Saxon or other root; *vyrs*, perhaps Latin *versus*.

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Le Temps, M. Coste, would have retained that important office which was once occupied by M. Kessner, that is, the chief control of the State Treasury. However, the power of events will settle many dissensions. Dupin being, as soon as the Chamber shall again begin its debates, the only possible Minister of the *Juste-milieu*, he alone can offer parliamentary resistance to the Opposition, and indeed the Government will have talking enough to do.[1]

Hitherto Louis Philippe has always been his own Prime Minister. This is shown in the fact that all Government measures are ascribed to him alone, and not to M. Montalivet, who is hardly ever mentioned, and who is not so much as hated. The change which seems to have shown itself in the views of the King since the revolt of the fifth and sixth of June is remarkable. He now thinks that he is emphatically strong; he believes that he can really count with certainty on the support of the great mass of the nation; he believes that he is the necessary man,[2] whom the nation would

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[1] *Rede stehen mussen.* To stand talk in German is not to endure, but to inflict it, as we in English stand treat.

[2] "Man der Nothwendigkeit," the man of the necessity, the only one who in a great and generally felt need can fill the place —the man for the time. It may here be remarked that especially in Italy when style was much studied, books in Latin abounded which gave in abundance not merely the literal synonyms,

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unconditionally choose to guide in case of foreign hostilities, and he consequently does not seem to dread war with such anxiety as before. The patriotic party is of course in the minority, and this inspires in him distrust, for it fears, and justly, that he is less inimical to foreigners than to those at home. The former threaten only his crown, the latter his life; and the King is well aware that the latter is really possible. And indeed, when we consider that Louis Philippe is convinced to the depths of his soul of the bloodiest evil-will of his adversaries, we cannot fail to be amazed at his moderation. He has actually, by the declaration of a state of siege, been guilty of an irresponsibly illegal act, but no one can say that he abused his power in an unworthy manner. He has rather, in a magnanimous manner, spared all who personally injured him, while he endeavoured to restrain or disarm only those who as foes opposed his Government.

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such as those of Crabbe and Roget in English, but also of a great variety of forms in which an idea can be expressed, as, for example, in the "Specchio della Lingua Latina" of Giovanni da Pesaro, "Useful for every one who desires as soon as possible to be a true Latinist, and not a barbarian," Venice, 1572. It is however, true that such culture, while it induced formal elegance, also resulted in much second-hand grace of expression Many of Heine's most felicitous terms are in like manner borrowed from old writers and popular phrases, though he also excelled in inventing them.—*Translator.*

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In spite of all ill-feeling which may be cherished against Louis Philippe, I cannot repress the conviction that the man Louis Philippe is uncommonly noble-hearted and great-minded. His chief passion seems to be a love of architecture. I was yesterday in the Tuileries, where building was going on everywhere, above ground and below. Walls are being torn away, great cellars dug—a constant crash and clatter. The King, who now lives with all his family in Saint Cloud, visits Paris every day, and first of all looks at the progress of the building in the Tuileries. This palace is now empty; only the Ministerial Council is held there. Oh! if every drop of blood could speak, as happens in nursery tales, one could there listen to much edifying counsel, for in every room of that tragical house wise blood has run.

PARIS, *July* 15, 1832.

The fourteenth of July has passed by quietly without any *émeute* being signalised by the police. But then it was such a burning hot day, and there was such an oppressive sultriness in all Paris, that even such an announcement would not have attracted the required number of curious lookers-on to the usual haunts of disturbance and *émeutes*. It was only on the great inaugural Place

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of the Revolution, where the Bastile was destroyed on this same day, that many groups of men appeared, who quietly endured the fiercest noonday heat and let themselves be broiled like martyrs to freedom in the sun of July. It was previously reported that on this fourteenth of July the old stormers of the Bastile, who are still alive receiving pensions, would be publicly laurelled on this spot. A leading part in this ceremony was assigned to Lafayette. But probably owing to the events of the fifth and sixth of June this project has apparently failed, nor does Lafayette seem this year to long for any more triumphal processions. It is possible that there were among the groups on the Place de la Bastile more police than people,[1] for bitter bad remarks were uttered in tones so loud that only disguised mouchards would have dared to use them. Louis Philippe, they cried, was a traitor, the National Guards were traitors, the deputies were traitors; only the sun of July seemed to be honest. And indeed it did its best, and warmed us through with his rays until it was well-nigh beyond endurance. As for myself, I

[1] *Menschen.* Heine does not here regard the police as human beings, and it must be fairly admitted that when they act as *provocateurs* by inciting in every way to crime and disorder the poor wretches whom they afterwards punish, that they are hardly to be classed with other men.—*Translator.*

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made the remark in the terrible heat, that the Bastile must have been a very cool building, and certainly threw out a cooling shade in summer. When it was destroyed there were in it only five prisoners. Now there are ten state-prisons, and there are more than six hundred confined in Sainte Pélagie. This latter is very unhealthy, being very closely built. Yet men are very jolly there, and the Republicans or Carlists, though separated, cry out all manner of jests at one another, and laugh and rejoice. The Republicans wear red Jacobin caps, the Carlists green, with a white lily-tassel. The former cry "Vive la République!" and the latter "Vive Henri Cinq!" But they shout as in a common cause when some one storms in wild rage at Louis Philippe. This takes place the more freely, because in Sainte Pélagie no prisoner can be personally confined (*weder arretirt noch festgesetzt werden kann*). The greater portion of the fiery spirits who generally burst on every possible occasion into tumult, there restrain themselves so that the police cannot manage to get up a possible riot. The Republicans will for the present strictly avoid violent measures. Nor have they any weapons, disarming having been very thorough.

This is the birthday of the youthful Henry, and some excesses are expected of the Carlists. A proclamation in favour of Henry the Fifth was

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yesterday evening distributed by ragmen and disguised priests. In it he promises to make France happy, and to protect it from foreign invasion. Next year he will be of age, for the French monarchs attain majority at their teens, having then reached their highest possible stage of mental development. On this proclamation the young Henry is for the first time represented with crown and sceptre; hitherto we have always seen him depicted as a pilgrim or as a Scotch Highlander, climbing mountains, or placing his purse in the hand of a poor beggar woman. But there is little that is dangerous to be expected from this miserable affair. The Carlists are now in a deeply depressed condition, the insane boldness of the Duke de Berry having greatly injured them. In vain did the leaders of the Carlist party in Paris send M. Berryer to the Duchess to persuade her to return to Holyrood, and in vain did Louis Philippe attempt to do the same. In vain was she implored by foreign legations for the love of God to relinquish her efforts for the present. No reasoning, threats, or prayers could persuade her to return. She is still in La Vendée. Though utterly devoid of means, nor longer finding support, she still will not yield. The solution of the enigma is that stupid or crafty priests have inspired her with fanaticism, and persuaded her that she will bring blessings and fortune to her

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child if she will die for him; and so she seeks death with the religious zeal of a martyr, and the most visionary and enthusiastic maternal love.

If there are here no public manifestations, there is all the more disquiet in society. This is principally caused by German topics or the decisions of the Diet, which excite every one. So the most ridiculous opinions as to Germany are uttered, the French thinking—frivolously and erroneously—that our princes suppress liberty, not seeing that an end should be put to anarchy among the German Liberals, and that the unity and welfare of the German people will be thereby promoted. So early as the 5th June the *Temps* gave an abridgment of the six articles of the decisions of the Diet. A well-known Pietist had already carried extracts from those decisions about in his pocket, and by imparting them edified many hearts.

Next to the German, people are here most occupied with the Belgic-Dutch affairs, which become more complicated every hour, yet which must be settled as soon as possible. It is believed that England intends to clear the confusion by determined measures of some kind, and it is this, and not any interest in Poland, which is the real aim of the journey of Lord Durham to St. Petersburg. In any case, the mere appointment

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of the messenger is a sign of a decided determination, for Lord Durham is one of the most grimly pugnacious sharp-cornered sons of Albion, and one who withal personally hates the Russian *camarilla* because it on the occasion of the Reform Bill (of which he was the most zealous supporter) intrigued very inimically against him and his father-in-law, Lord Grey, and employed every means to cause his fall. The friends of peace hope that he and the Emperor Nicholas will not confer much together personally, since the latter, on account of the very improper and contemptible manner in which he has been spoken of in Parliament, cannot be of friendly inclination; and it is also possible that from quite natural grounds there can be no intercourse of any significance, and that all will depend on intermediate interpreters.

Louis Philippe[1] is still of the opinion that he is strong. "See how strong we are!" is the refrain of every speech on the Tuileries. Even as an invalid talks continually of his own health,

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[1] The following passage of twenty-one lines is given in the French version, and is the beginning of the fragments. Why it should have been selected from among scores of better observations I know not. Something very like the same comparison to an invalid who would appear strong had already been written by Heine regarding Talleyrand.—*Translator.*

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and cannot boast enough how well he can digest, and stand upon his legs without a cramp, and inhale great lungfuls of air, so these people hold forth without cessation on the strength and power which they have developed in many threatening circumstances, and which they can still display. Then the diplomatists come every day to the château, and feel the sick man's pulse, look at his tongue, and then his water, with great care, and send to their respective courts the political bulletins of health. Therefore the foreign Ministers never cease putting the question, "Is Louis Philippe strong or weak?" In the first case, their masters may calmly determine on and carry out any measure, but, on the other hand, when an overthrow of the French Government and war are to be apprehended, they must undertake nothing severe at home.

This great question whether Louis be strong or weak may be hard to decide, but it is easy to see that the French themselves at this time are anything but feeble. They have found new allies in the hearts of other races, while their foes are not really on the pinnacle of popularity. They have invisible hosts of spirits for fellow combatants, while their bodily armies are in a most flourishing condition. The youth of France are as ardent for war and as enthusiastic as they were in 1792. The young conscripts march with merry

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music through the town, bearing on their hats fluttering ribbons and flowers, and the numbers they have drawn, which are their great prizes, and all round them are sung songs of freedom, while the marches of 1790 are drummed.

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FROM NORMANDY.

HAVRE, *August* 1, 1832.

WHETHER Louis Philippe be strong or weak, seems to be the great question in whose solution so many peoples as well as potentates are interested. I always bore this in mind during my excursion in the northern provinces of France. Yet, as regards public opinion, there is so much which is contradictory, that I cannot communicate anything more fundamental than what is told by those who draw their wisdom from the Tuileries, or even from Saint Cloud. The North French, or the crafty Normans, are not so lightly bent to loosely speak as the people in the land of *Oc*. Or is it a sign of discontent that those of the citizens in the land of *Oui*, who only care for local interests, generally keep silent when the latter are discussed? Only the young men who are inspired with the interests of ideas express themselves openly as to what they believe to be the unavoidable approach of a republic; or the Carlists, who, being devoted to a personal interest, insinuate in

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every manner possible their hatred of the present rulers, whom they depict in the most extravagant colours, and whose fall they predict as certain almost unto the day and hour thereof. The Carlists are tolerably abundant here. This is due to the fact that there is about Havre a peculiar interest in the cause, owing to a prepossession for certain members of the fallen dynasty who are accustomed to pass the summers here where they have made friends. This was specially done by the Duchesse de Berry. Her adventures are therefore matters of daily discussion in this province, and the priests of the Catholic Church find out in addition the divinest legends for glorifying the political Madonna and the blessed fruit of her body. In earlier times the priests were by no means so well satisfied with the churchly devotion of the Duchess, yet, though she often awakened priestly displeasure, she won thereby the favour of the people, for it was said, "The nice little lady is not at all so bigoted as the rest. See how coquettishly, like a worldling, she strolls along, holding her prayer-book so negligently in her hand, and in jest holds her taper so low that the wax drops on the satin train of her sister-in-law —of the grimly pious Angoulême!" Those times are past; the rosy merriment has faded from the cheeks of poor Caroline; she has become as pious as the others, and carries the wax candle as faith-

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fully and properly as the priests desire, and with it she lights up the flame of civil war in France, as the priests also wish.

And here I may remark that the influence of the Catholic clergy is greater in this province than is supposed in Paris. We see them here at funerals in their ecclesiastical garments, with crosses and banners, chanting in melancholy tones as they pass along the street—a sight which is startling when one comes from Paris, where such ceremonies are strictly forbidden by the police, and much more by the people. Since I have been in Paris I have never seen a priest in his official dress in the street, nor among the many thousand funerals which passed me during the cholera season did I see the Church represented either by its servants or its symbols. Yet many still assert that the religion still exists, even in Paris, and it is true that the French Catholic congregation of the Abbé Chatel increases every day; their hall in the Rue Clichy has become too small for the multitude of believers, and for some time they have held their service in the great building on the Boulevard Bonne-Nouvelle, where M. Martin once exhibited his beasts, and on which may now be read, inscribed in great letters, "Église Catholique et Apostolique."

Those of the Northern French who will not even hear anything regarding either the Republic

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or the miraculous boy, and who only desire the welfare of France, are not, for all that, by any means zealous adherents of Louis Philippe, nor do they praise him for open-heartedness or straightforwardness; on the contrary, they complain *qu'il n'est pas franc;* but they are penetrated by the conviction that he is the man for the occasion (*Mann der Nothwendigkeit*), that his authority must be supported, since public peace is thereby maintained, that the suppression of *émeutes* is good for trade, and that, above all things, to prevent stoppage (*Stocken*) of trade, every new revolution, and even war, must be avoided. They fear the latter only on account of trade, which is now in a languishing condition, but they do not fear war itself, for they are French; therefore they are fond of fame, having the love of battle in their blood, and are, moreover, larger and more strongly built than the Southern French, and surpass them perhaps where firmness and stubborn endurance are required. Is this a result of mixture with the Germanic race? They are like their great and powerful horses, which are as admirable at a brave trot as at carrying burdens and overcoming all the weariness of storm or rough roads. These men fear neither Austrians nor Russians, Prussians nor Bashkirs. They are neither dependents on, nor foes of Louis Philippe. Should there be war, they will follow

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the tricolour flag, no matter by whom it may be borne.[1]

I indeed believe that if war should be declared, all the domestic difficulties of the French would be very promptly smoothed over[2] by concessions or force, and France become a mighty and single power which could defy the world. The strength or weakness of Louis Philippe is therefore no subject for controversy. He must in such case either become strong or not exist at all. The question whether he is strong or weak only holds for the maintenance of a state of peace, and it is only in this respect that it is of importance for foreign powers. I have heard from many sides the answer, "Le parti du roi est très nombreux, mais il n'est pas fort." I think that these words give much subject for reflection. For, firstly, they suggest the painful thought that the Government is but a party, and subject to all party interest. The King is not here a sublime superior power, who from the height of his throne calmly looks down on the strife of parties, and is able to keep them in a proper balance; no, he himself

[1] The remainder of this letter from this point is also given in the French version.

[2] German, *geschlichtet*. French, "étouffées de manière ou d'autre par conciliation ou par la force." To strangle or suffocate by conciliation is admirable, reminding one of the dog who was choked to death with butter.—*Translator*.

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has descended into the arena. Odilon Barrot, Mauguin, Carrel, Pagès, Cavaignac perhaps think there is no difference between themselves and him save the mere chance of momentary power.[1] This is the melancholy result of the King's reserving for himself the Presidency of the Council. And now Louis Philippe cannot change the prevailing system of government without falling into contradiction with himself and his party. So it came to pass that the press, treating him as the first *chef* of a party, find fault with him personally for all the mistakes in government, attribute to him every ministerial word, and see in him only the citizen-king or the king-minister. When the figures of the gods descend from their high pedestals to earth, the holy awe we once felt disappears, and we judge them according to their deeds and words, as if they were our like.

As for the assertion that the party of the King is numerous but not strong, there is certainly nothing new in it, for it is a long known truth; but it is remarkable that the people have also found it out, and that it does not now count merely the heads, as usual, but the hands, and that it accurately distinguishes those who clap with their hands and those who grasp the sword.

[1] No great wonder. In 1848 M. Garnier Pagès and family occupied the royal apartments, or the rooms of Marie Antoinette.—*Translator.*

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The people have studied their world very carefully, and found that the party of the King consists of three classes. Firstly, of the commercial and proprietary class, who are concerned for their shops and possessions; of people tired of war, who long for rest; and finally, of the timid, who dread a reign of terror. This royal party, loaded with property, dreading any disturbance of their comfort, this majority is opposed by a minority which has but little baggage to carry, which is disorderly beyond all discipline, and which in the wild unrestrained rush of its ideas sees in terror only an ally.

So that, despite the great number of heads and the great victory of the sixth of June, the people doubt the strength of the *Juste-milieu*. But it is very serious when a Government does not seem to be strong in the eyes of the people. It then incites every one to try his strength on it; a dark and demoniac impulse inspires the world to shake it, and that is the secret of revolutions.

DIEPPE, *August* 20, 1832.[1]

One can have no idea what an impression the death of the young Napoleon made upon the lower

[1] This letter, with the exception of the last two passages, is given in the French version.

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class of the French people. The sentimental bulletin which the *Temps* published six weeks ago, in relation to his gradually dying, and which was reprinted and sold in Paris for a sous, had begun to excite in every *carrefour* or at every corner the greatest distress. I even saw young Republicans weep; the elder did not seem to be so moved;[1] and from one I heard with displeasure the peevish expression, "Ne pleurez pas; c'était le fils de l'homme qui a fait mitrailler le peuple le 13 Vendémiaire." It is strange that, when a disaster befalls any one, we unconsciously recall some old wrong from him of which we have not thought for a long time. There is no limit to the veneration of the country people for the Emperor. There hangs in every hut a portrait of "the man;" and indeed, as the *Quotidienne* remarked, on the same wall where the portrait of the eldest son would have hung, had he not been sacrificed by that man in one of his hundred fields of battle. Anger sometimes extracts from the *Quotidienne* the most honourably candid remarks, which give offence to the Jesuitical and subtler *Gazette*. That is their chief political difference.

I journeyed over the greater portion of the northern French coast while the news of the death of young Napoleon was there being dis-

[1] The conclusion of this sentence and the following paragraph are wanting in the French version.

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seminated. I found, wherever I went, a marvellous grief among the people. They felt a sincere sorrow, not connected with the interests of the day,[1] but in the dearest memories of a glorious past. And specially among the beautiful Norman women was there great wailing for the early death of the young son of the hero.

Yes, the portrait of the Emperor hangs in every hut. I found it everywhere crowned with mourning flowers, like images of Christ in Passion-week. Many soldiers wore crape. A veteran, with a wooden leg, mournfully took my hand, saying, "À présent tout est fini."

Yes, for those Bonapartists who believed in an Imperial resurrection in the flesh, all is at an end. Napoleon is now for them only a name, like that of Alexander of Macedon,[2] or Charlemagne, whose direct heirs died early in like manner. But for the Bonapartists who believe in a resurrection of the spirit, there now blooms the best hope. Bonapartism is not for them a transferral of power by begetting and primogeniture; no, their Bonapartism is now free from all animal admixture;

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[1] "Sie fuhlten einen reinen Schmerz, der nicht in dem Eigennütze des Tages würzelte." French version :—"Et n'avait pas sa source dans l'egoïsme du moment."

[2] The ten words after Macedon are omitted in the French version.

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it is for them the idea of an autocracy (*Alleinherrschaft*) of the highest power, applied to the best condition of the people, and he who shall have this power, and will so apply it, him they will call Napoleon the Second. As Cæsar gave his name to absolute rule, so the name of Napoleon will be bestowed on a new Cæsardom, to whom he alone has the right who possesses the highest ability and the strongest will.

In a certain respect Napoleon was a Saint-Simonian emperor, for as he reached the highest power by his intellectual superiority, so he contributed only to the advancement of men of capacity, and aimed at the physical and moral well-being of the more numerous and poorer classes. He reigned less to benefit the *Tiers-état*, the middle class, the *Juste-milieu*, than the men whose means consisted of hearts and hands alone; and even his army was a hierarchy whose grades of honour were gained solely by desert and capacity. Under him the humblest son of a peasant could attain to the highest dignities, or win wealth and orders as easily as any nobleman of the most ancient family.[1] For this reason the

[1] This recalls an anecdote of Abraham Lincoln, to whom some foreign adventurer of noble extraction once applied for a commission in the army, which he obtained. Speaking of his own qualifications, he mentioned his title. "Oh," replied Lin-

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portrait of the Emperor hangs in the hut of every peasant, on the same wall where the portrait of the man's own son would hang had the latter not fallen on some battlefield ere he became a general, or it may be a duke or king, as happened to many a poor fellow who had the spirit and talent to raise himself so high while the Emperor as yet reigned. In whose image many a one mourns perhaps only the faded hope of his own pre-eminence.

I found most frequently in peasants' homes the picture of the Emperor visiting the hospital at Jaffa or as lying at St. Helena on his deathbed. Both of these bear a striking likeness to the pictures of that Catholic religion which is now dead in France. In one of these, Napoleon resembles a Saviour who seems to cure the afflicted with the pest by a touch; in the other, he is himself dying the death of expiation.

We who have adopted a different symbolism see in the martyrdom of Napoleon at St. Helena no expiation in the sense here indicated, for the Emperor there did penance for his most fatal error, or for his truthlessness to his mother, the Revolution. History had long before shown that

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coln naïvely and encouragingly, "don't mind that. If you only show yourself brave and capable, you'll get on just as well as if you hadn't it."—*Translator.*

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the alliance between the son of the Revolution and the daughter of the past would never lead to any good, and we now see how the only fruit of that marriage had not long to live, and so died deplorably.

As regards the inheritance of the deceased, opinion is divided. The friends of Louis Philippe believe that now the orphaned Bonapartists will join with them, but I doubt whether the men of war and of fame will pass so rapidly into the peaceful *Juste-milieu*. The Carlists think that the Bonapartists will now pay homage to the only pretender, Henri the Fifth; and in this I do not know whether to be most astonished at their folly or their insolence. The Republicans seem to be in the best condition to attract the Bonapartists; but though it was once easy to make the most brilliant Imperialists out of the most uncombed Sans-culottes, it may be difficult to effect to-day the opposite miracle.

We regret that the dearly-beloved relics,[1] such as the sword of the Emperor, the cloak of Marengo, the world-famous three-cornered hat, and the rest, which, according to the will made at St. Helena, should pass to the young Reichstadt, did not return home to France. Every party in France could turn a part of this inheritance to

[1] *Die theuren Reliquien.* French version—*les saintes reliques.*

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good account. And indeed, had I the disposal of them, it should be thus effected: I would give the Republicans the sword, since they alone know how to use it. The gentlemen of the *Juste-milieu*, the cloak of Marengo; and truly they need one to cover their pitiable (*ruhmlose*) nakedness. And to the Carlists I would give the Emperor's hat, which, it must be admitted, is not very suitable for such heads, but it may some day be useful when those heads or chiefs are knocked in; yes, I would also bestow on them the imperial boots, which they may use when compelled to run away.[1] But as for the stick with which the Emperor walked at Jena, I doubt whether it is to be found among the relics of the Duke de Reichstadt, and I believe that the French hold it still in their hands.[2]

After the death of the young Napoleon I heard principally in these provinces of the journey of the Duchesse de Berry. The adventures of this lady are here told so poetically that one might suppose that the descendants of the old Trouvers (*Fabliauxdichter*) had invented them at leisure. The wedding of Compiègne also afforded much material for amusement. I could contribute an

[1] French version—"Qui leur facilité sont les enjambées de sept lieues," &c.

[2] Here the French version of this series of letters ends.—*Translator.*

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insect-collection of bad jokes which I heard set forth in a Carlist château, as, for instance, when a table orator in Compiègne remarked that there the Maid of Orleans had been captured, and that it was now quite befitting that fetters should be bound in Compiègne on another Maid of Orleans.

Though it is set forth most pompously in all the French papers that the crowd of strangers here is very great, and especially that the bathing season is this year in Dieppe very brilliant, I find in town or country the contrary. There are not here actually fifty summer visitors; all is adrift and sad, and the bathing which the Duchesse de Berry made so flourishing when she came here every summer is now gone to nothing. As many people thereby in the town have sunk into bitterest poverty, and as they attribute all their trouble to the fall of the Bourbons, it is intelligible that there are here many of the most raging Carlists. Yet it would be slandering Dieppe to say that more than a fourth of its inhabitants cling to the last dynasty. In no place do the National Guards show more patriotism; all assemble at the first tap of the drum when parade is held, and all are here in full uniform, which indeed indicates unusual zeal. The festival of Napoleon was here recently celebrated with striking enthusiasm.

Louis Philippe is here generally neither loved nor hated. His maintenance in power is regarded

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as essential to the prosperity of France, but as regards his system of government (*régiment*) there is no special inspiration. The French are so well informed by their free press as to the true state of affairs, and are so politically enlightened, that they bear small troubles with patience, lest greater befall them. Little is said against the personal character of the King; he is believed to be an honourable man.

ROUEN, *September* 17, 1832.

I write these lines in the former residence of the Duke of Normandy, in the ancient town where there yet remain so many monuments which remind us of the history of that race once so renowned for its heroic wanderings and love of knightly adventure, and now so notorious for its love of litigation and craftiness in trade. In yon castle once dwelt Robert the Devil, whom Meyerbeer has set to music; on that market-place the Maid of Orleans was burnt—that great-hearted girl whom Schiller and Voltaire have sung; in that cathedral lies the heart of Richard, the brave king who was called *Cœur de Lion*, for his lion heart; from this soil sprung the conquerors of Hastings, the sons of Tancred, and so many other flowers of Norman chivalry; but it all concerns us but little now, when we are more busied with the question, "Has the peaceful system of Louis Philippe taken

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root in the warlike soil of Normandy? Is the new citizen-kingdom well or ill couched in the old heroic cradle of the English and Italian aristocracy, or in the land of the Normans? This I can now briefly answer. The great landed proprietors, chiefly noble, are Carlists; the well-to-do workers and farmers are Philippistes; while the lower classes despite and hate the Bourbons, loving, in the minority, the gigantic memories of the Republic, but for the greater part the brilliant heroism of the Empire. The Carlists, like every suppressed party, are more active than the Philippistes, who feel secure, and it may be said to the credit of the former that they make greater offerings—that is, of money. The Carlists, who have no doubt of their ultimate victory, and who are convinced that the future will repay a thousandfold all their sacrifices, contribute their last sou when party interests seem to require it. It is markedly characteristic of this class that they care less for their own property than for that of others—*sui profusus, alieni appetens.* Greed and extravagance are twins. The *roturier* who earns his earthly goods by hard and bitter work, and not by court service, fawning on mistresses, sweet speech, and easy gambling, holds more firmly to what he gains.

Meanwhile the good citizens of Normandy have taken the view that the newspapers by means of

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which the Carlists strive to influence public opinion are dangerous both as regards public security and that of their own property, and that something should be done by the same means, that is, the press, to counteract their intrigues. With this view there was recently founded the *Estafette du Havre*, a mild, soft *Juste-milieu* daily, on which the honourable shopkeepers of Havre spend a great deal of money, and on which several Parisians are employed, especially Monsieur de Salvandy, a little, supple, watery soul in a long, stiff, meagre body. He was once praised by Goethe.[1] Thus far this journal is the only counter-mine which has been dug against the Carlists in Normandy. The latter, however, are unwearied, and establish everywhere their newspapers or citadels of falsehood, on which the spirit of freedom may wreak its powers till succour shall come from the East. These journals are more or less in the spirit of the *Gazette de France* and the *Quotidienne*, and the latter is the most actively disseminated among the people. Both are attractive in appearance, and wittily and attractively written, but therewith they are intensely spiteful, perfidious, full of useful information and delightful malice; and their noble

[1] Heine has declared that praise from Goethe was a sure sign of mediocrity ("Germany").—*Translator.*

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colporteurs, who often give them away gratis, and perhaps money with them, naturally find a greater demand than there is for the tame *Juste-milieu* journals. I cannot praise too highly these two publications, since, from a higher point of view, I do not think they injure in the least the cause of freedom, but rather aid it by stimulating the champions, who now and then grow weary, to new exertion. The two journals are the real representatives of those people who, when their cause droops, revenge themselves on the individual,—it is an old relation,—we tread on their heads, and they sting us in the heel. But it must be said in praise of the *Quotidienne*, that while it is quite as much of a serpent as the *Gazette*, it does not so much conceal its ill-will; that its real cause of complaint shows itself in every word—in short, it is a kind of rattlesnake, which, while it comes creeping on, gives warning with its rattle. The *Gazette* has, unfortunately, no such rattle. The latter sometimes attacks its own principles in order to thereby indirectly aid in their victory; while the *Quotidienne* in the heat of excitement will rather sacrifice victory than degrade itself by such cold self-abnegation. The *Gazette* has the calmness of Jesuitism, which does not let itself be led astray from the passion of opinion, which is all the easier because Jesuitism is really no opinion or principle, but only a trade;

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while in the *Quotidienne*, on the contrary, there are, brooding or raging, high-trotting knights and vindictive monks badly disguised in knightly loyalty and Christian love. This is also the character of the Carlist journal which appears here in Rouen under the title of *Gazette de Normandie*. We find in it a sweetly-toned lament for the good old time which has disappeared—more's the pity! —with its chivalric forms, its crusades, tournamenting, heralds-at-arms, honourable burghers, pious nuns, lively and winsome dames, troubadours, and similar comforts of soul and sentiment, so that one is strangely reminded of the feudalistic romances of a celebrated German poet in whose head there bloomed more blossoms than brains, yet whose heart was full of love; but with the editor of the *Gazette de Normandie* the head, on the contrary, is full of the thickest reactionary darkness (*Obskurantismus*), and his heart of gall and poison. This editor is a certain Viscount Walsh, a long grey light-haired man of perhaps sixty years. I saw him in Dieppe, where he was invited to a Carlist council, and very much fêted by the whole noble society. Yet, gossippy as they all are, a little Carlist whispered in my ear, "C'est un fameux compêre. He is really not of good French noble family. His father, an Irishman, was in the French military service when the Revolution broke out, and when he was obliged

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to emigrate, in order to prevent his estates from being confiscated, he nominally sold them to his son; but the latter denied that it was a sale for mere form (*Scheinkauf*), maintained that the transfer was complete, and so kept the property of his cheated father and of his poor sister. The latter became a lady of the court of Madame the Duchess de Berry, and her brother's enthusiasm for this lady is based on personal advantage as well as vanity for ——" I had heard enough.

It is difficult to fully understand with what a perfidious consistency the present Government is being undermined by the Carlists. Whether they will succeed, time alone can show. There is no man and no means so vile but what they gladly turn them to advantage. In addition to the canonic journals already described, they make great use of oral and personal report of all kinds, of scandal, or by *tradition*. This black propaganda endeavours to destroy fundamentally the fair fame of those who are now in power, that is to say, of the King. The falsehoods which are circulated with this intent are sometimes as abominable as they are absurd. "Always abuse, always—something will stick," was long ago the motto of these nice teachers.[1]

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[1] "Calumniare fortiter, aliquid semper hærebit," calumniate boldly, something will be sure to stick. A saying attributed to

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A young priest once said to me in a Carlist assembly at Dieppe, "If you give your fellow-countrymen information as to our affairs, you should help the truth a little, so that when the war breaks out, should Louis Philippe still remain at the head of the French Government, the Germans may hate him all the more and fight with greater enthusiasm against him." In reply to my question as to whether victory was well assured for us, he smiled almost pityingly, and assured me that the Germans were the bravest race, and that only a trifling and feigned opposition would be made to them; that the North as well as the South was devoted to the right and just dynasty; that Henry V. and Madame were everywhere worshipped like a small Saviour and a mother of God—that was the religion of the people, and sooner or later this legitimate zeal of piety would burst out in Normandy into open manifestation.

While the young man of God spoke thus, there suddenly resounded in the street before the house in which we were, a tremendous noise, drums were beaten, trumpets pealed, the Marseilles hymn rang so loudly that the windows shook, and there came

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the Jesuits. The remainder of this letter is given in the earlier, but not the latest French version, which work is, in fact, a mere selection of extracts from the complete text.—*Translator.*

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with tremendous force the cry, "Vive Louis Philippe! À bas les Carlistes! Les Carlistes à la lanterne!" This was at one o'clock in the morning, and the whole assembly was in dire alarm. I also was frightened and thought of the proverb, "Mitgefangen, mitgehangen—"Caught with the gang, with it you hang."[1] But it was only a joke by the National Guard of Dieppe. The latter having learned that Louis Philippe had arrived at the Chateau d'Eu, determined at the instant to march thither and greet his Majesty. But thinking it well to combine pleasure with business, they resolved first, while on the way, to give the poor Carlists a good scare, and so made the most horrible noises before their houses, also singing as if mad the Marseilles hymn—that *Dies iræ, dies illa* of the new Church, which announces to the Carlists their day of judgment and doom.

As I myself went immediately to Eu, I can as eye-witness testify that it was no prearranged inspiration to order with which the National Guards joyously greeted the King. He had them pass in review, and was much pleased with their open delight as they smiled on him; and I cannot deny that in these days of dissension and of mistrust

[1] Or "Caught with bad fellows, you go to the gallows." In its full form in German this proverb is "Mitgegangen, mitgefangen, mitgehangen."—*Translator.*

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such a picture of harmony was most edifying and comforting. They were free and armed citizens, who without fear looked their King in the face, showing their respect with weapons in their hands, and now and then according him faith and obedience with a manly grasp of the hand. For Louis Philippe, as may be understood, offered his hand to every one. The Carlists make the utmost in mockery of this hand-shaking, and I confess that hate occasionally makes them witty, as when they jest on that "*messéante popularité des poignées de main.*" So I saw in the chateau already mentioned a dramatic joke *en petit comité*, wherein it was most delightfully set forth how Fip I., king of the Philistines (*épiciers*), gives his son High-Cockalorum [1] (*Grand Poulot*) instruction in diplomatic or state science, and paternally teaches him that he must not let himself be led astray by theorists, nor to see the citizen-kingdom in popular sovereignty, much less in maintaining the Charte; that he shall not heed the gabble of the Left nor of the Right; it is of no consequence that France be free within and honoured without, much less whether the throne is barricaded with Republican institutions or supported by hereditary peers, since neither chartered words nor heroic deeds are of much importance, and that the citizen-kingdom

[1] *Grosskûken.* In Americanese, "big he-biddy."

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and the whole act of reigning consists in shaking hands with every blackguard. Then he teaches him the different shakes, and how to squeeze men's hands in all kinds of positions, when afoot or on horseback, when galloping through rows and ranks, or as soldiers come parading past. High-Cockalorum is ready to learn, and goes through all the motions accurately; yes, he declares that he will improve on this invention of the citizen-kingdom, and every time when he presses a burgher's hand also exclaim, "How are you, *mon vieux cochon?*"[1] or what amounts to the same thing, "How are you, *citoyen?*" "Yes, that is synonymous," the king adds drily, and the Carlists laughed. After this High-Cockalorum will practise hand-shaking, first with a *grisette*, then with Baron Louis, but he does it all too clumsily, and cramps people's fingers; in all of which there is no lack of scorn and slander of those well-known people whom we exalted before the Revolution of July as lights of Liberalism, and have since then decried as "servile." And though I am not so very much inclined to the *Juste-milieu*, I still felt in my heart a certain respectful regard (*Pietät*) for men once so highly honoured, and the old feelings awoke as I saw them mocked by far worse men. Yes, even as he

[1] *Monsieur lapin* in the French version.—*German editor.*

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who is at the bottom of a deep well can see at clear noonday the stars of heaven, so could I, sunk in the depth of an obscure Carlist assembly, again perceive clearly the merits of the men of the *Juste-milieu*, and again feel a late regard for the late Duke of Orleans, for the Doctrinaires, for a Guizot, a Thiers, a Royer-Collard, a Dupin, and other stars who have lost their glory by the excess of daylight of the sun of July.

It is now and then of great advantage to see things from such a deep, instead of from an elevated point of view. For, incidentally, we learn to judge men more impartially, even if we hate the cause which they represent, and how to distinguish the men of the *Juste-milieu* from its system. This latter is in itself bad according to our views, but its *persons* deserve our regard, especially the man whose position is the most trying in Europe, and who now sees only in the thoughts of March 13th the possibility of his existence, a motive for self-preservation which is very human. And if we come among Carlists, and hear this man continually reviled, he naturally rises in our esteem, since we remark that they ridicule in Louis Philippe what we best like in him, and that in him is deeply to their taste which of all things most displeases us. For that he has in the eyes of the Carlists the merit of being a Bourbon, such advantage seems to us a *levis nota*.

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But it would be most unjust if we did not distinguish him and his family most favourably and famously from the elder line of the Bourbons. The House of Orleans has attached itself so firmly to the French people that has been regenerated in common with it, so that both it and they have come out of the terrible blood-bath of the Revolution purified and ameliorated, healed and citizened; while the older Bourbons, who took no part in that rejuvenation, belong as yet altogether to that ancient, sickly generation which Crebillon, Laclos, and Louvet sketched so admirably in their gayest gleams of sin and most radiant rottenness. France grown young again, can never attach itself to this dynasty, or to these spectres of the past; its sham-life becomes more repulsive every day; its conversion after death was a disgusting sight; its perfumed decay offended every honest nose, so that one fine morning in July, when the Gallic cock crowed, the ghosts must need vanish.

But Louis Philippe and his own are hearty and healthy, they are the blooming children of young France, chaste of soul, sound in body, and of good bourgeois manners. Indeed, it is just that citizenness or civility which the Carlists dislike so much in Louis Philippe which causes us to respect him. Yet I cannot, with the best will, so entirely free myself from party spirit as to be able to

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accurately decide how far he is seriously in earnest as regards the citizen-kingdom. The great jury of history will bring in a verdict whether his intentions were all honourable. In such a case the *poignées de main* are not at all laughable, and the manly grasp of the hand may become a symbol of the new citizen-kingdom, just as servile kneeling was that of feudal sovereignty. Louis Philippe, should he keep the throne with an honourable mind, and transmit them to his children, may leave a great name behind him in history—not only as the founder of a new dynasty, but as that of a new sovereignty which shall give unto the world a new form; that of the first citizen-king —— —— of Louis Philippe *if* he keeps the throne and to honourable intentions —— —— and that is just the great question!

END OF VOL. I.

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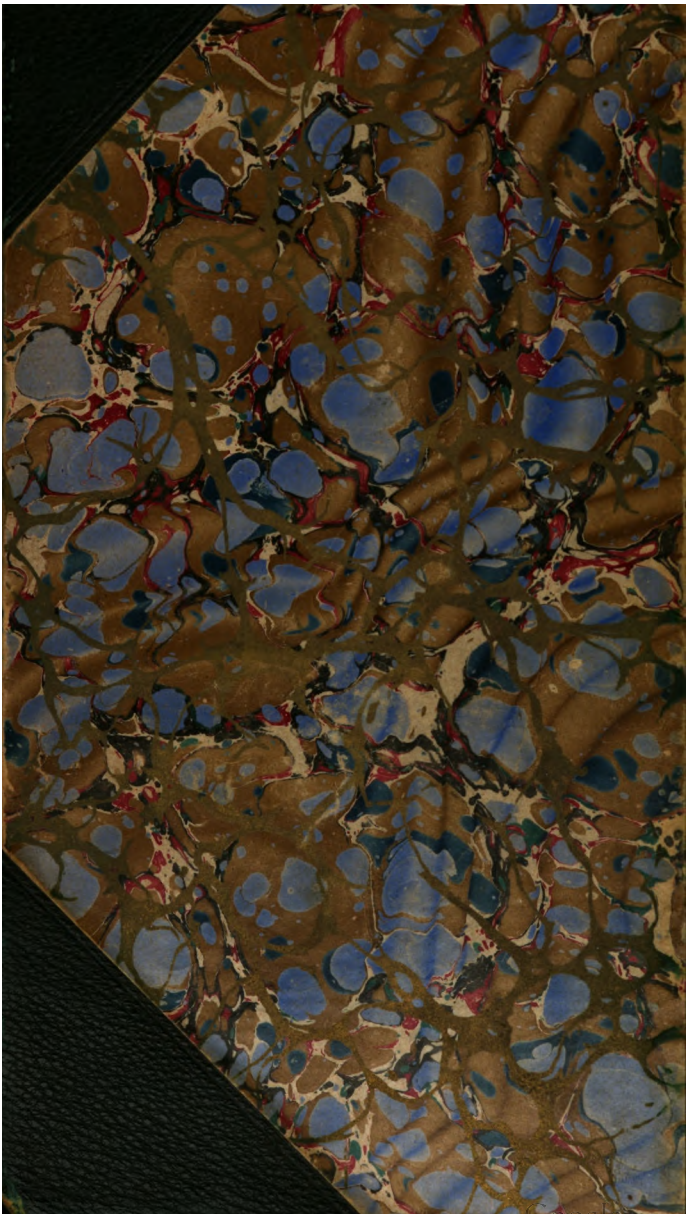
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